Izaak Walton League Monthly

Defender of America's Out-of-Doors

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A Message of Hope

By DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL

Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to the blest.
—Pope

ALTHOUGH the deplorable pollution of public waters is still manifest, public opinion has at last been the cause of some amelioration of the evil. Manufacturers are beginning to realize that there is a handsome profit to be derived from manipulating their waste water and offal and extracting certain valuable by-products, and which process, the same time, renders the waste water less obnoxious and comparatively harmless to fish life when it is allowed to flow back into the stream. A brighter day is dawning for the angler, and a brighter prospect is appearing in the offing.

But, until the main streams are restored to their former state of clearness and replenished with the finny tribe, there is still balm in Gilead, some recompense for the true angler. The smaller streams and tributaries are still comparatively clear of contamination and the less important game-fishes are still to be found. Our youth can be renewed and our boyhood restored by resorting to the cool and umbrageous shade of the trees that still grace the banks of the small streams. With a fly rod of three ounces and small well-chosen flies, the genuine angler may still enjoy the spirit of real angling, as rock bass, blue-gills or croppies respond to his lures. And the humble worm and white grubs and grasshoppers have not lost their charm and effectiveness for the small denizens of the small streams.

And the more ambitious angler can still find quarry worthy of his steel in the waters of the northern tier of states, in the St. Lawrence basin, in the pure streams of the Rocky Mountains and in the waters of the sunny Southland. One can not now fish near his back gate as in days gone by, but by going farther afield one may still enjoy the best fishing and pick and choose between tuna, tarpon, salmon, black bass, trout and grayling.

Although public spirit has been aroused to the contemplation of the pollution existing in our waters, and the Izaak Walton League of America and the fish and game associations of the various states are doing yeoman work for the purification of our streams, much remains to be done. We must not weary of well doing, but must continue our efforts until there has been a complete understanding on the part of manufacturers that the system emptying crude waste and offal into public waters is contrary to the spirit of the age, a vile imposition on the public, and a nuisance that must be, willy nilly, stopped and stopped forever; for there are still selfish and lawless manufacturers who cannot, or seemingly will not, realize the necessity of a complete reform.

The old story of the two French voyageurs drifting on the rocks of a lee shore, the sails of their boat uselessly flapping against the mast, is not without its moral and its lesson of faith. There was an anchor in the boat, but no cable or anchor rope. After looking longingly at it for awhile, following colloquy ensued:

PIERRE. "Tro' out de hanc', Jacques."

JACQUES. "We got-a no string."

PIERRE. "Tro' out de hanc'; mebby do some good."

Then let us cast an anchor to windward, string or no string. Let us continue the good work already begun, and not grow weary of well doing until our work and the work of those who succeed us is finished.

J. A. Henshall

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Fifteen Years of Tragedy

Some Grim and Startling Truths for the Thinking American Sportsman

By

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

James Oliver Curwood, great American author and conservationist.

MORE than once I have been asked to give the fundamental reason for my fight to preserve what remaining wild life and forests we still have in my native state of Michigan—a bitter fight waged against those same elements of political machinery, incompetence and lack of practical intelligence, which have played such deadly parts in the slaughter of natural resources throughout our country, and always my mind has swept back over the tragedy of the last fifteen years to find its answer. While my own state, where I was born and where I have lived for almost forty years, is in my opinion the darkest blot on the map of the American continent when it comes to the matter of forest destruction, and while I am confident it will take a quarter of a century of intelligence and technical ability to give back to us the wild life which lack of conservation has lost to us in a pitiable fraction of that time; and while, moreover, I shall continue to wage war until big and broad-minded men specially fitted to direct the conservation machinery of a mighty state replace the present system of political appointments, I am convinced that every true conservationist should put his shoulder to the "national wheel," and pull for the country at large as well as for his local environment if the ultimate and greater triumph is to be achieved.

We Americans are, and have been, a breed of destroyers and of monumental egoists; in the blindness of self-conceit we have reaped but we have not sown; on the treacherous sands of human "almightiness" we have set ourselves up on pedestals, and we are only now beginning to see our sins and our weaknesses. My own life has been typical of millions whose boyhood began a generation ago. From the beginning, as a boy, I did not need argument or education to tell me that I was the greatest of all created things—that my particular brand of life, of all life on earth, was the only life that God had intended to be inviolate. That fact was pounded home to me in the public schools; it was preached to me in the churches. I was part and parcel of the great "I Am." For me, all the universe had been built. For me, the Great Hereafter was solely created. All other life was merely incidental, and made especially for my benefit. It was mine to do with as I pleased. In a mild sort of way, the school and the church told me to have a little charity, and not to "hurt the poor little birdies." But at the same time both religion and school instilled into me that I was next in place to God, and that all other life, from the life of trees and flowers to that of beasts and birds, was put on earth for my special benefit, and that no other life had a right to exist unless the human egoist saw fit to let it live.

While we are slowly but surely awakening to the deadly error of these teachings of our youth, and while the necessity for a proper conservation of the resources which God gave to us in the beginning is becoming a living thought throughout our commonwealth, in our homes, our churches and our schools, one still cannot feel himself a fighter in the ranks until he or she realizes the awful devastation of the past few years. Our youth did not pass through the grimmest of that tragedy, and millions of boys and girls now in our public schools, our conservationists of tomorrow, must depend upon us for those visions of the past by which they will be guided to the possibilities of the future.

For those who have not seen the Great Change with their own eyes, and who have not been in a position to witness the tragedy of destruction—not only in a local environment but in a scope covering two-thirds of a continent, my own experience of fifteen years in the open spaces may be of interest, if not of actual value, in showing how swiftly the destruction of our wild life has swept upon us, and how quickly we must now act to save it from utter annihilation.

With the beginning of those fifteen years, almost the entire northern half of our continent was one vast breeding ground of wild life, and this in spite of the fact that for nearly two hundred years the Hudson's Bay Company had steadily used large areas of it as their hunting and trapping grounds. Fifteen years ago the buffalo were gone, it is true, with the exception of a few survivors in the Athabasca country. In those days I was employed by the Canadian Government as a sort of "last frontier" investigator and explorer, and I had unexcelled opportunities for coming into contact with the wild life between Montreal and the Pacific. On every railroad then running in western Canada the daily recreation of passengers was counting the coyotes and antelopes. The buffalo trails and wallows were then, and even later, plainly visible from the car windows, and over vast areas the prairies were criss-crossed with them. But in the face of this tragedy of the recent passing of the buffalo people marveled at what seemed to be the inexhaustible supply of wild life still left. From the car windows wild fowl could be seen not only in thousands, but in countless millions. Every bog-hole and lake was black with them. One early autumn, when

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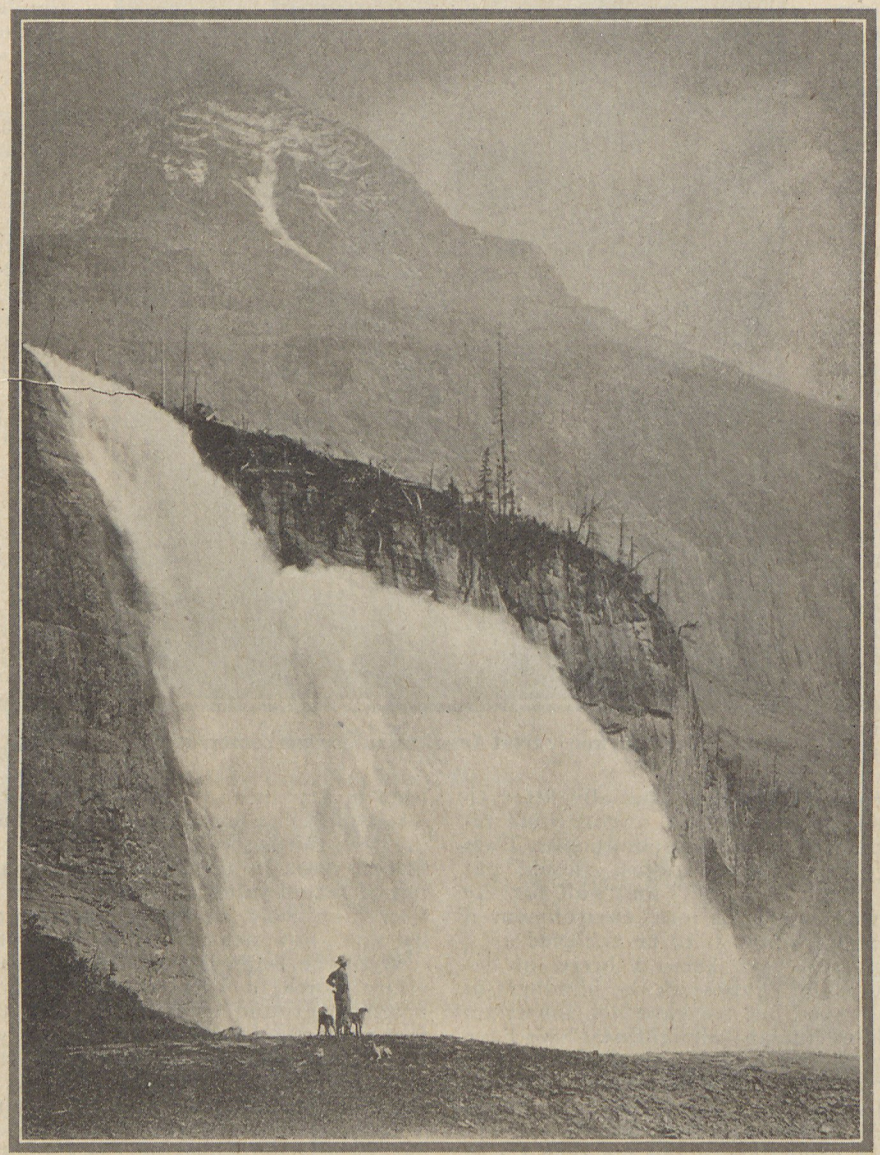
I rode several hundred miles horseback from Medicine Hat to the Caribou Mountains to run down a rumor of buffalo living there, I was not for an hour at a time where I could not hear the thunder of the wings of rising wildfowl. For years I looked upon the tragedy of settlers slaughtering ducks and geese literally by the wagon load. At Dundern, Saskatchewan, I was the guest of a wealthy rancher when a hunt was planned. There were six of us in the party that visited a lake several miles out in the prairies. Shooting began at dawn. Marksmanship was not necessary, and by the time the evening shoot was over the kill was over six hundred ducks, and filled a wagon. In those days game was slaughtered in this way, cleaned, and placed in ice houses for winter use.

Occasionally, in the years that followed, I went over these same tramping grounds. Year by year I watched the going of the wildfowl and the prairie chicken. During a "flight" season of wild geese I have counted as many as thirty burning straw-stacks on a single night, around which the slaughterers were gathered to kill the geese that circled low in the illuminations.

The result was appalling. Today, at the end of those few years, if you ride from Winnipeg to the mountains on either the Grand Trunk Pacific or the Canadian Pacific the probability is that you will not see even a coyote. Surely you will not see an antelope. The ponds and lakes once black with wildfowl will occasionally hold a family of ducks, or a small flock. There are no wild geese; even prairie chickens create an unusual interest when they are seen. The greatest breeding grounds that North America has ever known, outside of the Arctic tundras, are gone. In those days of a wild life paradise I saw a letter to the factor at Fort Churchill, on Hudson's Bay, from the factor at York Factory, lower down on the Bay, in which the latter asked if he might purchase or trade for a supply of wild geese, as his own luck had been poor that year. In reply, the factor at Churchill sent back word that he could not spare any geese, as his hunters had also had exceedingly bad luck that autumn, and had only succeeded in killing **eight thousand geese,** which was not as many as he could use in his district during the coming winter.



A nameless waterfall in The Canadian Rockies, where James Oliver Curwood finds the inspiration for his great novels of the out-of-doors.

And yet, in spite of this, it has not been the Hudson's Bay Company's trappers and hunters or the Indians who have destroyed the wild life of Canada, from which the United States have very largely drawn their supply. The settler and the hunter, together with political stupidity and selfish ambition, have been almost entirely responsible for the annihilation, just as these same elements have been responsible in our own country. Not only have they "hogged" the wild life of lake and stream and forest, but so long as their own immediate and selfish wants have been filled they have cared but little for the future. They have not made intelligent laws, and when such laws have occasionally been made they have not used the power of their vote to demand an enforcement of them. In almost every instance true conservation, where it has won out at all, has had to ride over rotten politics.

Within these same fifteen years I went ahead of the "line of rail" of the Grand Trunk Pacific, through Yellowhead Pass and the British Columbia mountains. This was before a mile of steel had been laid beyond the prairie foothills, and I found a game paradise which some might consider an exaggeration if I could describe it as it actually existed. Bear, deer, sheep, goat and caribou literally swarmed in these regions. At one time I counted eleven bears on one mountain side, all visible at the same time, and I have seen bands of sheep which numbered as high as a hundred. Several times since those days I have gone through these same regions. The so-called "sportsman," with his automatic and his pump-gun, has wrought frightful havoc. Today one must outfit a pack-train and go deep into the mountains for days and weeks at a time to find a single grizzly or sheep, and he is a fortunate hunter if he brings home either. During one season which I spent in the Firepan Mountains gathering material for my "Grizzly King," I saw twenty-seven grizzlies, innumerable blacks, and hosts of other game. On my last trip I spent six weeks and saw three bears.

Still farther north one sees the result of modern day destruction. Less than fifteen years ago I was in the Artillery Lakes country at the time of the annual migration of caribou. All one day what was supposed to be

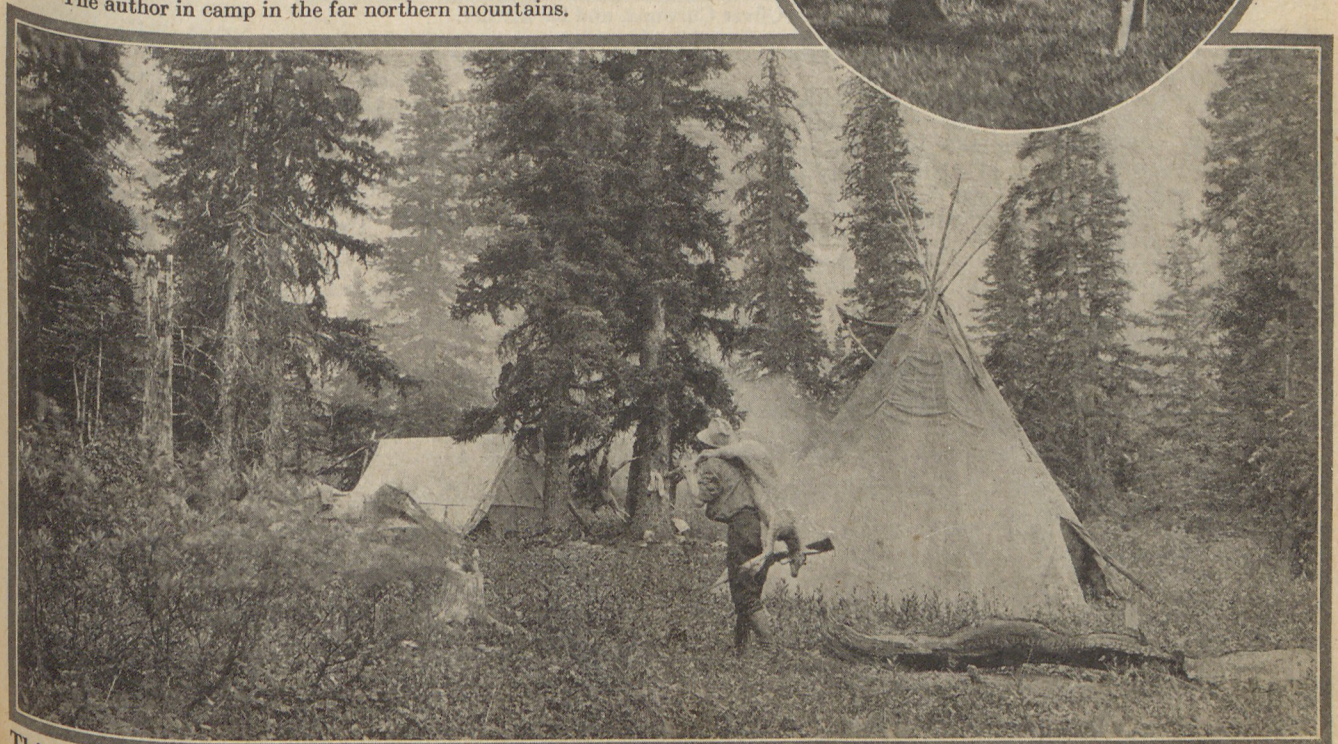
the main herd crossed a stream, and three different individuals made their estimate of its numbers, added the estimates, then divided the total by three, which approximately figured the herd at thirty thousand head. Two days later an Indian brought information that this was not the main herd, but a branch of it, and that the main herd was still farther north!

Today, even to the Arctic coast, a caribou herd of a thousand head, even in migration, is unusual. All through the northland they have split into smaller bands. Rifles have come in with the white man. The slaughter of the wildfowl life of North America on the prairies of Western Canada and our own western states has also sounded the doom of the hoofed beasts. We must remember that the geese and ducks on Lake Superior today were on the Arctic tundras a few weeks ago, and will be in the tropics a few weeks hence. A slaughter in Florida may bring hunger and starvation to the Indian three thousand miles north. There was a time when the Arctic tundras were what the Indians conceive their Happy Hunting Grounds to be. They were the Canadian prairies, multiplied ten times; it seemed as though the wild life of the earth gathered there to breed. But the man from Saskatoon, Winnipeg, Topeka, Milwaukee, Detroit and St. Augustine has robbed even the distant tundras of their life.

In the United States even more than in Canada are we today seeing and feeling the effects of an appalling devastation. My own state of Michigan is an example. The story of its outraged forests and wild life is a tragedy of desecration, of money-lust, of personal selfishness and political incompetence and stupidity. Michigan is a particularly good state to look at in these last days of forests and wild life simply because of the fact that God intended it to be the greatest water, forest and wild life paradise on the American continent. No other state was so completely endowed with all things or so richly stored with possibilities at the beginning. Its wild life and forest resources have been worth billions, and had these natural gifts been **harvested** instead of slaughtered they would be worth billions today. Yet, in this state, never have we had a man technically trained and educated in conservation matters at the head of our conservation affairs. The present Director of our Conservation Department is a man who has been thirty years in politics. Our Secretary of Conservation is a newspaper man. And only a few days ago the dean of American forestry, Professor Filibert Roth, Professor of Forestry in the University of Michigan, found it necessary to resign from our Conservation Commission because he could no longer fight against the environment which made his life-long experience and technical worth of no practical value at all.

This system is not the fault of an individual or individuals. It is perfectly legitimate for politicians, newspapermen, railroad engineers, lawyers, preachers or candle-stick makers to run the vast natural resources of any state **if the people so will.** They cannot be held accountable for the fact that they are not technically skilled forestry men or that they have not had the long and intensive training, education, and scientific application of study which every other great corporation on earth would demand of those in charge of its resources. The people themselves are at fault. They alone are to blame for not rising in the power of their vote and bringing about a condition where the very best men that money and science can produce are employed as the guardians and care-takers of our forests and wild

With one of his favorite dogs.



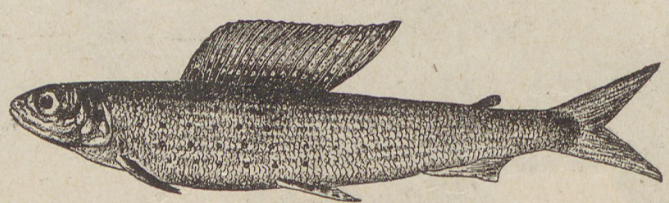
The author in camp in the far northern mountains.

life, our lakes and streams. Until that time comes, until every governor and every legislature in every state demand the very highest of skill, training, intelligence and technical ability at the heads of our conservation activities, we must miserably fail.

The tremendous loss which has occurred throughout the United States because of lack of these things is shown by conditions as they exist in my own state of Michigan. Because of timber-slaughter and forest fires over one-third of Michigan is virtually bankrupt, paying no more in taxes than the cost of collecting the taxes, unable to build roads and schools, and even unable to provide police protection. Fourteen million acres, or over twenty thousand of our fifty-seven thousand square miles are idle, barren and fire-blasted. In 1890 Michigan was the greatest lumber state in the union, and the annual value of her lumber products was $70,000,000. Today Michigan is consuming between two and three times the lumber she produces, and is now one of the thirty wood-importing states in America, and the freight rates and increased cost of her imported timber alone equal the total value of her lumber products in that year of 1890. The hickory for the wheels of her automobiles comes from Arkansas and Mississippi; the oak for her furniture is cut in Louisiana and Tennessee. Michigan does not even supply herself with enough telephone poles and railroad ties, but imports the poles from Idaho and the ties from Virginia.

James Oliver Curwood, and his mother.

In spite of the newspaper propaganda which is always sent out in great volumes from the center of political activities, our wild life has gone rapidly with our forests. Of our two thousand miles of inland waters at least fifty percent, or one thousand square miles, have been robbed and polluted until they are now what is technically known as "barren." Our grayling is utterly extinct. Our trout streams are going swiftly, and are not twenty percent of what they were a few years ago. While energy and money have been expended in importing and propagating the ring-necked pheasant, a semi-domestic fowl that will forever be impossible as a game-bird, our native partridge has been neglected until pot-hunters, if they were allowed to exist today, would starve to death. And while reindeer, an animal that has been domesticated for more than fifteen centuries, have been imported into our northwoods, where they are cared for and fenced and fed like cattle. One of the finest of all game animals, the black bear, is still killed in our state as "vermin."



The Michigan Grayling, extinct game fish, victim of inadequate legislation.

During the two years of 1919 and 1920 there were 1,442 forest fires in Michigan, and these fires burned over 620,493 acres of forest land, or **one thousand square miles.** At the ridiculously low rate of $50 an acre this means a total loss of over $30,000,000 in those two years or $10 for every man, woman and child in the state. While our political regime estimates Michigan's forest-fire loss at only $2,000,000 a year, experts trained in their business have estimated the loss at $100,000,000 a year. I have split this in two, and estimate it at $50,000,000.

These figures for 1919 and 1920 are tragic enough, but in the year 1921 there were 1,028 forest fires in Michigan, or almost as many as in both the preceding two years.

I have always hunted, have always loved the woods, have lived in them a great deal of my time. The money which carried me through college I earned at trapping. But it is only when I view my experiences of the past few years that I see the tragedy of today in all of its naked horror. With wild life not only going, but almost gone, it seems to me little less than criminal that the people of great commonwealths will still allow politicians to run their conservation affairs. I feel and see the sickening effect of it. A great corporation that builds automobiles would consider it suicidal to place a plumber or a carpenter at its head. A big hotel would not place its management in the hands of a stone-cutter. Yet the people of a state, the mightiest of all corporations, will see a petty politician, or a butcher, or a mechanical engineer in control of all the forest and wild life resources which God has seen fit to give it. To me this is little less than sacrilege. It is a body blow at the Great Giver of Things Himself. It is as senseless as placing a trained forester in command of a ship at sea, or a railroad engineer in charge of an electric lighting plant. Before success comes to us politics must go. The people of every state must make their governors and their legislatures see that conservation of forests and wild life is not for the hunter and fisherman alone. Trained men, skilled and intelligent in their professions, must replace those who are utterly unable to cope with the tragedy as it exists today. Then years from now, five years from now, will be too late. And only **the people** can save us from an utter devastation. Only **the people,** with their power of the ballot, can put their lakes, their streams, and what wild life and forests they have left into hands capable of caring for them, perpetuating them, and increasing them. Intelligence, skill and technical ability will do these things; politics, vote-getters' appointments, and the ignorance and selfish ambitions that build up political machines will bring still greater ruin.

(*Continued on page 247*)

Sea Angling

Edited by ZANE GREY
World's Most Famed Sea Angler

The Weakfish Cycle

By SWITCH REEL

IT IS not to be believed that the weakfish population of the sea remains, year in and year out, at anything like a steady figure. Famine is not confined to the land alone, nor are plentiful crops. Seasons may come when the stock of weakfish falls fifty per cent, and seasons when it doubles. Yet could an average be struck based on blocks of ten or twenty years, it is most probable that the race would be found to maintain itself with extreme regularity.

Speaking at the American Angler dinner in New York in March, 1921, Mr. Hungerford mentioned a marked dwindling of these fish in the surf along the South Jersey beaches in the recently past years, together with an increase of croakers. He also mentioned that the water temperature at Ocean City, N. J., did not rise above 57° F., in 1920 until well into August, a most unusual occurrence. He expressed the opinion that the fish ran in cycles, and longed for the time when the croakers would leave and the weakfish return.

Dr. Morris, the toastmaster, touched upon the point a few moments later, saying that the cycle theory was recognized in science. A communication received from the Bureau of Fisheries shortly thereafter stated that the weakfish did not spawn in 1920 until about mid-August. As the usual time is early in June, the late spawning tied in with Mr. Hungerford's observations on water temperature, as weakfish spawn is known to hatch in water of 60° F.

I recently had the privilege of accompanying Mr. Breder, of the New York Aquarium, formerly of the Bureau of Fisheries, on a little one night collecting trip to a small tributary of the Navesink. After housing the catch about midnight we fell to talking anent the mysteries of the sea, and only desisted at breakfast time. Mr. Breder brought out most clearly the fact that statistical analyses based on the length of fishes disclosed that a series of seasons pass with an almost cataclysmic death rate in the larval and post-larval stages of all species, whereupon a season ensues in which all previous losses appear to be replaced.

This inference is drawn, he explained, from repeated observations both at home and abroad, which indicate that the bulk of the catch of a given species over a term of four or five years appears to be the hatch of a single year. His thought was that such fry as reached the length of an inch or so in length had passed the critical stage and were fairly able to take care of themselves, and that barring their falling prey to predatory species, were most likely to supply a large proportion of mature fish.

Should we not, therefore, make efforts to recognize the good hatching and feeding seasons when they occur, and to distinguish between them and the disastrous years.

We all recall the high temperatures of the water along the coast during the summer of 1921. Let us try to imagine the enormous volume of plankton life most likely to have been generated from the chemical content of the sea under the unusual amount of sunlight operating upon the unusually warm water prevailing over the entire North Atlantic, a condition which was the inevitable accompaniment of our low American streams and the drought extending across Europe with its terrific culmination in the Volga district of Russia. Imagine the fertilized spawn of ten or fifteen billion pairs of weakfish (I wonder whether the sexes are evenly divided) floating at or near the surface of the sea, to the extent of 200,000 eggs per pair. Imagine these eggs hatching in 48 hours —too short a time for extensive raiding by other fish— hatching in what may be conceived as a rich plankton broth, cooked by Nature and served to the small chaps, an eighth of an inch or less in length, when they shove head and tail out of the containing sac of the egg, with naught but an ambition to eat and grow!

Ten or fifteen billions of mature fish is not a wild estimate of the capital stock of weakfish, if we follow Prof. Baird's method and proportions in his quantitative study of the bluefish.

A thousand eggs to each weakfish afloat, large and small!

Why, fellows, if but one-tenth of one percent came through to an inch in length, the weakfish race doubled itself in the summer of 1921!

My bet is that the weakfish cycle is under way.

It must be borne in mind, however, that there is small probability that all mature fish come to the spawning stage within the same day, or within the same week or the same month. The best of evidence is offered that a single school will show spent fish, ripe fish, partly ripe fish and fish with the most rudimentary eggs or milt. It may even be learned that they spawn more than once a year as many fish do.

The common weakfish (Cynosion regalis) is indigenous to the bight of the sea lying between Cape Cod and Cape Hatteras and particularly that portion of it north of Delaware, when the species is within the ken of man, which is roughly the eight months between April and November. Occasional strays are met north of Cape Cod and south of Hatteras, just as occasional visits into the Cape Cod-Hatteras zone by the spotted weakfish occur; but they are not found outside of the zone in numbers sufficient to justify questioning the statement that this zone is their habitat. Knowledge of their whereabouts during the four cold months is lacking. It is not believed by scientific authorities that they "go south," as so often assumed in the popular mind. A theory suggested is that they move out toward the warm waters of the Gulf Stream where, near its edge at some unknown depth, they sojourn in a salubrious watery climate.

It would be rather unreasonable to expect them to traverse the excessively warm current, whose surface even in February, when exposed to air at its lowest temperature, remains as high as 74° near Hatteras and not much lower at the Georges Banks latitudes. And as the current runs within thirty miles of the cape down there, the trail which they would follow on a journey further south is very narrow. It is to be doubted that they pass under the Gulf Stream, since it extends to a depth of 1,200 feet, and pressures at that depth quite probably offer a complete bar to their progress. Therefore it would seem that they are confined to the bight mentioned.

Following the famous method employed by the late Prof. Baird in estimating the numbers of five pound

(Continued on page 238)

BOB CORSON, who writes under the pen name of Switch Reel, is one of the few writers on oceanographic problems who has been willing to make a real study of his subject. While we may not agree with his every statement, still we admire the very sincere and painstaking effort he has made to solve one of the many problems that confront the sea angler.

Because of his sincerity, and because he has refused to join hands with the sob sister brand of writers on outdoor subjects, he has been accused, among other things, of being a tool of the commercial interests, which is a lie. On the entire Atlantic coast there is not a man who is more interested in furthering the cause of the sea angler, nor one who has delved deeper into the subject.

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Pollution

Concerning the Protection of Fish, Fish Food and Inland Waters

Edited by DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL

Most Famed of Americans on This Subject

The Most Important Problem the I. W. L. A. Will Have to Solve

Cartoon by Everett E. Lowry

IT MAY be well to say, in the first place, that, of equal importance with the proper protection of fish, and the replenishment of waters, is the proper protection of the waters themselves and the fish food they contain. Indeed, there are those who deem the latter measure of more real and permanent benefit than artificial stocking. They urge that if the waters are kept free of pollution, and practicable fishways established at dams and other obstructions, the natural increase of fishes would render stocking by artificial means unnecessary. This view seems plausible enough were the primitive conditions of the waters preserved and maintained. But such is not the case, and never will be.

THE natural conditions of all waters in the thickly settled portions of our country have been changed. This change has been brought about by various activities and utilities that are the result of the progress of civilization. Among them are the various industries of lumbering, mining, manufacturing and agriculture, and the sewage of towns and cities.

With lumbering it begins with logging. The breeding places of the trouts and grayling are in the tiny streams forming the headwaters of creeks and rivers. In their primitive state they were in the midst of coniferous forests, in whose solitude and shade the banks and borders of these rills and rivulets were clothed with a dense tangle of verdure, consisting of mosses, ferns and semi-aquatic vegetation. The spongy soil was saturated with moisture that not only maintained and replenished the small streams, but was essential to the reproduction of the larvæ of myriads of insects, and the minute crustaceans and mollusks that form the first food of the baby fishes.

THEN these secluded precincts were invaded by the lumberjack with his axe. The forest soon disappeared, the gloom and deep shadows of the arboreal recesses were dispelled by the admission of the scorching rays of the summer sun, and the hot, dry winds of the highlands; the moisture was dissipated, the vegetation shriveled, while the streamlets dwindled and finally disappeared entirely during the summer months. With these changed conditions went the food of the young fry. The breeding fish failing to reach their former spawning grounds, in consequence of the diminution of the streams, were compelled to utilize the gravel beds at the lower reaches, where the food of the young fry existed in but limited quantity.

THEN with the melting of the snows came the spring rise, and with it the logs of the lumberman, plowing out the beds on the gravel bars, scattering the trout fry and killing many. In Michigan, each recurring spring, the logs plowed up the spawning beds of the grayling, destroying the ova and fry almost entirely, season after season. To this cause alone, is to be charged the almost total extinction of the grayling in Michigan waters, and not to overfishing; neither have they been driven out entirely by the incursion of trout, as has been alleged. Before the era of logging brook trout and grayling had existed in amity for all time, in at least two or three of the grayling streams, and where I caught trout and grayling in about equal number as late as 1868 to 1873.

THE mining of minerals and the smelting of ores can not be operated without water, consequently, the streams in the neighborhood of mines become discolored and impregnated with deleterious matter that destroys, utterly, the food of fish fry, covers up the spawning beds with silt and debris, and eventually pollutes the stream to such an extent that but few, if any, mature fish can survive.

The offal from distilleries, if any remain, and the sawdust from sawmills, likewise settles on the spawning beds, so that if any fish eggs are deposited they are smothered and the embryo perish. Chaff from grist mills and sawdust from the mills becomes lodged in the gills of mature fish, causing inflammation and death. Coal mining is also fatal to life, inasmuch as the washing of coal, as now practiced, not only discolors the water, but the coal dust is deposited on the spawning beds, and if breathed in by the fish, old or young, clogs the gills, and the well-known hardness of carbon, irritates and inflames them.

THE waste matter from oil refineries, paper mills, starch factories and other industrial plants where poisonous and noxious chemicals or substances are used, or occur as by-products, is very destructive to fish of all ages, and is a more potent factor in the destruction of fish food than any agency mentioned.

As a case in point I might mention that I was once making a collection of Ohio fishes for the museum of the Cincinnati Society of Natural History, and was seining a creek not far from the city. There were two branches to the creek, one coming from the west and running by a large starch factory, the other coming from the east. The bottom of the west fork was covered for a mile, from the factory to the main creek, with the offal from the factory, and the water was more or less discolored. The water of the east fork was perfectly clear, with a gravelly bottom, and contained the usual variety of small fishes, as sunfish, suckers, minnows and darters; but no fish, large or small, was taken from the west fork, nor was there any evidence of fish life, to say nothing of fish food, nor could any survive in the polluted water.

"Time to Call a Halt—"

YES INDEED

SOME years ago the enterprising boosters of Mason City chose as a fitting slogan for this bustling Iowa town—"Mason City Grows Every Day." The sentiment of this slogan was well within the truth; but in view of present conditions, it is not sufficiently up-to-date—it does not set forth the full truth. The slogan should be revised and should read: "Mason City Grows Bigger and Smells Worse Every Day."

For six years the Lime Creek running through Mason City has given forth a stench of intolerable putridity, and the period during which this once beautiful stream has given forth this noisome smell has exactly coincided with the period during which the big sugar factory there has been in operation. All game fish and minnows for a distance of thirty miles below the town are killed and the water of Lime Creek is even entirely unfit for stock to drink. The farmers along the river provide other water supply for them. This is the gross injustice wrought by the pollution of the waters of this once clean and beautiful stream.

THE argument is often advanced that the various industries just alluded to must, as a matter of course, be tolerated and maintained even at the cost of the loss of all fish life in inland waters. But this is not necessarily the case. Their evil effects can be prevented, in a great measure, by compelling such plants to run the offal and waste water into settling ponds or septic tanks before allowing it to flow into the stream, as is now being done in some places.

By the vigilance of fish wardens the minor evils of illegal fishing, illegal sale of fish and dynamiting can be, to a great extent, prevented, as punishment for these offenses is provided for by statutory enactment.

ALL of you are doubtless more or less familiar with the loss of fish life from the causes enumerated, but there is another agency of fish destruction, not generally suspected, that is the cause of untold havoc and slaughter, and is so appalling and widespread in the western states, that in comparison with it all the other factors mentioned sink into insignificance. It is the wholesale destruction of fish, both large and small, by means of irrigation ditches.

No one, except the rancher and those who have investigated the subject, can have a realization of the awful loss of fish life, of the wanton sacrifice of millions of God's creatures, left to gasp out their little lives on the meadows and grain fields in some of the western states. Often the stench arising from the decaying fish is intolerable; it smells to heaven. And yet no effective steps have been taken to prevent it by the National or State authorities. This is all the more lamentable as it could so easily be obviated and prevented.

IT is very discouraging to fish culturists in the western states, after hatching and rearing fry and fingerlings with much care and labor and solicitude, to have them stranded and destroyed on the fields of the selfish or thoughtless rancher. It seems to be impossible, by argument or reasoning, to impress the average legislatures of the western states of the importance of screening irrigation ditches at the intake. There is also needless and unwarranted opposition to the screening of ditches, not so much on the part of a majority of the farmers and ranchers, as by the average member of the state legislatures, who pretends that it would entail too much trouble and hardship for the rancher to keep the screens clear of leaves and trash.

BY his opposition to screens he hopes to catch the farmer's vote. But the farmer knows that the streams are comparatively clear of leaves and trash in the summer, and that but little attention would be required to keep the screens free and open, during the season of irrigation. I know personally of ranchers who, of their own accord, placed screens at the head of their ditches, and who assured me that but little attention was needed to keep them clear during the summer months. I do not believe that the majority of farmers are more selfish or thoughtless than other men, or have less regard for life, even that of a helpless fish; and if screen laws were enacted I believe they would be cheerfully obeyed by the ranchers.

BUT in order to meet and overcome the objection to screens I devised a very simple affair, that would be just as effective, or more so, in keeping fry and fish out of the ditches as a screen, and moreover it would need no attention after being put in place, and would not retard or interfere with the flow of water. It is a simple paddle-wheel, of a size commensurate with the capacity of the ditch. For the smallest ditches a square shaft with four paddles nailed directly to it, and with a spike at each end for bearings, would be sufficient; the cost would be a trifle, and it could be made in half an hour. For ditches with more depth of water a wheel with eight paddles, affixed to an octagon shaft by arms would be better. For irrigation canals a larger and more expensive wheel would be required; but the principle is the same in all.

MAKE WAY FOR AN EXPERT

Federal Control is the Answer

THE wheel, whatever its size, is installed in a short flume, at the head or intake of the ditch, with a fall sufficient to insure a current to operate the wheel. No fish, large or small, will pass it when in motion, and any foreign substance would pass under the wheel by raising up the bearing in the V-shaped slot, when it would immediately resume its position.

When I was superintendent of the fish hatchery at Bozeman, Montana, I made three efforts to have the device made compulsory by incorporating such a provision as a section of the game and fish laws of Montana. But twice the committee on fish and game cut it out for the reason that it might jeopardize the rest of the pending bill. The third time the committee unanimously recommended its passage, and it seemed to be in a fair way of adoption; but at the last moment, through the influence of the commercial and irrigation canal corporations it was defeated. I might add that this fish wheel if placed at the spillway of a pond or dam will prevent the fish from escaping.

IN view of the extensive schemes of irrigation contemplated in the arid regions of the western states by the Federal Government, and also by a few of the

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Bolshevists and Salmon

By ROBERT T. WEGG

The True Story of a Buddy

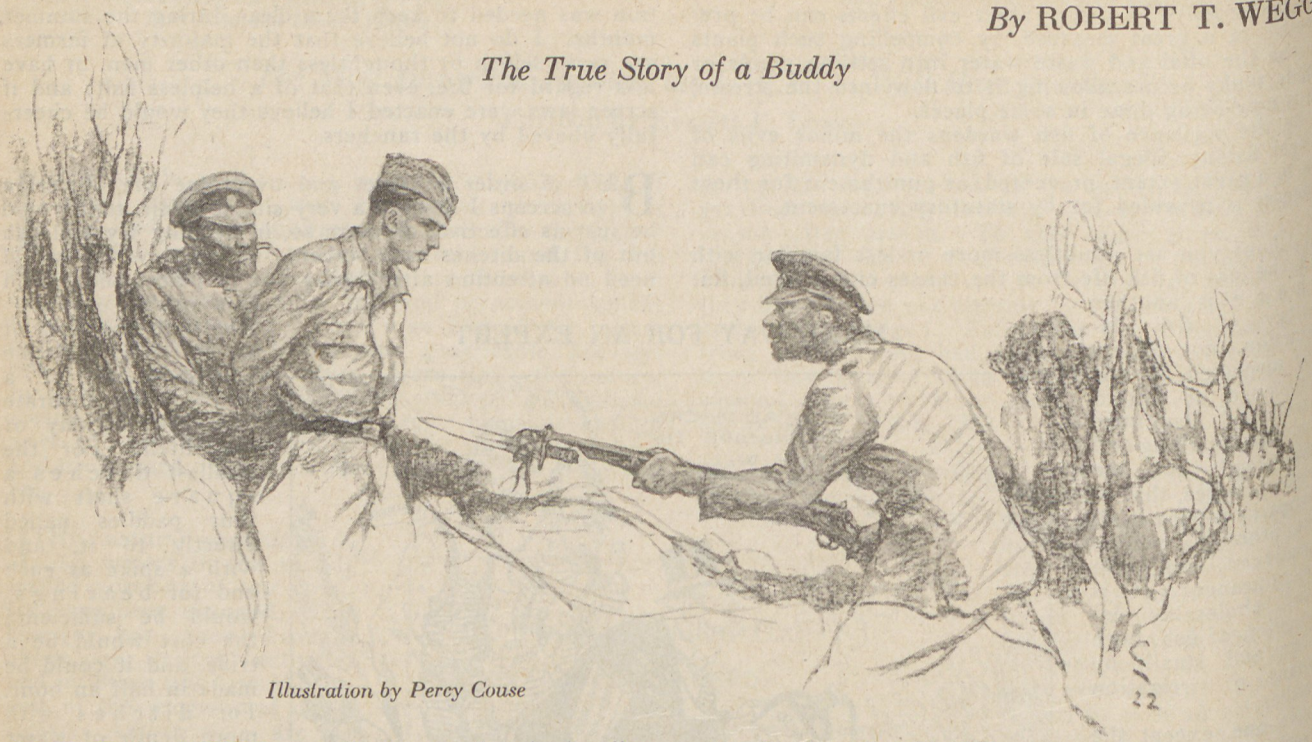


Illustration by Percy Couse

SUCHAN MINES are about two hundred miles north of Vladivostok, Siberia, and near the Pacific Ocean. These mines supplied coal, by way of a thirty mile narrow-gauge, to the Trans-Siberian Railroad. A battalion of the 31st Infantry, U. S. Army, was stationed at Suchan to guard the mines and railway. In the spring of 1919 the Bolshevikii succeeded in destroying the railway and our battalion received no further supplies from Vladivostok. By June the food supplies were getting low and limited mainly to goldfish (army canned salmon) and hard-tack. Hence a patrol; a river; a fish; this story.

Toward the latter part of June I took a patrol to reconnoiter toward Amerika Bay. While on this patrol and about a mile from camp we came upon a good sized stream. As I started to note its military features there broke on the surface a swirl. I was mildly interested. Swish,—swirl,—SPLASH,—ripples. Under pretense of further military observation, I observed—Oh, Shades of Mars!—fish, salmon rising to feed; breaking the surface; swirling the waters; big fellows and lots of them. A movement by the sergeant broke the spell. The patrol continued to the Pacific where we camped for the night. The next day we returned to Suchan Mines. I submitted a favorable report of the trail to Amerika Bay and no signs of the enemy.

For supper we had the usual goldfish, hard-tack, tea, and jam. Conversation did not lag, but the mess had by common consent long ago barred all fish stories and any mention of salmon; so I refrained from mentioning what I had seen in the river. With each bite of goldfish I thought of the fresh salmon in the river. What a pleasant change even fresh fish would be. What a surprise to the mess. I had no tackle and knew nothing of actual fishing for salmon. My bunkie, Frib, had shown me a rod and reel when back in Vladivostok. Perhaps he had brought his outfit along. Although the stream was but a verst (⅝ of a mile) away it would be better to have a partner in the venture. At the worst we could get the horseshoer to make a crude hook or two. I decided to take Frib into confidence.

After supper I drew Frib aside to tell him about the fish. Remembering the ban on fish talk I decided to break it as easily as possible. Oh! If he had only seen those big fellows; it would have been so much easier and surer.

"Well, shoot," said Frib.

"Say, Frib, isn't your home in Oregon?"

"Shure it's in Oregon. What a crazy question. You ought to know that by this time."

"Well I was just wondering if you knew anything about a—a—"

"Say, what's the matter with you anyway?" Frib cut in. "You've been acting queer ever since that patrol. There at supper I watched you eating gold—a—a—your supper and you would eat and smile and then frown and I asked you three times to pass the jam."

"Now don't get excited. I was thinking."

"Thinking! Now I know it's shell shock."

"No fooling, Frib, I was thinking about how much better a fresh salmon would taste than goldfish all the time."

"Where do you get that fresh salmon stuff!" Frib growled. "It's born in cans; grows up in cans; goes to sea in cans. Let's can the talk, please."

"But seriously, Frib, while on that patrol I saw a lot of great big fish that I feel sure were salmon. And you know damn well that even a fresh salmon would taste mighty good for a change."

"Yes, I guess it would all right. Gosh, I haven't been fishing since war started. I left the rod and reel in Vladivostok but I think I have some hooks and line in the bed-roll."

We hurried to our tent and there Frib found the tackle; a light casting line and some hooks. "Not much of an outfit for Chinooks," Frib assured me; "but it will do in a pinch."

Later in the evening I fell asleep while listening to Frib relate his experiences with the mighty Salmon of the Columbia.

The next morning at breakfast Frib and I mentioned our possible scouting near camp for a place to build a pistol range. About eight o'clock we went out and soon found a likely place in a valley about a verst from camp. Having several hours before dinner we decided to fish in the nearby stream.

I cut a long pole while Frib rigged his line. It was decided that Frib should fish first as he knew more about salmon, and the light line without a proper pole or reel would probably be broken at the smallest misplay of the fish. I was to try the fishing after Frib had caught enough for a meal.

We went to the place where I had been when on the patrol. The water came tumbling down through a rapids and emptied into a large, deep pool. "Oh! Boy!" Frib exclaimed. "This is one grand looking place." He cast his hook onto the pool and drew it through a large arc. He tried it again. "I guess they won't take the bare hook. Did you find any red cloth, Bob?" I produced a piece of red cloth cut from a signal flag of the company, also a bright piece of tin.

"We'll save the tin for a while and try the cloth first," and Frib fastened a strip of red to the hook. "I don't want to hook a big one first thing and lose all our line," he explained. Frib again cast the line and was rewarded with a strike. As he hooked and played the fish I received my first lesson in salmon fishing. The fish was finally landed and weighed about eight pounds.

"Why, it's just like fishing for a great big brook trout!" I exclaimed.

"Big! Hell!" grunted Frib. "Ten pounds is little. You wait— How's this one?" for he had already hooked a bigger one than the first. On my recent patrol I had not seen a sign of commercializing these fish and the river was virgin fishing ground. After a magnificent fight Frib landed the second one; a fifteen pounder. "That's plenty for one grand feed," said Frib; and handed me the pole.

I cut a piece from the goldfish can and fastened it to the hook with the red ribbon. Moving nearer the rapids I cast my "contraption" at the head of the pool and followed it slowly down the bank. A terrific strike nearly jerked the pole from my hands. He was on, well hooked; and the crude tackle demanded my utmost attention. Shades of Walton! What a fish! For fully ten minutes I braced and held the pole. The fish swam deep and in great circles with a heavy tension on the line. I could feel the steady swing of his tail even down that six and one-half pound rod.

Frib, true sportsman and comrade, was knee deep in the stream with his shirt held as a net and shouting (so he afterwards said) to let me know that he was there.

Suddenly the line slackened followed immediately by a great leap. Instinctively I felt for the reel; but there was none. Oh, Lord! Why hadn't I cut a better pole. It was the biggest fish of my life. I watched the line sizz dizzily up the current. Would it hold?

"Thirty pounds!" shouted Frib. "Can you turn him?" The line held. The salmon turned. I then had a burst of confidence in the tackle and slowly drew the fish toward Frib. "Gee, ain't he a beaut?" he yelled. "There's his belly; bring him in before he gets a second wind."

Slowly I guided the fish toward Frib. I could feel the jerks down the rod. I visualized the happy surprise in store for the mess at supper. I could hear the Major clearing his throat; a never failing sign of complimentary remarks to follow. Frib scooped up with the shirt—

I was thrown onto my back. The pole was wrenched from my grasp. I heard a great commotion in the water and Frib swearing. I reached for my holster, but it was empty. I was jerked to my feet and confronted a bayonet with a small red ribbon tied to it. Two beady eyes peered at me from amongst whiskers. Several hands held my arms while they were tied. Frib appeared over the bank; without my salmon, without his shirt, but with four husky Russians. We were prisoners of the Bolshevikii.

When marched away we walked in the center of the group and carried the fish. "The rest of the mess is out of luck for fresh fish," I suggested to Frib. A prick from a bayonet caused me to think better of further conversation. After several miles we came to a Russian village. We entered a house; the fish were left in the kitchen; Frib and I were put into a small room.

For supper we had onion soup. I thought of the mess. I thought of the Major. Frib spoke but seldom and then in a low mumble that required no answer. I slept but little that night.

Bolshevists and Bayonets.

Photograph taken in Russia

Early the next morning I caught a faint whiff of frying fish. I approached the door and could smell it plainer. I grabbed Frib and shook him. "Wake up!" I cried. "Fish for breakfast."

We were desperately hungry and hovered about the door in keen anticipation of breakfast. At last the door was opened. A rush of air filled the room with the smell of fried, fresh fish. In walked a Bolshevik with two great dishes of—thin onion soup. We remonstrated but the guard could not understand us. We explained with motions that we wanted some of the fish. The guard grinned fiendishly but would not understand. All that we got was the smell.

By the second evening we had become accustomed to our surroundings. We were prisoners with an indefinite period of thin onion soup ahead of us. Fortunately we were not required to work.

On the fifth day we were marched to a field where were present and facing each other an American company and a Bolshevikii detachment. We were received by the Major. Our forces, having captured a Bolshevik Brigadier General, had traded him for two subaltern fishermen.

Then a transport arrived and fresh beef replaced the goldfish. The mess was now frequently graced with fish stories. These were told with jibes at, and always followed with requests for, THE fish story.

The True Story

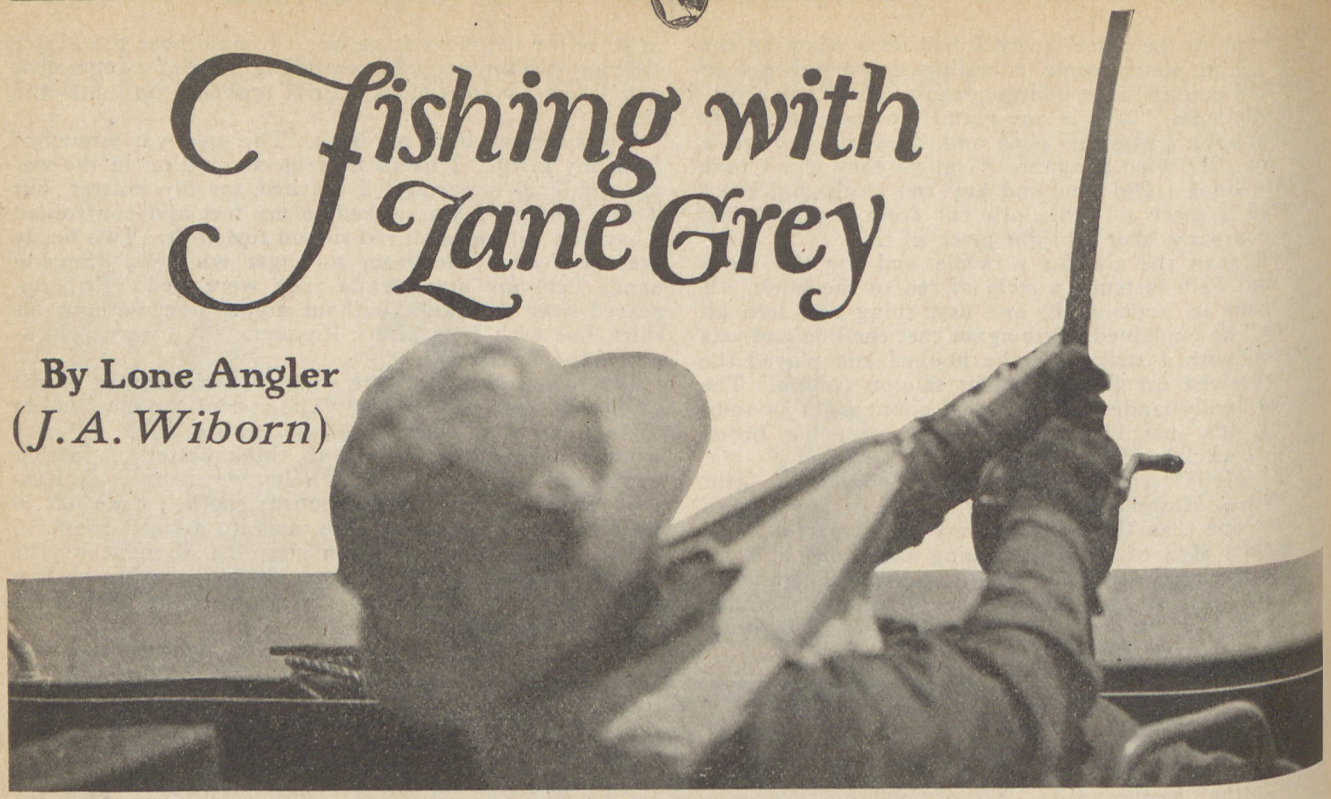
of the capture of a 57-lb. Royal Chinook Salmon on a 5-ounce bass rod will be told by

ZANE GREY

in our April number.

Fishing with Zane Grey

By Lone Angler
(J. A. Wiborn)



Zane Grey with Harness on, Fighting Broad Bill Swordfish.

"THIS is the greatest game fish in the world, Wiborn," said Zane Grey. "Some monsters out there! Catalina is an Empire consecrated to the sun and to the sportsmen. It always does wonders for me. No other place I go replenishes mental creative powers as this place. The bracing salt air, the vastness and the magnificence and the mystery of the sea; the great game fish; the quiet, restful nights, all make for vigorous mental activity and physical recuperation. Did you ever see such a day? Come go out with me and forget that darn old *Angler* boat of yours. I want to show you my *Gladiator*. This is going to be the greatest boat ever built for swordfishing."

So, in the spirit of keen anticipation, we climbed aboard Zane Grey's Catalina fishing launch. Gasoline, water and grub enough to last a week, and a goodly supply of flying-fish for bait.

Other fishing launches were racing away to favored spots beyond the horizon, mostly after tuna. Very few anglers have the time, patience, or strength to stay with the swordfish game day after day, and week after week. It is a killing game to ride the sun-blistering sea, and know you will be lucky to get one fish out of a hundred that strike; one out of twenty that you are fortunate enough to actually hook.

But the old sea captain, familiar with every whim of the swordfish and possessing a canny owl-sense of weather and sea, headed into the northwest, for a straight run of fifteen miles, disregarding bird signs, bait schools and surfacing tuna.

The day is all too short to handle these big swordfish, and they are desperate and dangerous fighters after dark, in the rough sea. Opening the throttle wide, he lit a deep-sea pipe and settled down, as though he knew exactly where to find one ready and waiting to give battle. Zane Grey and I in the comfortable revolving seats chatted and watched the Magic Isle slip astern, glorious and enchanting in the reflected blaze of early morning sunlight. There is more to fishing than the killing of fish, and nowhere in all the world is this so true as here at Catalina, where the great majestic rollers of the far sea-stretch, heaving and surging, hurl themselves against the battlements of the island.

Just as the mountain man at eventide stands in his cabin door watching the shadows from the setting sun slowly creep up the mountainside, and the twilight settle in his little cabin glade, so at sunset stands the islander looking far out to sea, watching for the last glimpse of the red ball of fire, as it disappears into his beloved ocean—each so much a part of God's great open that no thought of strife, or discontent, or vain longing can enter his dreams. His world is all before him—open, fair, its bounties to be had for the winning. Independent—undisturbed—happy.

"Swordfish!" The captain's voice cut in on us. "Some fish, too, believe me. What do you think of that one, Doctor?"

And when I sighted the spread of that old dorsal fin and tail, far enough apart to sail between without putting the fish down, weaving black and ominous, with dignity and power—well, darn me for a jelly fish, if I didn't hear all three hearts beating above the noise of the engine! Five hundred pounds, sure! Still gazing, I felt the engine roar change to a quiet purr and cautiously we paralleled the quarry, till his general direction was ascertained. Then Captain Boerstler slipped the bait overboard, with a grin as if to say—You may win, old boy, but we're sure going to give you one helluva fight.

Z. G., standing close to the stern of the boat, with rod raised at ready, slowly let the line run out. Fifty yards more and we cautiously cut in ahead of the fish. Often they are very wary, dip under the bait no matter how tempting it may look, and disdainfully continue on a definite course. But not so this old warrior. Here was just what he had been looking for and presented to his entire satisfaction. So, with a flit of his huge tail, he gave chase. Then he sounded, and the Captain drew the clutch so the boat slipped ahead without a ripple. Tingling with expectancy, almost I had begun to doubt the old boy was interested, and had partly turned to search for surfacing signs, when, there in a beautiful transparent setting of opalescent blue appeared the huge dark shadow, weaving close behind the bait.

Z. G. slipped into the seat, placed the rod butt in the socket and braced himself for the smashing jolt, that comes when the old demon slashes the bait with that great sword. It feels for all the world like someone striking the line with a baseball bat, and this fellow yanked Grey clear off the seat. The tension was light at that; now everything is thrown off, the bait goes dead.

the decoys are snatched in, the boat's momentum is checked to save line, a hasty glance to locate the ever-ready Vom Hofe detachable gaffs (I have had a fish make off with gaff and forty feet of half inch line, and recover both after an hour).

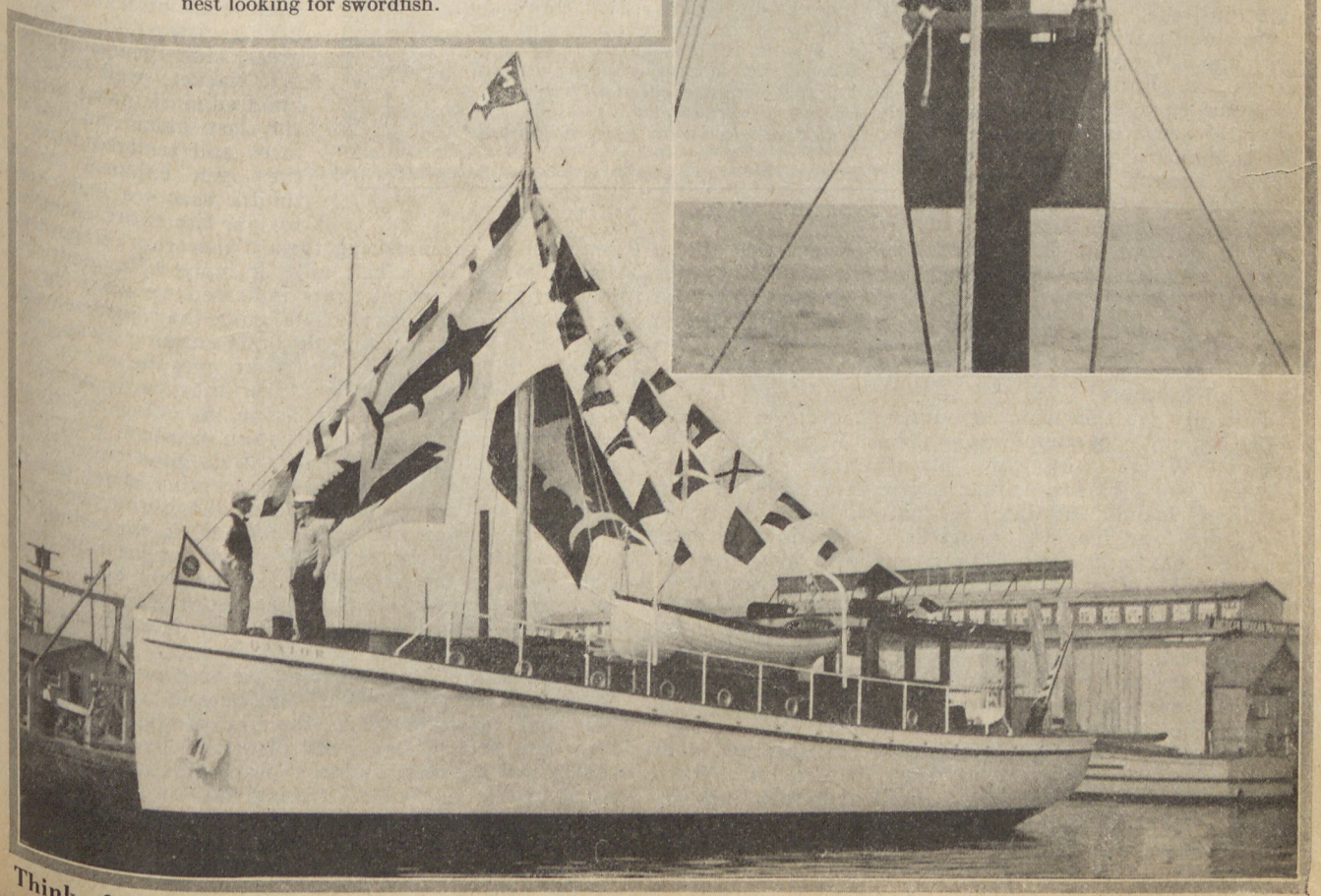
Breathlessly we wait for the next tug at the line. Plainer than Morse code-signals comes the feel—old fish has struck again lightly, now mouthing and gorging. Then comes a steady run out of line, jerky at first, in response to the great weave of that monster tail. "Hit him! Give him hell! Give him hell!" The Captain and I both yell, and Z. G. laces into him with all the power of those broad shoulders.

No, "Tell me when I have a bite, Captain," to that stuff, and no, "Wonder if I've hooked him." Feels like trying to break loose from a locoed steer. Catalina reel with 1,450 feet of 24-strand line sets up an awful scream, rod bowed and vibrating, arm straining. "Great work! Well hooked!" The suspense is broken. The fight is on. Fair play and let the best man win. One hundred and seventy-five yards measures the first wild rush. The whirling launch races away after the fish to save line.

Through this safely, I settle down to enjoy the masterly rod work that matches every powerful rush. Twisting, backing, following, the launch plays its important part, and clever indeed is the captain who can outmaneuver this cunning antagonist, the gladiator of the sea.

And right here is where I want to record my ever increasing admiration for Zane Grey's big, square and never-failing spirit of true sportsmanship. I knew him in the old days at "Penn." when he was struggling for an education, all unconscious of the wizardy of the Z. G. that was to come, to idealize and glorify and perpetuate the brave spirit of the Frontier, that is America. In victory or defeat, he gave the best he had. Under the taunting Princeton chant, "Goodbye, Dolly Grey," or in the glory of a well won pitching contest—always the same spontaneous smile of keen sporting chivalry. Since

(Continued on page 241)



Zane Grey's fishing boat, the *Gladiator*, and "R. C." in crows' nest looking for swordfish.

Game Rifles

By M. L. GOCHENOUR

THE space forbids a complete narrative of those eventful days on Lower Opasatika during September and October last, yet, some frank confessions of late sins by your compiler of gun dope and hunting lore may offer some inspiration to the contributors of "Arms Failures in Bush and Field."

Long has it been patently proverbial that few preachers practice their own preachments perfectly, and less doctors take their own medicine faithfully, upon all occasions. The offense committed with greatest ease by otherwise ethical sportsmen, lies in the use of ammunition with which they are not thoroughly familiar. Consequent disappointments, even disasters, are rivaled only by the exasperations so often born of dependence upon arms with which there has been only slight acquaintance. Both transgressions spring from that lazy time server, taking too much for granted.

On my 1921 vacation, a new 180 grain bullet for the .30-'06 conclusively proved its efficiency by tearing twice through the shoulders, and twice "end on" through the largest moose of my hunting experience. When I wrote the manufacturers of this load, they insisted that their 220 grain, soft point bullet must have been used to obtain such remarkable penetration, as they were quite sure the 180 grain, open point, bullet was not capable of such results. However, not until the last of August were some cartridges, loaded with the 220 grain bullet, received. A confusion of professional engagements, in the effort to prepare my practice for a month's absence, prevented even a trial of this cartridge on the local range, for ballistic properties. Following the line of least resistance, correctness of the figures supplied by the manufacturers was taken for granted. Surely this heavier missile, even though of the old soft point variety, would assure more certain and more merciful, the nasty business of killing, if it fell to my lot to take the life of another of our biggest antlered brothers!

Hot, dry weather was encountered, even in October —the fag end of a summer long drouth in the James Bay region. Where swift, white current made miles of the Lower Opasatika formidable, if not dangerous, in 1921, we found insufficient water to float our canoes this last year, and our frogging progress up or down stream was tedious, hard work. The river banks were parched and devoid of game feed, excepting for partridges. Nearly all the tributary brooks were Volstead sympathizers. To find moose required long cruises far back on the heads of the few spring fed brooks. However, the late dry fall was not without ample compensation. Robins were common. Incessant partridge drumming turned the calendar back a full month. Best of all, daily concerts by the Canadian marsh sparrow, that best loved, though perhaps least known, of North Woods' kinfolk, paled Galli Curci's triumphs into insignificance. September, 1922, marks my first close acquaintance with this unpretentious, rustic little song bird, whose notes are the sweetest, smoothest, and altogether the loveliest in all Bob Becker's realm. It would be far more pleasant to tell you of the blissful hours spent in the enchanted conservatory of this premier songster, but you were promised a hunting narrative.

Days—weeks passed! The moose were not in the water much during the day, but kept well hidden around the cool springs at brook heads, miles back in the protecting cover of heavy tag alder thickets. Stalking was impossible, excepting on the wet, moss covered barrens on a height of land or water shed slope, where a gentle swell rose up in Nature's divine plan of fairness to divide the burden of neighboring brooks. Few bulls were heard, and fewer sighted. My companion, Dr. H. H. Rogers, a League brother, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, had killed a fine specimen of 55 inches spread with 26 good points. My resolution was to kill only a head approximating 60 inches. A heavy camera had been carried many miles in the futile effort to shoot any kind of a head with that arm. Only two days remained before we must begin our laborious ascent of the river to the railroad, when the final try was made on a big, wet barren at the head of the brook on which we were camped.

A thermometer hung from a poplar in the bright sunshine that afternoon would have registered 75 or 80 degrees, and inside my elk-skin jacket, well over the hundred mark, as we brushed the last alder out of our faces and trudged forth on the open expanse of wet tundra that we had chosen for our last effort. A moose-road across the muskeag toward the crest of the divide was followed for a half mile or more. Frequent fresh beds in the luxuriant grass indicated we were "handy" to a moose sanctuary. The guide had just remarked that he did not see any big bulls running away, when, almost at the same instant, our eyes beheld a great, immobile, brown hulk, not over fifty yards ahead. It seemed a part of the landscape, in color exactly the same as the frost bitten grass—an excellent example of protective coloration. There was no good cover for 500 yards in any direction. Closer scrutiny developed this brown mass into a bull moose, above the average in size, evidently an old age pensioner of moosedom, and carrying on the left side of his head, at least, an antler that would make a worthy prize for any den. A lone bush of tag alder hid the right antler from my inspection, but the guide, standing a few feet on my right, insisted the head was a record breaker. It is doubtful if a photograph would have disclosed anything, owing to the perfect color scheme, but here is confession number one! Neither of us thought of the camera until after the setting had been disturbed by one of those .220 grain missiles, and the peaceful atmosphere shattered by the roar of my Springfield.

The shot had been directed at the neck, just at the base of the brain, as the moose turned to his left for

MY OLD PIPE

By Orrin A. De Mass

You're only an old blackened piece of wood
And a quarter's all you cost when you were new;
But, old pal, there's been a heap o' times
When I've taken mighty comfort out o' you.
A costly meerschaum couldn't take your place
And to me you're sweeter far than any briar;
'Cause you've been my sole companion lots o' nights
When I've laid and dreamed beside a lone camp-fire.
Yes, you've lured those back-home dreams
To a hundred northern streams;
Where the "rory" flowed across the Arctic sky
Thru fever laden swamps and mosquito fested camps
We've teamed it off together, you and I.
We've been pals thru cold and wet
And you bet I can't forget
How you've bucked me up when all the world was blue;
And I love your old caked bowl
For the times you've cheered my soul
When all my world lay silent, gray and drear
And I want you ever near me
To justa, kinda cheer me
When I seem to sorta hanker for a friend
You're a blackened, caked up treasure
Pal of man's true hours of pleasure
As life's path leads winding onward toward the end.

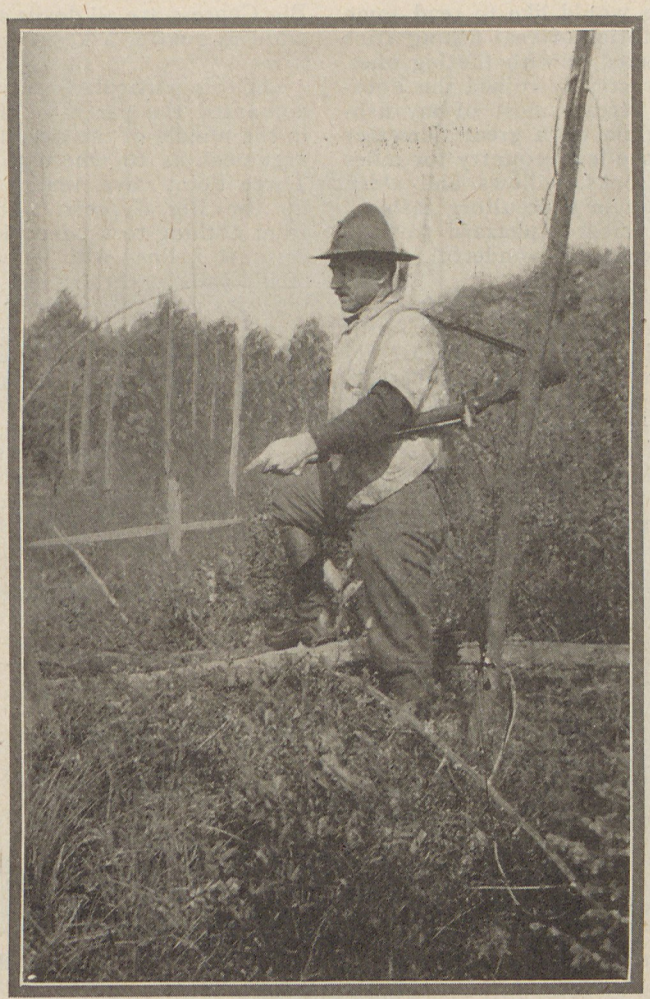
the purpose of investigating our hushed, though hurried, conversation about his millinery. He went down but soon got up with his hind feet, on his knees in front, and started in this fashion, running circles, much like a chicken with its head off. After a few moments of this struggle, he became quiet and seemed to collapse. We walked up to within twelve or fifteen feet of where he lay. Then we thought of the camera and stood lamenting our thoughtlessness in not trying for a photograph of the scene that was then so fresh in mind, but now gone forever; when, with a suddenness akin only to his first appearance, the bull was on his feet. Motionless, he stood there looking defiance to the very tips of the fingers on his palms. Instinctively, the trigger was pressed for a quick shot between the eyes, only to find that by force of habit, the safety had been thrown over when we advanced. That made the goose flesh creep up my spine and may account, in part, for the shot, that followed quite as soon as it could be made, striking slightly off center on a line between the eyes. Then an uncanny feeling, never before experienced, came over me; for the bull absorbed that 2,376 pound blow without flinching, batting an eye, or twitching a muscle. Like a statue he stood there. More care was taken with the next shot which struck almost exactly where two lines, drawn diagonally across his face from the base of each antler to the opposite eye, would cross. The end was instantaneous and without a struggle.

Although the left antler was very good, carrying 24 points, the right proved a freak, with a palm not half as long as the left, and bearing only 12 points—the spread, a scant fifty inches. A glance at the accompanying photograph will show where the last bullets struck. The second bullet did not even penetrate the skull, but was ground into powder form on the frontal bone. The last penetrated the brain, but went to pieces on the base bones of the skull. The first shot had not broken the neck, as was intended, and supposed, but only severed the tendons above the spine, without passing through. No such penetration as that obtained by the 180 grain, open point, Lubaloy last year! Convincing proof that the soft point bullet is not adapted to cartridges developing a velocity of much over 2,200 feet per second!

Failure and disappointment with this bullet and cartridge were destined not to end here. One day was spent bringing the head and meat to the river. The toilsome trip up the shallow rock strewn current began. For two days the guides and cook waded and tugged at the heavily laden canoes. Dr. Rogers walked ahead of them a few hundred yards with me, in the remote hope of interrupting a black bear or a wolf along the river. Toward the close of our second day's travel, we climbed up on a big boulder on the east shore, above the last rapids on the way out, and sat basking in the sun, waiting for the canoes to come up with us. Those inevitable pipes had a good smudge going. A great horned owl complacently looked us over from his perch on a dead spruce across the river. Several cock partridges were drumming vigorously in the birch and poplar behind us. A pine squirrel scolded from the far end of a log that connected our boulder with the shore. As we sat there in that peaceful, nerve healing environment, meditating in retrospect over the three strenuous, though joyous, weeks preceding, life seemed indeed worthwhile. Then stealthily as a phantom, from the heavily wooded inside of a horseshoe bend, some two or three hundred yards upstream, a beautiful bull moose walked out into the river bed, and the scene was complete. The stream at this point broadened to a width of three or four hundred yards. Leisurely he splashed through the ankle deep water, picking his way over moss covered boulders on the bottom with greatest ease, until he was well in midstream. There he stopped to drink, again and again. He would shove his great nose deep in the water and hold it there for an unbelievable length of time. As he stood between us and the setting sun, a young rainbow was created each time he shook his mane after a drink. For nearly an hour we

(Continued on page 240)

Our Game Rifles Editor Ready for the Trail.



The end was without a struggle.

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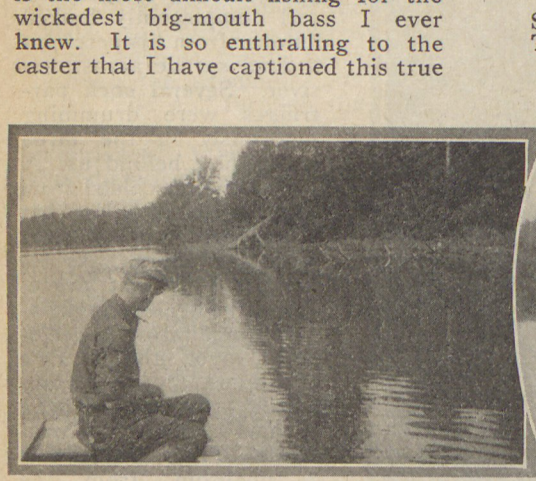
An Afternoon on the Big Cypress

By E. C. KEMPER

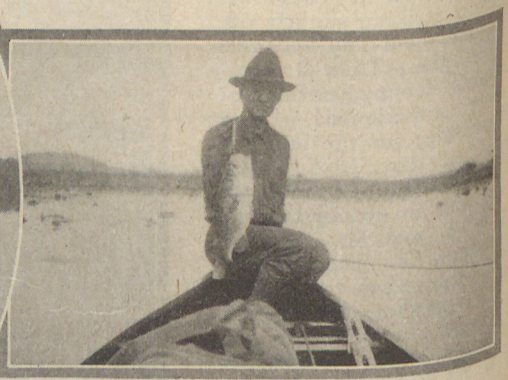
IT has always seemed to me that many, too many, of the fishing stories in the outdoor magazines were just that—fishing stories, and that a lot of us who are happiest when angling would like to read some stories based on the truth: stories of real fishing trips with all of the little events mixed in with the big ones. Now that deforestation has practically ruined the Potomac River as a small-mouth stream most of my fishing is done far down in Virginia on a great tidewater stream, which runs back into the level country for miles through cypress trees, water oaks, willows and alder bushes. It wanders on its way in a desultory fashion, making coves and inlets in a most haphazard pattern. The changing tides have carved out wonderful places for the big-mouth bass.

All of this amber-colored, wonderful bass water is fringed with cypress trees and cypress knees, and with trees that have fallen in, and with big patches of lily pads, which some of the natives call "cow collards." To say that all this makes a sporty course for bait casting is to speak conservatively. It is the most difficult fishing for the wickedest big-mouth bass I ever knew. It is so enthralling to the caster that I have captioned this true story with a bit of fiction. For obvious reasons the name of the stream is not the Big Cypress, but it should have been.



On the Big Cypress

Sam The "Fish-Hawk"



Hank Gets a Good One

A few of us who know this untouched bit of nature, and cherish it accordingly, have built a small lodge beneath the water oaks on a gravelly point. It is a strategic point, from which to fish up or down for many miles, as fancy dictates. A canoe, a flat-bottom boat, and some of the simple implements necessary to fry bacon, eggs, and bass, and to make coffee; and some cots and army blankets complete the inventory.

On the Saturday afternoon preceding Labor Day of this year three of us arrived at the fishing lodge. There was George, known as the "Old Master." Now George is a past-master at the business of casting for bass. It secretly pleases him to be called the "Old Master"—that is, on most occasions; but when some walloping five-pound bass has left for the next cove carrying George's favorite lure, and Hank inquires facetiously as to details from the "Old Master" he is not so pleased. Then there is Hank. He is the "Tarzan" of our gang. He is the hard guy, when well isolated from the office and Mrs. Hank. He, too, wields a dangerous rod. Also there is the writer, who for some reason unknown to him, is called "Violet" by these other fellows, who must be prompted by envy or misunderstanding. Surely they cannot mean that he has too much self-assurance! Then there is Sam—we call him the "Fish Hawk" because he is one. Captain Bill is named last, but not least. Cap believes in the essentials, and wastes little time on fine points. His theory is that the bass in the Big Cypress are all devils and that a strike means a fight with no quarter asked or given, all of which is perfectly true.

On this particular occasion the first three mentioned composed the party for a three-day trip. We arrived in the middle of the day, had a bite to eat and the usual argument as to where to go. Finally we decided on Three Point cove, really a big inlet about three miles up the Big Cypress. This place has water ranging from nothing to six-feet deep, usually has a lot of shiners in it, is lined with fallen trees, and has a great patch of lily pads at the far end. It is a good half-day's fishing. As there were three of us we took the flat-bottom boat and with an incoming tide were soon at the mouth of Three Point. In fishing with three men in a boat each man does a thirty-minute trick with the paddle. At the end of the thirty-minute period everybody changes position. We have found that the front position in the boat is a decided advantage. The shore line is fished to the left of the boat. This gives the man in front a chance to sideswipe under overhanging bushes, and keeps his lure away from the nose of the man in the middle. The later casts overhead and fishes the pockets and other likely places untouched by the other fellow—if there be such. If not, he repeats and often brings chagrin by hooking into a fish that refused the first lure offered. The paddler, as such for the time being, ceases to be a person of importance. He becomes the Boatman and is under the general direction of the King. The King, of course, is the man in front. The Boatman has many duties. He must please the King and at the same time have some regard for the wishes of the Middleman. These wishes are often directly contrary to those of the King, so the Boatman must be a gentleman, a scholar and a diplomat.

At the start of this engagement with the enemy "Violet" was paddling. Hank was King and George was the middleman. Hostilities began at once. Hank was using his favorite lure, a black bear fly and a small spinner. He abhors a pork strip, not for religious reasons, but on the ground that it is an unnecessary appendage to any bass fly. At the second fallen tree fished this innocent looking fly was dropped between two underwater limbs and slowly retrieved. There was a flash, a boil of water and a three-pound bass shot into the air. It was a mistake. He should have shot back among the limbs without wasting energy on a jump. When he hit the water he found himself being pulled

into open water where he was fought to a finish and brought up to the boat. He was gently lifted in by the lower jaw, the hook disengaged, and as per custom, returned to the water.

And so it is with us most of the time. We catch many bass and put them all back except two or three of the smaller ones which are reserved for the frying pan. This custom offers opportunity for argument. We can see no beauty in a dead bass; we can see no beauty and get no thrill from a string of big bass brought in at the end of the day and stretched on the grass, or beside the automobile, or on a rope between two human fish hogs—whose vanity must be gratified at the price of wantonly killing a lot of splendid game fish. All of us have passed through the stage of collecting a large string of bass, dragging them around all day to the detriment of the fishing, and taking them home at night for distribution to unappreciative neighbors or for exhibition-to-the-family purposes. **On one occasion three of us caught 125 bass in a day and not one of them was kept. All were returned to the water uninjured.** When this occurrence was told at the club in Washington one non-fishing member said in an undertone, when the story was finished, "What a superb liar that fellow is." But is it better to be thought a liar, as the price of being a real sportsman, than to be a fish hog at the price of self-respect?

To get back to fishing, George also has his favorite bait. It is called a "Cootie" and is a Red Ibis fly with a 3-0 sproat hook, a small spinner and a strip of pork rind. As we progressed along the shore line this deadly combination fell within an inch of the main stem of an old tree which projected from the water. The bass that took it must have seen it when it started. He was all set and walloped the "Cootie" right on top of the water. He wasted no time jumping. He went back under the tree like a streak and with such force that it was out of the question to hold him. Good luck, plus the tension of a bending rod and a taut line made this scrappy fish conclude to double back instead of trying the usual stunt of wrapping the line around a limb. He sharply whirled out from beneath the tree trunk and sounded, perhaps remembering some retreat far down in the depths, but he never got there for the "Old Master" knew just when to apply the most pressure and just how to handle his fish. He came out, straight up and into the air, shaking his head like a bull pup with a red rag. At the top of the jump he was upset in the air and fell with a resounding whack on the water. Was he licked? By no means. He made two more spectacular leaps with the red fly pulling at the corner of his mouth, and the sunlight gleaming at a thousand angles on his armor. For a big fish he was an active and gamey one, but once away from that old tree the odds were all against him and finally he floated up to the boat exhausted and licked. The fly was slipped from his mouth and it was at least a minute before he realized that once more he was a free bass. And so the afternoon went.

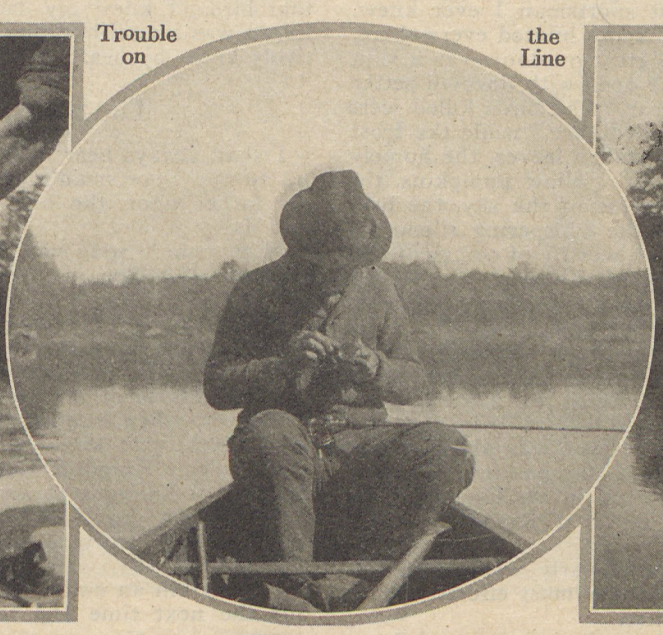
The fish were well scattered along the shore line. Some we found beneath the overhanging bushes, and others literally in the tree tops. By no means were the anglers victors in every struggle. Time and again some copper-colored imp would take the line beneath a snag and snap it off; or else he would shoot into the air and throw the lure back at the angler in a defiant style that brought humiliation to the unlucky fisherman and glee, partially concealed, to his two companions. Up until five o'clock we took from this sporty course some fifteen big-mouth bass, all of them leaping, fighting, crazy fish, raised in cool, clear, tide-running water, and filled to the eyes with fight and meanness. We lost at least that many more and there was not a moment that was not loaded with exciting events.

Many fish were lost because our lines were too light. We figure that it is better to use a 12 or 15 pound test silk line and take the accompanying chances than to put on an 18 or 25 pound line and make a higher score. Captain Bill would disagree with this, and so would the Fish Hawk, but the majority of the committee is in favor of the lighter tackle. Of course we use bamboo rods of the best makes. There has been a lot of argument among us about the length of rods and the weight. The two heavy tackle exponents (Sam and Bill) claim that a rod should be sturdy enough to stop a bass in his tracks and that it is poor angling to hook a fish and then permit him to go back into the rough because the rod is not stiff enough to prevent it. The light tackle exponents say that a lighter rod can be manipulated so cleverly that the same result is accomplished except on rare occasions when a nine or ten-pound fish is hooked, when they admit that the chances are one hundred to one against bringing him to boat with light stuff. To offset this is the pleasure of fighting a fish on his home grounds with implements which give him all the advantage to which he is entitled. All of us are equipped with the best casting reels obtainable for we have found by long experience that the highest grade of reels stand the punishment and do fine work, season after season, while four or five cheap reels are going to pieces.

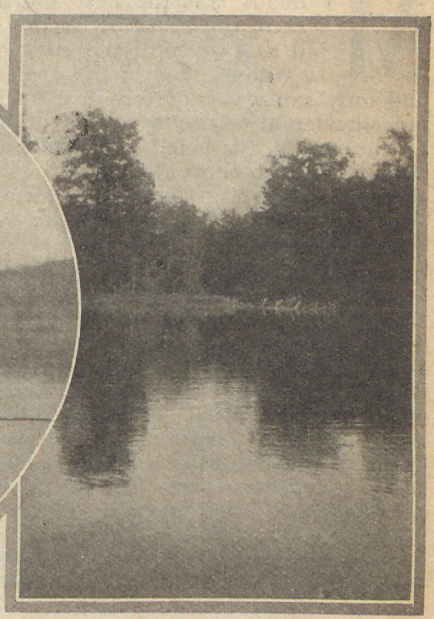
That afternoon about five o'clock we went back to

(Continued on page 240)

Two at a Time



Trouble on the Line



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About Good Sportsmanship And Good Dogs

By
TRAVERS D. CARMAN

MY daddy was the best sportsman I ever knew. Not in the sense of having hunted everywhere, but as a lover of the great outdoors—as a man to whom a day in the open with devoted setter and only son was infinitely dear. The birds killed were only incidental to the "great adventure," while the frost on the sumac, the smell of the fallen leaves, the homely beauty of corn-fields dotted with yellow pumpkins, the grace of the white birch, the blue of the sky, the brilliancy of turning foliage, and the whispering silence of the edge of the woods were each worthy of comment and contributed largely to the joy of the hunt.

Let MacElroy, his famous English setter, winner of many blue ribbons, "make game," and finally "freeze on point," assuring himself with nervous backward glance that we were behind him ready to shoot, and my father would invariably take this moment to dilate on the beauty of the scene. What did I care then for anything but the slaughter of whatever was ahead of the dog! and MacElroy, I am sure, sympathized with me in my impatience—but those were in the long-ago days when I was only learning my first lessons in "The Sportsman's Creed."

Three events stand out particularly well defined in memory and will illustrate, perhaps most effectively, the sportsman's creed of my father.

On the opening day of the quail season one fall, we had hunted, perhaps, for several hours before MacElroy found and pointed a covey of quail. When the birds got up, my father made a beautiful "right and left." MacElroy, retrieving each bird, proudly placed them with reverential care in my father's hand. After smoothing down the feathers of the birds, remarking on their beauty, and caressing the setter for his splendid work, he threw his unloaded gun over his shoulder, and, turning to me, said: "We have had a perfect day, son; come on, let's go home." My day had just begun, and in a most glorious fashion. His apparently was ended, with no explanation. I was so busily occupied for the following fifteen minutes choking down sobs that refused to stay down and hiding my tears that I was a silent and sorry partner, indeed, on the way home.

It was, I think, the following fall (I know I was still too young to have a gun) when we were hunting through a young birch and alder cut-off on a side hill so dearly loved by woodcock. I had become separated from my father. I heard the whistle of a bird as he rose, and wondered why my father did not shoot. I immediately hunted him up, and, to my impatient question, he replied: "I didn't know where you were, son, and all the woodcock in the land are not worth one careless shot."

The following fall was a memorable one, not because I was twelve years old, but because I had a shotgun—a single-barrel Hopkins & Allen shotgun which always pounded my shoulder black and blue, and which to me was clear evidence of the mighty shooting qualities of the gun, and the black and blue spots only a mark of honor.

MacElroy had gone to the happy hunting-grounds of all good dogs, and we were hunting that fall with a young Gordon setter named Baby Quinn, and named after the then Comptroller, Peter T. Quinn, of New Jersey, by whom the setter had been presented to my dad. We were hunting along the edge of a corn-field in the thick weeds when Baby Quinn, who had been quartering at a rapid gait, checked himself suddenly and stood on point. A small covey of quail got up. I shot at random in the general direction of the flock. My father shot once with deliberation and slightly after I did, and killed a bird. Handing the quail to me, he said: "That was a good shot you made, son." I knew I hadn't shot that bird. I knew my daddy knew I hadn't. But the lesson was a vital one that all sportsmen should instinctively know by heart.

The Sportsman's Creed

I shall always bear in mind and trust that I may live up to the Sportsman's Creed as interpreted to me by my father upon the occasion of a halt for luncheon one day:

"Remember, son, you are a sportsman and not a hunter; your dog is your friend and companion—you are not his master.

"Never punish your dog in anger, for you are hurting yourself even more than your dog.

"Observe the game laws and the 'No Trespass' signs—the rights of others are sacred.

"Never, when hunting with a companion, shoot at a bird unless you know where your friend is. All the birds in the 'Kingdom Come' are not worth the risk of hurting or killing a person.

"A perfect day is not measured by the birds shot, but by your ability to enjoy the 'open' and your dog's fine work.

"Never kill an entire covey; leave more than you kill for the next time and for breeding purposes another year.

"When in doubt, give the credit of shooting a bird to the other fellow; your readiness to do so will make him the more desirous of extending the same courtesy to you.

"Make the great out-of-doors a part of your life, not incidental to it—the 'Silent Places' are good for a man's soul."

For God's Sake, Don't Shoot!

AS a boy I used to delight in hunting with a farmer friend, "Uncle John," I called him. He was a lovable man with a keen sense of humor, and a great hunter. But unfortunately he did not always follow the sportsman's creed.

Upon one occasion, his dog pointed, then cautiously went on, pointed again and again went on. We both immediately realized from the actions of the dog that the quail were on the move. Presently we spied them running ahead of us through the bush. To my horror "Uncle John" raised his gun and took deliberate aim. Fearing that he would yield to temptation and not wait until they got up to shoot, I yelled: "For God's sake, don't shoot them running!" Without lowering his gun, but with the corners of his mouth twitching in amusement, he replied: "Of course not, I'm goin' to wait 'til they stop so's I kin get a better shot." The sound of our voices, however, so startled the birds that they rose with a roar, without either of us getting a shot—and it was my turn to be amused.

Some Hot!

AL JOLSON has this to contribute to the long list of hunting jokes. He had just arrived at Palm Beach for a short vacation last winter, he told a friend, and sauntering through the town, he stopped and asked an old negro, sitting in the shade, smoking his corn cob pipe, if it had been hot. "Hot, boss?" exclaimed the negro, "you asked me sumphin! Lemme tell you. One day las week, my houn dorg jumped a rabbit and done chased it through this yhere taown right by whar I'm settin now, an it was so doggone hot dat both der dorg and der rabbit was walkin—dat's how hot it's been!"

The Seventh Wave

A Sea Story of Haunting Beauty

By ZANE GREY

Illustrations by Frank L. Stick

ALACRANES is a naked surf-beat shingle of the world, a lonely coral-reef off the lonely coast of Yucatan. The name signifies scorpion, and the reef lies with its long tail curled, as if crouching to spring upon the ships that go down to the sea.

The keeper of the lighthouse told me that two of his predecessors had gone insane. But he was happy there; he loved the sea; he loved the mechanical work connected with his wonderful light; he loved to see the circling flash go over the water; he loved to watch the ships pass far out in the night and to feel what his lonely life meant to mariners.

"To stay here," he said, "like that gull there, you must be of the sea."

I saw a beautiful sea-bird skim the shoals and soar aloft to poise on the wind and dart in wild flight across the sand and drop down to breast the waves and wing a wandering course over the reefs.

For hours I strolled along the white beach and picked up shells and seaweed; I marveled at bits of wood and nuts drifting in from some far-off unknown shore; I watched the slender-winged wild-flying sea-fowls. By day I climbed to the top of the lofty lighthouse to look out over the white shoals, the green shallows, the blue lagoons, the deep purple channels, the long tumbling white wall of the barrier reef, and beyond to the dark, heaving restless sea. By night I sat under the circling light and watched the wonderful flashes gleam into the darkness. Always there was the haunting presence of the sea. Always I heard the deep crashing boom of the surf on the barrier reef; always the hollow monotonous beat of the waves on the shoals; always the ripples lapping the coral strand. From the open sea the wind brought a low strange murmur and moan. It was incessant and mournful. It was mysterious and sad. I was fascinated by the sea; I never tired of it; day and night I watched and listened.

But I grew lonely.

The keeper of the lighthouse said to me: "You are not of the sea. To stay here you must have it in your blood."

Then he told me a story of his ancestors, people of the sea.

Campeche, a port of Yucatan, was for many years subject to the attacks of buccaneers of the Spanish Main. In 1686 after it had been plundered by Grammont and DeGraaf, two noted rovers of the time, the inhabitants erected round it a wall of stone, which, rising like a white cliff, could be seen far out at sea. That served however, only as a landmark to help guide the pirates through dangerous reefs to the low-lying town.

In the late summer of that year the brig **Metista** cleared from Vera Cruz with a valuable cargo, made fair sailing to the fringe of the trades, and off the Yucatan Banks almost within sight of the white wall of Campeche, she encountered foul weather and had to turn her nose toward the open sea. She rode out the storm and was getting back on her course when she was run down by a black craft, shot full of holes, sacked and sunk.

Jean Jaurez, quartermaster of the brig, was the only one of the crew whose life was spared, and he, in relating the story, said he was struck down at the wheel, and when he returned to consciousness found himself in the hold of the pirate ship among bales of stolen cargo and coils of ill-smelling rope. He lay there weak and dizzy for a day and a night before learning what disposition was to be made of him; and then he was visited by a French pirate who told him the captain gave him a choice of running the ship through the dangerous channels to Campeche or of having his head split with a cutlass. Jaurez agreed to pilot the ship, meaning to run her on the reefs.

Then he was left alone with scant food and drink; and

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he fell a prey to gloomy thoughts. The **Metista** with her gallant crew had gone to the bottom of the sea. He thought of his mother and sister, and saw them climb the Campeche wall to look with anxious glance over the waves. No sail! The **Metista** would never again gleam like a gull against the distant blue, never again bring light to wistful eyes and warmth to loving hearts. Her fate would be a mystery, unless the dead were cast up by the sea.

The pain in Jaurez's throat was as great as that in his head. He choked back the sobs and tried to think no more of home. At length he slept and when he awakened another night had passed. The bright morning light streamed through the open hatchway. He saw the blue sky above the huge bellying sail of the ship. A breeze whistled through the shrouds. The booms swung and cracked; the rings turned and creaked; the timbers of the vessel groaned. The water roared under the bow. Jaurez discovered he was hungry and thirsty, and, though suffering considerable pain from the bruise on his head, was in no wise incapacitated by his misfortune. He began to revolve in mind the possibilities of the situation and how to meet them. In moving about the hold he almost stumbled over a girl lying outstretched on a tarpaulin. Wildly she started up, and he recognized her as having been one of the few passengers on the **Metista.** He had heard her called Ollone. She had been injured, for there was blood on her face.

"Don't be afraid," he whispered. "I'm not a pirate. I was quartermaster of the **Metista.** . . . Are you hurt?"

"Only a little. . . . I ran and was knocked down," she replied. "But, oh! I am frightened. . . . Save me!"

Just then a pair of muscular brown feet appeared on the upper rung of the ladder and a harsh voice called Jaurez.

"Pretend to be badly hurt," whispered Jaurez to the girl, and then moved rapidly away.

He followed the sailor up the ladder and staggered on deck, simulating a weakness that he was far from feeling. The ship was a two-master, canoe-shaped, sharp fore and aft, very old and massive and lay low in the water under an enormous spread of canvas. Long-nosed bronze cannon glittered around the deck. At the tiller stood a sailor of herculean build, naked except for cotton breeches. Then from the deck rose a short broad man—and Jaurez recoiled from the master of the ship. As fixed as if cut in stone was the violence of his face. He questioned Jaurez about the treacherous coast, the low-lying coral reefs, the channel into the bay of Campeche, and lastly about the garrison and defenses of the town. Then he turned to his giant helmsman. Jaurez appeared to have the freedom of the ship and he walked about, but he still kept up his pretense of being half dazed by his injury. He passed some of the black-faced, bare-footed crew, grim and sinister even in slumber. Near the main-mast there was a tarpaulin rigged up to make shade, and under it a fire-box, with charcoal smouldering in a wire grate. Water splashed from the bung-hole of a barrel, and here he quenched his thirst.

The breeze dropped off, as was usually the case in that latitude during noon hours, and there was a long smooth swell with only widely scattered wreaths of white. The helmsman had tacked close into the wind to gain as much as possible on the strong northern drift of the tide. After a while the breeze died altogether. The ship drifted with flapping limp sails. In the glaring heat of mid-day the helmsman slept with his hand on the idle tiller. Porpoises played, and long, silver, sharp-jawed fish leaped after sardines, and black-finned sharks basked in the sun, beautiful snow-white boobies soared in graceful low flight. Jaurez knew from the presence of these birds, that the ship was near a coral island. The hours passed, silent, monotonous, waiting. Then, as if by magic, the glassy swells wrinkled and dimpled, a dark ripple glided and glanced astern; and farther on appeared a wavering line, ocean-wide, curling with creamy crest, like the bore of an incoming tide. The northeast trade whipped up a white-wreathed sea; and the ship skimmed the waves, slipping over the sea as slick as oil.

The chief called the crew on deck. They were a yawning, stretching, villainous assortment of seamen, none young, all black-browed and fierce. As they sat on the deck to eat they jabbered and laughed aloud, and they made a gloomy crowd.

Jaurez's mind was active with fear and distress. Where was the ship rushing? The whole rigging above him strained under the strong sweep of the wind. The mainsail curved into a deep hollow with a network of rope-shadows thrown by light from the westering sun. The bare feet of sailors made soft padded sounds. Once he saw the chief and his giant helmsman pacing the deck, and heard one of them say: "The last cruise!" No other words helped Jaurez to interpret the speech.

Toward afternoon the pirate chief ordered a sailor aloft. The man walked up the halyards, gripping the rope with his toes and reaching hand over hand. When half way up he faced the south and uttered a cry that meant he had sighted land.

For a while Jaurez dared not look southward, and when he did, a long white strip gleamed above the swelling blue ocean-line. It was the Campeche wall. He recognized it with passionate protest against his fate. When would he be called to take the tiller? But he did not waver in his resolve to steer the ship upon the reefs. Turning in his despair he moved so that he overlooked a hatchway. He gazed down into the dingy hole and saw some casks that at first seemed only casks, like any other things belonging to the hated ship. But an irresistible attraction which he could not comprehend kept his glance glued to those casks. They were open. They contained coarse black grains. "Powder," he muttered. "The devils have got the powder out for the cannon." Suddenly a rush of hot blood, a flash of divination made him whisper: "Blow up the ship!"

When he regained calmness he knew he had thought to blow up the ship and sacrifice his life to save Campeche. But as his wits returned it occurred to him to wait till night, set a lighted fuse in the powder, then leap overboard and swim ashore. The ship was five leagues off the coast. The pirate probably meant to go in closer to shore and lay to till morning. Then Jaurez would be put at the wheel.

All at once Jaurez remembered the girl in the hold. He could not blow up the ship with her in it. And a daring purpose flashed over him. His lowered gaze roved about the deck. Near at hand were bits of tarry rope, a fishing line, and an old cork life-preserver! It seemed a miracle that they should be there. With these, and one moment of opportunity he could save Ollone and escape himself, and also send the ship to the bottom. He began to wander about in an apparently aimless manner, stumbling here and there, and at length went down the ladder. In an instant he was kneeling beside the girl. Her hands caught his.

"Can you swim?" he whispered.

"Yes," she replied.

"If you will do as I tell you I can save you."

"Oh! . . . I will!"

"Wait and listen. It will be dark before I give you a signal. Wait till you hear something drop into the hold. Then come quickly up the ladder. Do not hesitate. I'll meet you. I'll slip a life-preserver around you and a string over your wrist. Do not speak a word. Then dive into the sea. I'll follow."

Jaurez returned to the deck and adopted a dull loungeing position near the mainmast. But his mind was in a ferment. The afternoon dragged by as if it were a thousand years. He drank thirstily but did not eat what was placed before him. At twilight the ship lay to within two leagues of Campeche. Jaurez's sensations were strange; he seemed far off from everything; he felt faint; a little more waiting in suspense would drive him mad. Under drooped eyelids he watched with keen gaze. How slowly the sea darkened! The darkness seemed to come on the great slow swells. The guard who had

kept careless and desultory watch on Jaurez wandered aft to join the circle of pirates.

The gloom deepened. The compass-lantern threw a dull flare upon the circle of dark faces. Not a man showed fore of the mainsail. The moment had come. Jaurez arose silently. He saw a dim glow on the sea, showing the tide sweeping shoreward; he saw the faint lights of Campeche beckoning out of the darkness. He thought of the girl he meant to save. And suddenly he felt intensely keen, and strong as he had never known strength.

Then he threw a piece of rope down into the hold. There was a rustle — soft steps — a shadow—and Ollone rose before him slim and straight. Her hands caught him and clung to him. Swiftly he tied the life-preserver under her arms; swiftly he noosed the line over her wrist. He thrilled at the level gaze of great dark eyes. Without a sound she glided away from him. Dimly he saw her slender form —lost it—and stood waiting with his heart in his throat. His ear just caught a soft splash. Then the ball of twine in his hand began to revolve.

Stealthily Jaurez crawled from the shadow of the bulging sheet of canvas and reaching the fire-box he picked up a smouldering lump of charcoal. If it burned he felt no pain. Slipping cautiously into the hatchway, he found the powder barrels. They had been closed, and covered with a tarpaulin. Mindful of the revolving ball of twine in one hand, the lump of charcoal in the other, he was hard put to it to remove the coverings. But he accomplished it. Then he took a bit of greasy rope from his pocket, placed one end in the powder and stretched out the other end under the lump of charcoal. Softly, deliberately he blew upon it. The coal glowed pink, red, white. It was beautiful; it was alive; it smiled. Slowly the fuse ignited, sputtered, burst into flame.

Like a tiger he leaped upon the deck and dove into the sea.

Down into the cool depths! He swam under water far from the ship. A wave lifted him as if he had been a leaf. The white sails loomed over him and passed. The dark hull passed. The glow of the compass-light passed, and dark circle of still faces and red caps like spots of blood. The tide bore him on. Jaurez lost sight of the ship as he sank in the hollow of a wave, and found her again as he rose on a crest. Moments rolled on, lengthened out, wore into eternities! Would the flame never reach the powder? Had the rope burned out? Had he bungled? The saints save Campeche!

The great waves came one in seven. He felt the gathering impetus of a huge swell. Forward he was flung—forward and up—up — up. There the ship rode, silver sails, vague black hull, faint circle of light. It was then a violent wind puffed in his face. An intense steel-blue blinding flash flared over the sea. And then followed sodden thunder.

Jaurez shrieked. An unintelligible agony pierced him. He was mad then, and saw the starry heavens fall.

Again a seventh wave hurled him aloft, as if in glory of its task, and showed him a confused mass, billowy like breakers, and spouts of fire. Then the black sharp bow of the ship pointed to the stars, poised for an instant, and slipped into the sea.

The cord drawing through his fingers reminded Jaurez of the girl. Swimming with swift powerful strokes he kept an easy hold of the line. Presently he was struck

(Continued on page 245)

"The wonderful sea rose in its last and mightiest seventh wave."

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Plant a Bass, Boys

By WILL H. DILG

And Make Your Home Fishing Better

Photograph by Art Kade, Sheboygan, Wis.

A GOOD part of the space allotted to our "Plant a Bass" Campaign during the past two issues has been devoted toward enlisting our nationally famed anglers. It's time now for **all of us to come into the fold.** If our army of bass fishermen could be put twenty abreast and marched at rapid time it would take days for them to pass a given point. So you see, there are plenty of us to do the work.

Bass are rapidly becoming extinct in our country. The uninformed fisherman is apt to think the above statement extravagant, but it is not extravagant, IT'S TRUE, and is by no means overstated.

The scientists who have made nation wide investigations sounded the warning last year. The American Fisheries Society has announced it and has so written every prominent State official in the country. Black bass are different from most of our game fishes, they cannot be artificially "stripped" as can the female fishes of trout and pike. A "stripped" black bass means a dead black bass as our State and Federal Conservation Departments have found. Therefore, black bass must be protected during the spawning season more than any other American game fish. The time is soon at hand when every Izaak Walton Chapter in America will own its own black bass ponds and will raise their own baby bass. The parent breeding bass of these Izaak Walton ponds will be caught and contributed by the members of the local chapter. At the rate the League is growing it cannot be more than two years at the most until there will be an Izaak Walton Chapter in every county in these United States. And here we have given you just one of the planned activities of this great National Organization of fishermen and hunters.

You can't photograph 'em much longer unless you plant 'em.

The I. W. L. A. wants 5,000 fishermen to enlist in our "Plant a Bass" Crusade. The first step is to write us that you are willing to do your bit in this connection. We want your name and address so that we may help you and send you proper directions as to how to plant the fry. To stock waters with black bass is an easy and simple matter if directions are properly followed, **but unless they are followed it means a total loss.**

NO MONEY is required to plant bass fry—the United States Bureau of Fisheries not only furnishes the fry FREE but delivers them to the applicant's nearest railroad station **free of cost,** and will even telegraph the applicant when and where to expect them. All you have got to do is to write the Hon. Herbert Hoover, Secretary of the Department of Commerce, Washington, D. C., for an application blank and then forward it to your United States Senator or the Member of Congress from your district. Upon endorsement, which is never refused, you are certain to get the bass fry FREE OF COST. Could anything be easier, simpler or cheaper?

Let us quote from Mr. B. F. Wilder, of New York, who started the "Plant a Bass" crusade. He says—

"Come on! Let's go! Let each man ask himself these questions: How many bass have you taken in your years of fishing? How many have you planted? Don't you owe a few fingerlings to the world of sport? If those who must answer yes to the final question join the movement its success is assured; instead of five there will be five thousand men at work.

"By common consent, the fisherman who can point to a gigantic bass and say: 'I caught that fellow,' is an angler. If he can truthfully add that the fish was taken on light tackle, he is a sportsman. Then what rating must the angling world accord the man who can say:

"'I **planted** that bass'?"

Our magazine wants to hear from YOU—we want to know what you think of the plan we want to know if you are willing to do a little work to make your home fishing better. Please write us and let us know where you stand and don't delay it—write us today. Let's all get together and let Secretary of Commerce Hoover KNOW that the American angler is a PLANTER as well as a CATCHER OF FISH.

Here are a few quotations from nationally known fishermen—read every word and then write us and let us put you too on record.

DR. J. A. HENSHALL, famous angler and conservationalist, says—

"The State Forester of Minnesota is engaged in the praiseworthy work of planting trees along the highways of that State, so it is possible in the near future for the anglers of Minnesota to motor through shady roads and lanes to their fishing waters; but in the meantime, in order to insure success, and that the pleasant journey may not be in vain, they should join the Plant a Bass campaign and do their bit in replenishing the waters."

HAROLD BELL WRIGHT, whose books sell by the millions, says—

"I am in hearty accord with your 'Plant a Bass' campaign. We who delight in fishing inland waters must face the fact that we cannot for long continue drawing our checks on this Bank of Nature if we do not make deposits now and then. To check always on the other

fellow's account is not good sportsmanship, to say the least. Plant a Bass, brother, and thus start a little nature bank account of your own. To make out a deposit slip is more than to write a check. The joy of taking a 'big one' is small compared to the thrill that comes with the certain knowledge that the big ones are there to take—because you put them there."

Following are the opinions of nine famous American outdoor lovers in our Plant a Bass Campaign:

"I am in cordial sympathy with your 'Plant a Bass' campaign. It is equally important to check the pollution of lakes and streams. Those who do it are the meanest of thieves, for they rob the youth of our country and cheat them out of the pure unsullied waters which are the common heritage of all Americans."—**ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.**

"A farmer who did nothing but sit on a fence and complain because no crops grew in his fields would be almost as sensible as the average American angler. Farmers know better. **They prepare the soil and plant the seed.** They have taken to heart the message: 'As ye sow so shall ye reap.' It is more than time that the anglers as a body followed suit. Plant a Bass? Plant a thousand!"—**HAROLD T. PULSIFER.**

"I think your 'Plant a Bass' movement is splendid. It is just as you say; fish will never be caught until they are born, and no fish in the world is quite as cosmopolitan and near at home as the bass. I have personally taken a tremendous amount of interest in planting bass, as I believe they are by all odds the most valuable inland fish we have. If we can get a few hundred thousand real sportsmen to work along the idea you have given us it will do an immense amount of good."—**JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD.**

"This 'Plant a Bass' campaign is one of these eminently sane ideas in conservation which should have the active support of every lover of America's out-of-doors. Our generation has been busily robbing our wonderful woods and waters of the seed corn. We must replant. Nor is it irreverent to bring Holy Writ to support this splendid campaign. We are advised that we shall reap what we sow. Plant a few fingerling bass, therefore, and reap a crop of two- and three-pounders. And don't count on George to do the planting. Of course, you can always count on him to do the reaping."—**ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE.**

"I most unreservedly give my heartiest commendation to your 'Plant a Bass' campaign. It was Lincoln who expressed a desire to plant a rose and pluck a thorn; equally my utmost wish is to leave more bronze-backs when I pass on than I found. A bird in the hand may be worth two in the bush, at least so the old saying has it, but a bass in the river is worth two in the creel. There is something wrong with the sportsmanship that thinks only of catching and never of planting. I am with you in this hook, line, rod, reel and TYPEWRITER."—**O. W. SMITH.**

"I wish to add my name to those of other anglers and outdoor lovers as a hearty endorser of the 'Plant a Bass' campaign. If your plan were carefully carried out by every one to whom it was possible, it would do a greater degree of good than there would be any way of reckoning. I certainly shall put it into practice on the lake in northern Indiana on the banks of which I live, and I shall do everything in my power to have other fishermen residing there, do the same."—**GENE STRATTON-PORTER.**

"Your 'Plant a Bass' campaign has given me more real joy than anything else in the conservation line undertaken in recent years. Personally I have assisted in the planting of a great many bass in both local and distant waters, and I know that there is more real red-blooded pleasure in starting out a bunch of snappy little bass on a possible career of usefulness than is to be gained from many a rod day on the stream. I am confident that the boys will rally to the 'Plant a Bass' campaign with the same enthusiasm that has been manifest in all past efforts of the Izaak Walton League. If we get together and plant a few cans in favored places the success of the campaign is assured; for the spirit of doing something toward bringing back the fishing will carry on. With the thousands of unselfish anglers, brother Waltonians, fighting for us and with us, we'll put bass fishing back on the map. It can be done! Come on, Ike, and help us 'Plant a Bass!'"—**SHERIDAN R. JONES.**

"A great many years ago—thirty, I think—a friend and I were fishing and caught a number of fine bass.

(Continued on page 241)

Plant a Bass

If you're feelin' kinda blue,
Nothin' much worth while to do,
Plant a bass.
If the fishin's kinda bum
And it's time to go right "hum"
Plant a bass.
It's no use to sit and growl,
(What's the hound get for his howl?)
Be a man. Go right this "minit,"
Help the brook, put somethin' in it,
Plant a bass.

If you carry home a mess,
It's your duty, I confess,
Plant a bass.
Don't forget the other lad,
He wants fishin' awful bad,
Plant a bass.
Boys and girls are comin' on,
Think of Mary, think of John;
They have rights, don't you forget it,
Be a man. Go right this "minit,"
Plant a bass.

—BERTHA ELIZABETH MAURER

In the March Issue of Our Magazine

ZANE GREY

will run a remarkable story with the most spectacular photographs ever taken of the ORCA, showing these huge fish, (weighing two to three tons,) leaping thirty feet into the air. These statements sound extravagant but read Zane Grey's story and see the pictures in our March issue. These monsters are of the whale family and are of huge proportions; their favorite pastime is fighting whales and whale tongues are their favorite delicacy.

The orca is seen very seldom; none have been seen around Catalina for over eight years. The pictures which Zane Grey obtained of these giants are interesting and thrilling beyond description—a marine photographic feat heretofore unknown

In Our April Number

Zane Grey will tell us the wonderful story of his capture of a fifty-seven pound Royal Chinook salmon on a light bass rod. It sounds incredible, but it's true.

Think of it—a $2.50 magazine for $1.00—Subscribe TODAY.

FRANK B. HOFFMAN, America's greatest animal painter, produced this moose picture without pay. It should help Donald Hough's campaign to save the moose from extinction. In our October number he said, "This big, lumbering fellow, the largest animal on the North American continent, and the most stupid and lovable, is following the bison to oblivion so rapidly that, in the ultimate reckoning, his passing will seem to have been the result of one tremendous volley, thoughtlessly fired by an army of selfish hunters who could see no farther ahead than the front sights of their guns."

More About Minnesota's Moose

By DONALD HOUGH

GAME refuges are an excellent institution. For instance, they are responsible more than anything else is for the fact that there is any game at all left in Minnesota.

They constitute the easiest method of game preservation. To shorten the open seasons, to decrease bag limits, means more game wardens, more violations, and more trouble for the game and fish departments generally. On the other hand, it requires but a few weeks to establish and post a game refuge, and one man can, as a rule, patrol it.

Furthermore, the game refuge accomplishes a thing which no other method of game conservation can—it provides a sanctuary in which game can find complete rest, undisturbed breeding conditions, and general "peace of mind"—things necessary for proper propagation, according to naturalists.

The game refuge, however, has one great fault. It instills into its advocates a mania for establishing game refuges. The game refuge fan sees the sanctuary as a cure-all—the solution for every game problem that is presented.

I have seen at first hand the working of a wild fowl refuge. It worked better than I ever thought it would. From now on I am in favor of plenty of wild fowl refuges.

I have seen the working of a big game refuge. It worked all right, so far as deer were concerned. The deer soon learned where to go and where not to go. In the first place, the deer is a very intelligent animal, and in the second place, the deer is a sort of a street gamin—likes to play around near civilization, and learns to avoid the dangerous places just as the gamin learns to keep away from the cop on the beat.

But the refuge to which I refer—the Superior state game refuge, in Minnesota—is populated also by moose. So far as the moose are concerned, their refuge is a failure. The moose doesn't give a darn about game refuges. He doesn't stop for pen and ink refuge boundaries. The only boundaries he recognizes are either the edges of civilization or the natural geographical boundaries of the moose country. He never will learn that he is safe inside the refuge and in danger outside of it. Therefore, while the refuge undoubtedly curbs the

hunter and in a measure protects the moose, it does not afford the same degree of sanctuary that game refuges do for other animals. When the moose are being rapidly killed off, as they are in Minnesota, it is necessary that they be given greater protection than this.

I went to the state game commissioner the other day and after some discussion we agreed that the moose was decreasing in number in Minnesota, in spite of the fact that the heart of the moose range is a game refuge. I showed him figures, gathered by the United States forest service, which proved the moose to be decreasing in number within the refuge.

"Why do you want to keep the moose season open in this state?" I asked him.

His answer was: "If we close the season on moose, there will be no excuse for the maintenance of the Superior refuge, which also harbors large numbers of deer. The refuge is primarily a moose refuge, and if the moose were to be protected, the hunters would probably demand that the refuge be abolished, since there are already several refuges for the deer."

So much for the refuge business.

During our campaign in the St. Paul Daily News outdoor department for a closed moose season, we heard from Hy Watson, editor of Field and Stream, as follows:

"I have read your articles on moose with a great deal of interest. Frankly, I do not believe in a permanent closed season on moose in your state. We are publishing in the November issue of Field and Stream an article by Dr. E. W. Nelson, chief of the biological survey, Washington, D. C., on limited licenses.

I am inclosing a quotation from it which I think states the case as both he and I see it, quite concisely.

Dr. Nelson advocates limited licenses to be issued to take care of this decreasing game situation, and I heartily agree with him. It is bound to come to this or else to having every third or fourth season, as conditions demand, open, and the rest closed. This of course depends entirely on local conditions. It may be necessary to close the season longer in some places than in others."

Your sentiment, Hy, is all right and very lovely, but at the same time you have got to see that your plumbing works and your roof doesn't leak. In other words, in this conservation business, you've got to mix up some good common sense along with sentiment.

The article by Dr. Nelson came out in due time in Field and Stream. He advocated limiting the number of hunting licenses issued as a solution of problems having to do with the disappearing big game of the western plains. Moose, moose country, had no place in it at all.

The point is that Mr. Watson unhesitatingly adapted the remedy as applicable to the moose problem as well. The fact that Dr. Nelson's article was a masterpiece of unpracticable theory is beside the point. It might be well to mention, however, that he did not advocate a limited license "plan." He merely advocated limited licenses. There is a big difference. The man who can work out a workable plan for limiting licenses hasn't been born yet, and probably never will be. It could never be made fair; it could never be made to conform to the average American idea of sportsmanship, which is based on graft, greed, and selfishness.

What I started out to say is, that my experience with the moose business has convinced me that the country is overrun with Master Minds. We have become so accustomed to talk big that such things as the moose problem, the deer problem, the duck problem, the grouse problem are beneath our notice. We must talk about the "big game" situation or the "game bird" problem. We attempt to solve these things with a vague flourish and a glittering generality about "the way to save our game." We use the same typical American bombastry in this respect which attempted to win the war by talking about "one hundred per cent Americanism" and "making the world safe for democracy" while

(Continued on page 241)

Copy of a Telegram Sent to the Governor of Michigan by James Oliver Curwood

Owosso, Michigan, December 26, 1922.

Hon. Alexander J. Groesbeck,
Governor of Michigan,
Lansing, Michigan.

BELIEVING that your interests are for this and the future generations of Michigan, and convinced that not only the prosperity, but the health and happiness of our people depend vitally upon the conservation of the forests and wild life which God has given us, I respectfully ask that you, as the governor of Michigan, place yourself with the hundreds of thousands of men and women who want honest and intelligent conservation in this state, and that the first act in the wonderful work which it is in your power to give us be a request for the resignations from the conservation department of the present director, John Baird, and the present secretary, Albert Stoll, and their replacement by big and broadminded men trained by experience and education to safeguard and propagate the natural resources of this mighty commonwealth. In this request I am backed by tens of thousands of the truest conservationists and sportsmen in Michigan who see conditions going steadily from bad to worse simply because men are kept in charge who are not fitted for the tremendous task in hand, and so acute is this condition becoming in Michigan that it is rapidly becoming of news interest all over the nation. With constructive and creative methods supervised by trained and competent men of the biggest and broadest caliber, I and every other conservationist in Michigan and in the nation will back you to the limit. Conservation is not for the fisherman and hunter alone but for every man, woman and child in Michigan, and not only our prosperity but our very lives depend upon keeping wild life and forests from extinction. Is not this mighty work worthy of the best technical training and the broadest minds and the most intelligent understanding, and would you place any other great billion dollar corporation in the hands of men who are not of the highest and most efficient caliber in the work they are called upon to perform? This is more than a request. It is a prayer to you from myself and from those tens of thousands of others who have struggled almost despairingly to bring about what could actually be made to exist in this glorious state of Michigan, with your help and cooperation. Out of the fullness of your heart and from the greatness of your own success, will you help Michigan and Michigan's people to preserve and win back their birthright of forests and wild life? This would be the greatest New Year's gift it is in your power to offer.

Respectfully and hopefully,

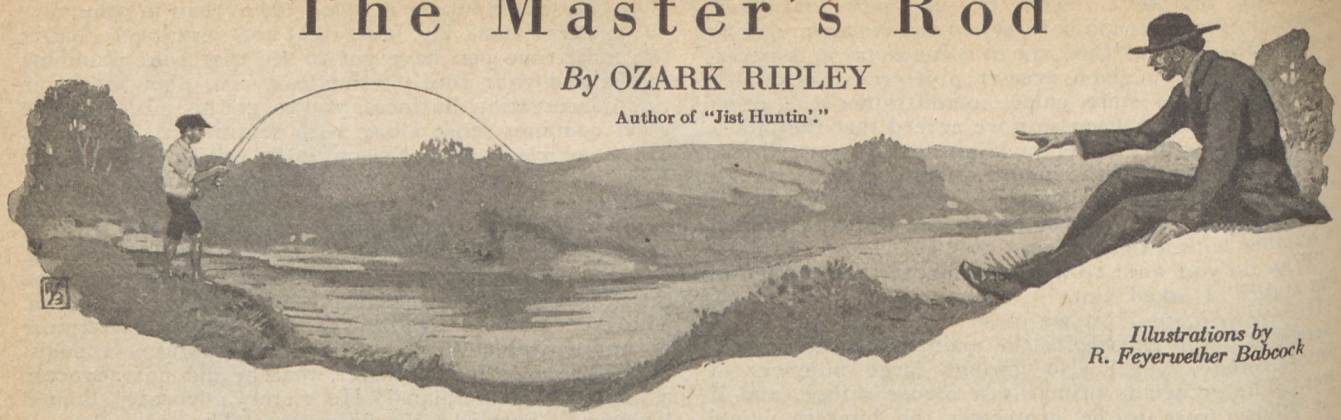
James Oliver Curwood

Think of it—a $2.50 magazine for $1.00—Subscribe TODAY.

The Master's Rod

By OZARK RIPLEY

Author of "Jist Huntin'."



Illustrations by R. Feyerwether Babcock

"THAT'S no way to fish, my dear boy," remarked the tall, stoop-shouldered man on the bank of the stream as he saw a big bass still twisting at the heavy end of my spear. "You must remember—" he started to add in a kindly tone.

"'Member nuthin'!" flushed with anger I sneered. "'Member nuthin'. If I wishes to gig fish with a spear hit's shore my business."

"But," gently the old man remonstrated, "bass are on their spawning beds."

"That's jist the time to crack down on them with your spear," I insisted in a note as devoid of deference as I could make it. "All you'ns that cumes here to teach school thinks erbout is them little flies, bambool rods, whippin' hyar and thar. You'ns ketches big fish, too, don't you'ns?" I said this with my anger thoroughly aroused, for the schoolmaster and his style of fishing had been a sore point with me during the last three years he had boarded at our farm house.

"Schoolmasters weren't good for ennything," I reasoned, under the sway of my rising passion. "Nothin' but to make boys mind, go to school, and when they talks erbout fish hit's always for the comin' gineration! What's it any business of the schoolmaster to talk agen my way—right in the month of May, jist when big bass were on their beds, and if you'ns went right up to them quietly, making no noise, you could sock a spear into the big ones?"

But when the old man started away, nodding his head despairingly, most of my anger departed rapidly. I ran to his side after throwing the fish back in the water. Mr. Gouvenuer was not any too strong. He might fall in a ditch, or one of the rocky draws that led water down from the mountains. But what most affected me was that never had I seen that dear old face before reflect such great disappointment. I wanted to ask forgiveness but I was too proud to tell him that I was just a fourteen-year-old boy who loved him and was only beginning to learn about his methods of fishing, and speared just to tantalize him, knowing full well his fixed prejudice against the common local mode of getting fish.

That evening I went down to the fast deep stream flowing by our rocky farm and gave myself over to silent contemplation. I was one of those hill boys raised under little restriction. I hunted and fished when I wanted. I loved the schoolmaster but resented his presence at our house; because with him there I could in no manner avoid going to school. My widowed mother had too much to think of in the way of providing food and clothing for me to give any time to enforcing discipline on my part. When I thought about the curtailment of my liberty, the more I hated school. It was only the influence of the master that kept me there. Why in the world should a boy suffer momentary confinement when the lure of the outdoors floated before his eyes all the time? Physically he remained in the schoolhouse during certain designated hours, but mentally everlastingly he roamed the woods and fished the hill streams.

Yes, nothing prevented my freedom but the schoolmaster, and, childlike, I held that one grudge against him. My varying emotions constantly exhibited themselves. One moment I adored the old man—simply revelled at being within sound of his soft, low, sweet voice. It was just as sweet as the little rapids coursing over the shallows. What he knew about fishing I believed would fill volumes. I never met a man who knew more and could impart his knowledge so interestingly.

That night on my return to the house I crept closely to his chair where he was reading. He knew I wanted to hear him, and accepted my silence as an apology for the ill feeling I had expressed that day on the stream.

"Forgive me," he began, with a smile worth going a long way to behold, "for interfering with your pleasure today. My Dear Boy, spearing fish now means the loss of thousands more—thousands more would replace the parents if you only wait a month later!"

The master spoke slowly, stroking my head. Instantly I was convinced he was right. The warm hand, and the kind, handsome, strong face—as though it had been carved by a master sculptor out of our finest white limestone—were more potent than verbal arguments and cited facts. Somehow I understood his viewpoint without interposing contradiction or retort, as usually I did.

"Y-e-s," finally I agreed. "But how in the world is a boy a-goin' to fish you-a-ll's way, when them bambool rods, flies, lines and leaders costes sich a heap of money?"

"Someday you will have one, and, meanwhile, in advance of possession I am going to teach you how to use it," promised Mr. Gouvenuer.

For a long time after that, even all during summer and the commencement of the early session of August school, my rage against the master's advice and all things that conspired to make me stay indoors, subsided. Not that I was no longer subject to occasional outbursts as of yore, but the master all Summer accompanied me on the stream, taught me the art of fly casting, but this implanted a greater desire than ever to prolong my stay outdoors, but he permitted me to use his rod—his dearest possession—on every occasion he was with me.

So soon as school opened I noted a difference in the schoolmaster. Apparently he was more stoop-shouldered than ever. While speaking, often he stopped suddenly to get his breath. His hand trembled. The wrinkles in his face were graven deeper. In every way it was apparent to the most unconcerned that he was going fast. The local schoolboard, which never paid attention to anything, observed it, and soon the gossip of the neighborhood was that the master had to be replaced immediately.

A stronger love for the schoolmaster on my part asserted itself. Perhaps it had for its motive selfishness. But were he to go no one would miss him more than I—our fishing trips together—everything—most of all his rod! That rod accompanied me everywhere, though only mentally. The fascination of fly fishing

dominated me in a manner no mortal would consider possible. I thought of it all the time. I lived over each incident on the stream that summer. I could feel the very struggles of fish—the tremendous lure of casting a fly. But in every scene that I visualized, the master's rod performed the leading role. Veritably I ached for it; for it had planted a demon within me that soon was to become beyond control.

If I passed through a field the master's rod was with me. The longest and most perfect tapered ironweed I pulled, trimmed off its rough leaves and made serve for my beloved rod. It had in my fancy the same spring and driving power—yes, only mentally but at the moment actually, as I saw the fly hover and then drop like a cobweb in softness on the water without creating a disturbance. By the brook I cut a willow and mentally cast and cast across cool waters, rushing amidst dark, shaded rocks where massive small mouths lurked.

The lure of the outdoors floated everlastingly before his eyes.

"New schoolmaster comin', and durned soon," declared old Tom Bogart, as he leaned over his barnyard fence and interrupted my dreams. He was chewing methodically on an old pea vine as I was passing.

"He—is——" I gasped.

"Yep," Tom answered nonchalantly. "Board dun ruled agen him. New feller cumes in a day er two. Old chap cain't step lively 'nough fur us eddicated folks no moah."

I had been away at my aunt's to stay over Sunday and the news struck me with vehement dismay. I ran, without answering, anguish at the prospect of such a sudden loss holding mastery over me. Then all at once, God knows how it came, dominance of desire for the master's rod superseded all other thoughts. I fought against it, cried, flung myself on the ground; but only arose conquered. The demon desire gripped and refused to release me.

I went to my old seat near the stream, pondered and pondered, fought over and over again the battle between desire and honesty. Again I lost. I never left until I had planned to have the master's rod.

After all the gruelling battle with my conscience seemed very simple and my plan equally so. Mr. Gouvenuer was leaving soon, and, as I discovered by a cursory survey, had packed all of his limited belongings. I felt sure I knew where he had placed his rod. All I had to do was to secure and then hide it. He would not miss it until long after his departure, and then, after that, finding it was another matter! In connection with my plans I decided to wait until those at home were sound asleep. Often when at my aunt's I did not return until Monday morning—just in time for school. Yes, I knew the master's room—so easy of access. Always he slept soundly. I would steal the rod, hide it and spend the remainder of the night outdoors, in order to create no suspicion.

At midnight I climbed up the back porch roof and looked into the master's window, which opened on the roof where I was standing. I listened. I did not hear a sound. I knew every inch of the room. I entered and on tiptoe went to where the rod should have been, slowly feeling my way. There was the very hush of death about the place. Then all at once I heard steps creaking and presently the room was flooded with light from the lamp which my mother carried.

"Tom?" She whispered. "Jist cum home?"

"Y-e-p," I murmured, feeling I was a thief caught in the act. My eyes sought every corner of the room. The clean covers of the bed showed that there had been no occupant that night.

"M-i-ster Gouvenuer?" I managed to say.

"Gone," confided my mother in a melancholy tone. "Gone—poor—good—lovable—Christian old man!"

"Daid? No—not daid—don't tell me that, mother! Don't—please! Not daid, mother. Don't say he is!" I almost shrieked in despair.

"Not daid, but gone." Her sweet voice sounded reassuringly. She did not suspect her only boy. "His daughter cum and fetched him today."

A great burden suddenly lifted from my soul. I could not utter a word from sheer joy.

"That bundle wrapped in the little wool blanket over in yan corner," my mother pointed to a dark object that had escaped me and said, "he left for you'ns."

Suddenly galvanized into action I ran over to the corner, picked up the long blanket-covered object and dashed hurriedly from the room. What further mother said I did not hear. I hastened on, never slacking my speed until I reached the stream and with fervid haste unrolled the blanket.

For a long time I sat still. The rapids chanted merry tunes, as though to the accompaniment of muffled tinkling bells. A breeze started from the east and helped cool my feverish brow. I heard a bass break water for some nocturnal prey. I sobbed. Gradually the moon grew brighter and brighter, and all at once revealed my repentant tears falling on the master's rod.

The Izaak Walton League Prize Angling Contest details of which will be found on Pages 236 and 237 will be the greatest prize angling contest ever held in the world. This is solely a

ONE HOOK ARTIFICIAL LURE CONTEST

Bird Lore

by

Bob Becker

Editor "Woods and Waters"
—Chicago Tribune

HOW do you like our new decoration and "everything"? As I told you last month the Editor said he was going to make our corner real bird like and so we come bustin' out with our new decoration.

From now on 'tis "Bird Lore." The jury after many stormy sessions finally decided on this name for your bird department and Cecil H. Cook, of Youngstown, Ohio, wins the prize for submitting the name accepted. C. H., we are mailing you at once the dozen flies which we hope you will use while you are going after fish—but don't forget the birds. Much obliged for your suggestion.

* * *

Well, here is January and most of us are now beginning to count up the weeks before we can sally forth with our tackle and engage in combat with the finny tribes. It won't be long before we can do that and with the coming of the fishin' season we will once more have our bird friends with us. Speed the day, Mr. Weatherman, speed the day. Meantime here is January, the month when the owls, jays, nuthatches and a few other hardy winter birds are our only feathered friends to be seen when we get outdoors for a little gunning or, perhaps, ice fishing.

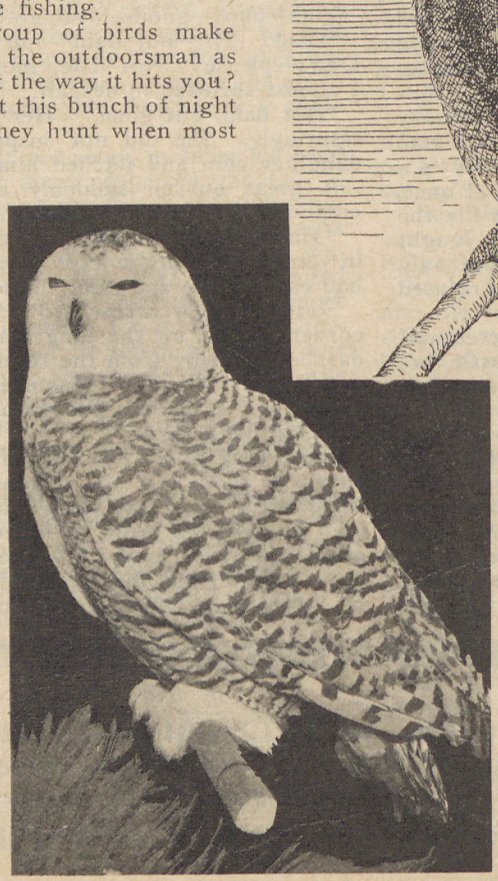
Probably no other group of birds make such an impression upon the outdoorsman as the owl family. Isn't that the way it hits you? There is something about this bunch of night prowlers, the fact that they hunt when most respectable people have gone to bed, and the way they silently swoop about in the night, that captures our imagination. A camp isn't complete, as far as I am concerned, unless there is a little screech owl hanging around and broadcastin' his radio calls that scare the mice and other birds almost to death.

And I'm telling you the little screech owl (who is pictured here) knows how to fish. You may have a hard time observing this little fellow when he is after the finny tribes as he is pretty modest and quiet in his angling (no splashing the bait around or anything like that) but nevertheless he gets fish. Here is his stunt. In the winter when food gets scarcer and it becomes more difficult to bag mice, Mr. Screech Owl finds a breathing hole in the ice to which fish come and sitting there with all the patience in the world (even as you and I when we go a-fishin') he waits until a fish comes to the surface and then grabs it. And you can imagine that when Mr. Screech Owl gets those claws of his into one of them it's good bye, as he sure can hold onto anything.

But the screech owl feeds mostly on mice and insects with a few English sparrows (drat 'em) thrown in and is considered a very beneficial bird. He should be carefully protected. Incidentally when taken as youngsters from the nest they can be tamed and make very affectionate and interesting pets.

The Screech Owl.

Another owl that I always associate with the month of January is the large, handsome Arctic owl which comes down for a short visit to the United States in winter. You anglers and bird fans who live in the northern part of the United States are doubtless familiar with this fellow from the land of ice and snow. Trouble is, the snowy owl suffers when he does come down as nearly every one with a gun who gets within shooting distance of this handsome bird takes a crack at him. This is a deplorable fact as the bird is one of the most useful species of owls and there is no excuse for killing them off.



The Arctic Owl.

The one pictured here in this issue was captured in northern Wisconsin and brought to Chicago. Not many winters ago several of these owls were seen along the lake front and in Grant and Jackson parks in Chicago. And do you know what they were hunting and living upon mostly? The common, pesky house rat, great numbers of which are usually to be found in the rubbish heaps along the lake front. Considering this good work, it's too bad they don't import a few of these big owls from the Northland to do a little cleaning up each winter.

Last summer while in Alaska I got a very close view of one of these snowy owls. I was riding along a trail early in the morning

(Continued on page 237)

Mostly About Boys

By OLD BILL

Recommended to the oldsters as well as the youngsters

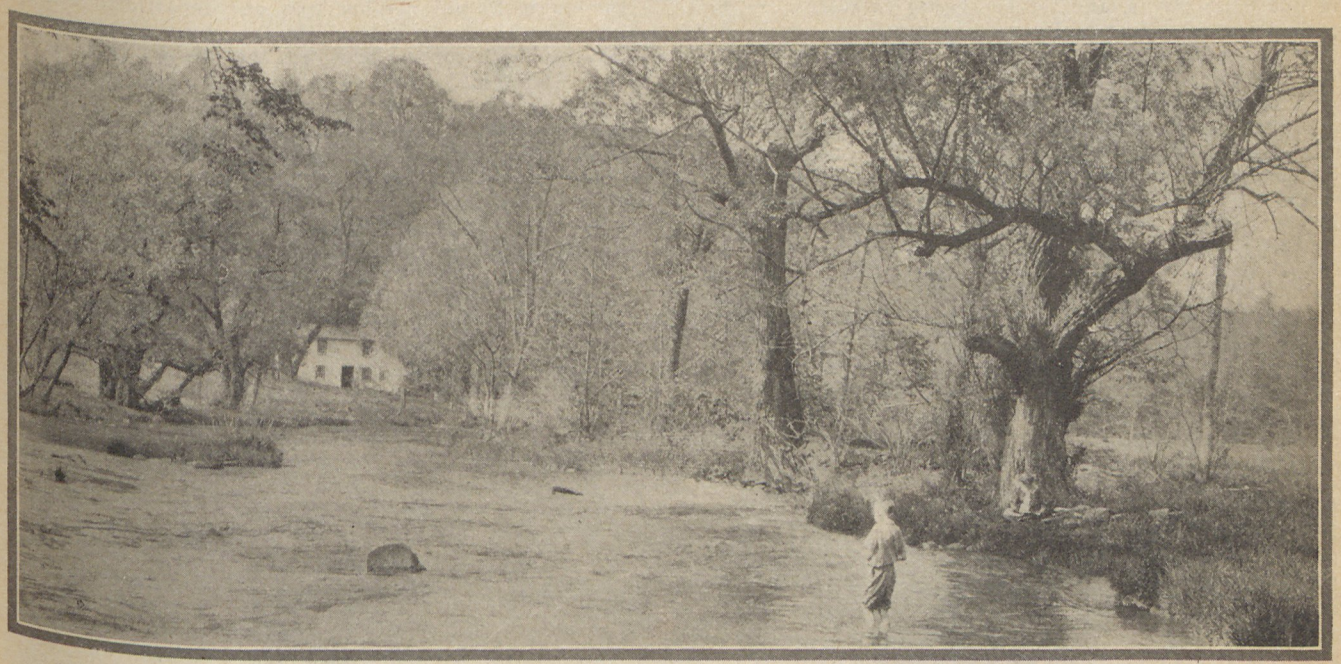


Photo by C. L. Dewey, Chicago

COME on! You kids, let's get together and have some fun! Our magazine would be a big joke without a part of it being devoted to you kids. You may not know it, but this Izaak Walton League belongs to the kids of America. If you "youngsters" were not being robbed we "oldsters" would never have started the League.

Dad will tell you that he belongs to the League and subscribes for its magazine because he wants to do his bit to guarantee good fishing and hunting for the boys of America. If you ask Dad he will tell you that our boys and girls represent the future of our country and that you kids are really the most important citizens of these United States.

All we Dads are burning mad and we are going to put up a real fight so that you kids may enjoy the sports Dad loves to talk about when he and some old pal of his get together. You always hang around then and listen in, don't you? And Dad did exactly the same when he was a boy. If you don't believe it, you just ask him. Before next Christmas comes around there will be a million Dads in the League and then watch the fish hatcheries and wild game farms start up all over this good old U. S. A. Do you know, if Dad and the rest of us old timers had not gotten together that in a few years you kids would not have known what a game bird or a game fish looked like. We old timers wouldn't be fit to be called first class Americans if we did nothing to save the hunting and fishing for our boys. Confidentially, Dad and the rest of us came mighty near delaying this fight to save sports a-field and a-stream. If we had waited five years longer it would have been too late, and then no one could have blamed you kids for scorning us oldsters for permitting our boys to be robbed in this wanton way.

To tell you the honest truth, the grown men of America have been asleep at the switch and the thousand and one robbers of outdoor America came pretty near getting the last game bird, the last game animal and the last game fish. You know, Dad really thought that our sports would always last. Why, only a few years ago there were plenty of game and fish close to your town. Only a short time ago Dad could take down the old gun or his fishing rod and in a few hours return with plenty of game. He can't do it today, can he? When Dad brings home wild game these days, he takes a long journey and he has got to dig down pretty deep in his pockets, too.

You know, we Americans are a patient lot and sometimes we are not half so clever as we think we are. The sportsmen, and your Dad is a real sportsman, just couldn't believe that our game and game fishes were going until they were almost gone. But Dad is awake now and that's why he and all the rest of the Dads of this country are coming into the Izaak Walton League of America by the thousands. We are going to save your fishing and your hunting. We don't intend to let our kids be robbed without putting up a stiff fight and when Dad and a million more of his kind get going we won't stop until the politicians give us what we want. We'll put 'em all out of office if we must and elect honest sportsmen in their stead.

Now listen, kids, find out if there is an Izaak Walton Chapter in your city and if there is one put it up to Dad to join it and if there isn't one you tell Dad to start the ball rolling and start a Chapter. Dad will do it if you ask him, and he will take you along to the meetings and they're great affairs, and Dad will put you up as a junior member and then you can wear the Izaak Walton button on your coat and that's a fine thing for any man or any boy to do.

I don't want you kids to think this is a preaching department, because it isn't. Not by a long shot. I got started about this Izaak Walton League and the great work it is doing and couldn't stop. You see, boys, I lost my boy about a year ago and I'm lonesome for boys and want to do for all of you boys what I would have done for my own boy had he lived.

We are going on hunting and fishing expeditions together and sometimes we are going to bring home game and a mess of fish, but always we are going to have fun, that's what we went out for most and we are going to have it and be the better for it. In the summer time we're going barefooted and we are going to wear big straw hats and get brown from the sun and the warm rains. We are going to study song birds, and game birds, and besides we are going to know something of our four-footed little brothers of the fields and forests. We are going to know the ways of different game fishes and the sporting way to take them. We are going nutting to-

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gether in the Autumn. We are going to have our walks through the aisles of the big woods in the winter time when the snow is on the ground. We are going to visit the iron frozen streams where in the summer we caught some fish. We are going to hear the great trees pop from the frost and we are going to see the ice break up in our little rivers, and we are going to watch the first early signs of spring and we are going to know the first field and woodland flowers and all this is going to make us love this America of ours more and more and will help to make us worthwhile Americans. Now, kids, I'm going to ask you to forget I'm Old Bill, the editor of this department. I want you to want me to chum with you just as I want you to chum with me. In other words, if we are going to make this part of our magazine a bright spot we must all be pals, and good pals always help each other, don't they?

A little later on we are going to make a ten week trip down an old Kentucky river a boy chum and I made one vacation, years and years ago. I'm going to tell you how plentiful game fishes were in those days and how two old time boys traveled nearly six hundred miles in a row boat and made expenses all the way.

I'm going to put my heart in our department and of course I expect you kids to do the same. Therefore I want you to write me and tell me stories of all your outdoor trips and send me photographs and snap shots and anything interesting about outdoors. Tell me about your pals and your dogs and all your pets and above all, don't forget I will not expect you kids to write like professional writers or grown ups. Any boy up to seventeen is welcome to come to our party. Now come on, boys and girls, if you think you like Old Bill, you will write him and try to do your bit.

Trout Fishing in the Sierras

By ROMER ZANE GREY

HERE is a sample of what I will expect from you. It comes from the son of my old fishing pal, Zane Grey, the great novelist. Zane and I fished together for tarpon over twenty years ago at Tampico, Mexico. Romer Zane Grey, who has written this little story, was not born then, but his story proves that he's a chip of the old block and you are all going to like Romer's little story and if you're game you will send me in yours, too. How about it?

NESTLED under a magnificent dome in the Sierras lie Rae Lakes. They are full of Rainbow Trout. Two of them are set aside for the hatchery at Independence, Calif. Every six months hundreds of fish are taken from the two lakes and stripped of their eggs. Then after the eggs hatch fast emptying streams are well stocked with little trout to take the place of the old and dying ones. In every way the trout and other fish in this region are being preserved by the government. The beautiful Golden trout is dying out as also is the Rainbow. A limit of twenty-five per person has been made but would-be sportsmen do not observe it. What do they care for the fishing to come to their sons and grandsons? If only the real sportsmen would all join in trying to preserve the fishing of America something would be done.

At Sequoia National Park a bunch of fellows from Los Angeles had assembled with two men to take a trip to Rae Lakes. After seeing the big trees we left the Park and hiked for two days without seeing any real country. On the morning of the third day we came upon the Kings River Canyon. It was a magnificent big valley somewhat like Yosemite and as we looked down we could see the big Kings River. It would be tough for anyone that fell into that mass of boiling rapids under which were big rocks. We gradually climbed down into the canyon and looking up saw five thousand feet of solid granite wall. What a place to look at! One wall resembled El Capitan.

Romer Zane Grey in the glorious Sierras.

After fishing a day we went on to a place called Paradise Valley. Looking in one direction five streams could be seen falling into the valley. We found good fishing here but were soon on our way again.

Our next stop was at the forks of Woods Creek. One more day's hiking and we would reach Rae Lakes. We intended to get up very early the next morning and reach the lakes. We would have a day of good fishing and would then leave the Sierras for home.

Morning came and my best friend, Johnny Shields, and I left the rest of the fellows eating. We followed the south fork of Woods Creek for a long ways before we got anywhere. When we finally did come around the last point, before us lay a hilly basin. To the right was a magnificent dome which we had heard of as Fin dome. It did resemble the fin of a swordfish somewhat. Here we rigged up our tackle expecting to catch a few fish. We had heard that the fishing at Rae Lake this year was not what it ought to have been. I stole quietly down to a little inlet lined with reeds. Here I put on a Brown Hackle and a

Royal Coachman. Then wading in a little I carelessly cast the fly on to the pool. Smash! and I had a strike before I knew what had happened. The trout ran off slowly and the minute I gave a pull, zip! half the line was off the reel. It took five minutes of gentle coaxing to bring him anywhere near me. Just then Johnny came along with a trout that would weigh three pounds. I gradually got mine up and as Johnny dipped his hat into the water to get him the hook tore out. My hopes to catch the limit of twenty-five were then at an end.

We separated then, one going to the east and one west. I went out on a point and in no time had five trout. It seemed as though none were as big as Johnny's though. He must have managed to defeat the daddy of the lake. I hooked one big Rainbow that jumped twenty-one times, a remarkable number for the trout of that country. About five o'clock I quit fishing as it was time to go to camp and get something to eat. When I counted my fish I found twenty-one of the nicest sized trout I had ever seen. That day proved the best of the whole trip.

If only American Sportsmen would realize the need of preserving the game fish for the men and boys to come.

OUR office boy has never been fishing in his life but he has been reading each issue of the magazine with the greatest intentness and also several angling books which he obtained from the public library. His first issue of the Junior Izaak Walton League Monthly is here reprinted without the change of a word.

Wonderful—Whirling—Wild—and Woolly Walton's Weekly

Editor, Publisher, Printer, Reporter, Staff } Dominic Sonandres

NOTICE

This mag. is not owned or influenced by any aspiring political party or any greedy corporated capitalistic institutions.

—Ed.

Editorial

DOWN with the abusers of our life giving, sports giving, joy giving bodies of waters. Streams, rivers and lakes that bring out the godly good and brotherly spirit in us sin stricken mortals.

Should we tolerate the polluting of our streams which more than anything else brings out the poetical and artistic talent and creates our geniuses?

NO!

Well then, down with the desecrating, death-dealing, gold-grasping corporations who value a few pieces of gold higher than one of God's own gifts.

The civilized shackles which have held my barbarous passions in rein have been broken and the hand that is penning this epistle is trembling with anger and hate, so lest my rage lead me to say things unconventional I shall leave off writing, hoping that the sounding of said corporations' death knell will soon be welcomingly heard.

—Ed.

Angling Memories

CALL to mind the summer day,
The early harvest morning,
The sky with sun and clouds at play
And flowers with breezes blowing . . . .
Of beetling rocks that overhang the flood,
Where silent anglers cast insidious food,
With fraudful care await the finny prize,
And sudden lift it quivering to the skies.

—Homer.

Epitaph

Here lies Terrible Tony, the Trout,
He thought he'd take a look about,
Slowly sinking, sank a tantalizing Wilder-Dilg lure,
A smash, a crash and a splash, thus ended Tony's tour.

Famous Fishing Lines

When I was swallowed I set up a wail.—Jonah.

When a-stream a-fishing I go, I'm always on the trot (trout).—Izaak Walton.

Did You Ever See

Did you ever see a trout fly?
Did you ever see a salmon spoon?
Did you ever see a lake trout?
Did you ever see a sun fish?
Did you ever see a carp et?

Judge—For two years you men have fished together peaceably and yet you wrangle over this fish.

Sportsman—You see, your honor, this is the first time we ever caught one.

Come on, Boys and Girls of America, help make this Junior Department a hum-dinger.

OLD BILL

THE RAPE OF T

Illustrations by Audub

Owing to the hundreds of requests which we have receive classic poem, we are printing "The Rape of the River" Robert H. Davis' generous consent, are selling the book to the Izaak Walton League of America to aid in its f

UP a canyon on a crystal river,
I was born.
In the springtime its waters,
Mixed with sunshine and shadows,
Tumbled like a man intoxicated
Always laughing;
Gliding over bowlders,
Through the pools and riffles.
It was full of trout:
Strong, fat, glistening, hard fish.
And this river, as though weary of rolling
And reeling and falling forever downward,
Finally sprawled itself into a valley
And lay there sleeping.
In the summer the trout from the mountain
Followed the diminishing brook into the pool,
Where the water was clear, and deep, and blue,
And the fish were quicker
Than light
That is born and dies in the night.
The shadow of hemlock, and birch, and yew
Lay in its mirror.
How still the surface in the pearl of the morning.
Through the forest comes stealing
A wandering zephyr, touching its waters
Which seem at the moment to stir,
As though from soft lips
A woman had breathed
A sigh on a fragment of fur.

A kingfisher, high on its lookout,
Gave raucous music, then plunged like a plummet
Emerging dew spangled, returning in victory.
I took my fish with a fly
As we mingled our laughter.
I whipped its head waters
Through the wet of its alders,
The mesh of its willows,
The harsh of its hazels.
Up and down its bowlder-encrusted
Sand-dusted channel, and its pebbly bottom,
I groped on the trail of its swimmers.
My nostrils distended to drink in
The perfume of wild wood,
The tang of the earth,
The pungent and haunting aromas.

There were no gables insulting the forest,
No roadways, no barbed wire fences;
No piled souvenirs from the axman.
For the birds of the wood all its trees
Were a haven.
The fox, with his glittering eyes,
Passed unmolested.
The beauties of earth were triumphant.
Every brook tells a story;
Water babbles into ears that are listening.
Cataracts applaud,
Rivers murmur to those who understand.
There are secrets in clear running water—
Drink and they become part of you.

The strength of the mountains came unto me.
I strode the turbulent currents.
Under the spell of the red gods
I attended the birth of the daybreak,
The wine of my youth for the christening.
In the crisp of the morning, bereft of my plumage,
I dived like the kingfisher
Into the cool embrace
Of the life-giving waters.
I swam from shore to shore and back again,
Sleeping upon its velvet banks

The sleep of sweet exhaustion.
Kings lose their empires,
Rulers surrender their scepters,
The dreamers awake:
I heard a whistle across the valley,
A clock ticked through the silence. . . .
I sensed the whirring of wheels—
The call of commerce.
I smelled the sweat of labor!

Think of it—a $2.50 Magazine for $1.00—Subscribe TODAY.

OF THE RIVER

By
ROBERT H. DAVIS

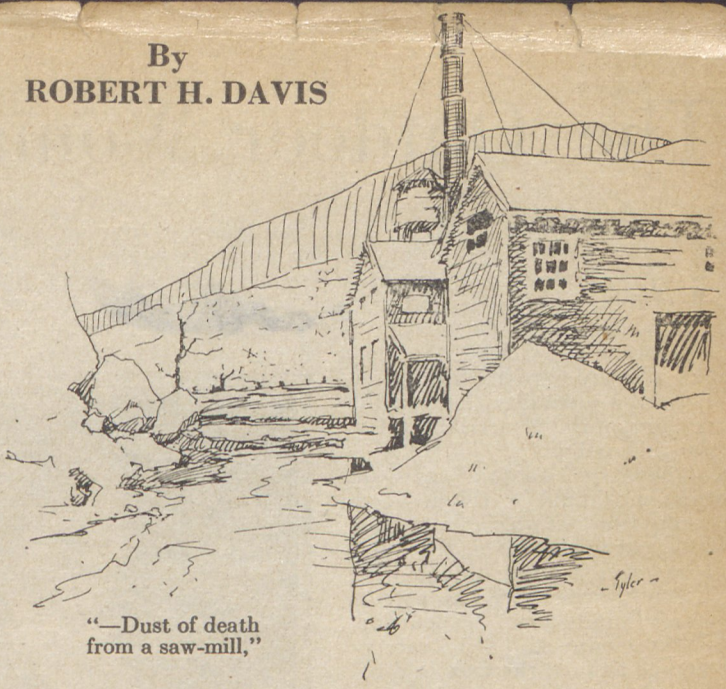
tions by Audubon Tyler

ch we have received for our August issue containing this
pe of the River" in booklet form, illustrated, and with
selling the booklets at ten cents a copy, the proceeds to go
a to aid in its fight against the pollution of our streams.

I hastened out of the canyon,
Out of the valley
Into the whirlpool of effort—
Jostled by the tides of trade,
Leaving behind me my kingdom in the hills,
The cadences of nature, the voices of the forest,
Intangible largo, rising and falling.
Low voices calling—
Woodland's own argot,
Memory's organry.

Time flies on the wings of youth.
Three score years roll by,
Though I forget not the canyon,
Or the river, or the sleeping pool.
Above the roar of cities,
The hum of the throng,
The bellow of business,
The clang of life,
The whine of the world—
I hear their whispered allure.
Perchance I have remained away too long;
Tomorrow or the next day,
Or the next day
I am returning.

Back again! Home again! Life again!
Breasting the rarefied air of the mountains,
With my rod in my hand,
And a creel on my hip,
A heart full of hope, and the passion that burns



"—Dust of death
from a saw-mill,"

In the breast of the prodigal son who returns. . . .
Where are the landmarks?
Why broods the mountain?
Has the world grown old?
Is the timber thin on the hill-top?
Has the warm south wind grown cold?
I plunge through the dusty bracken
With insatiable hunger.
Again I shall gaze upon the canyon
And the wild and the still waters.
Parting the underbrush with tremulous hand. . . .
At last!
With muted lips and panicked heart I see,
Through tears that blind my eyes,
A ravished landscape, and a ruined stream.
My still beloved hills denuded,
And the canyon—where once a myriad living springs
Wept in ecstasy—now parched and dry.
Chaos reigns supreme;
Forest and stream in grief had died,
By the vandals crucified.

Something like mounds in a graveyard
Lay on the banks of the pool. . . .
Dust of death from a saw-mill,
Hope springs eternal. . . .
Only to die.
All the tears that one could shed were useless
In that hallowed glen
Now ghostly.
The crystal stream had ceased to flow;
The valley lay stricken and a-thirst.
The moss had hardened on the granite stone,
The birds had flown,
The trout had passed into the dust,
Their gleaming jewels turned to rust.
A vast and terrible silence hung brooding;
A scum of sullen slime
Lay heavy on its surface—
Once like a magic lens
Through which mine eyes searched deep, the pool—
With all its marveling beauties magnified.

. . . . . .

Sundown.
Let the darkness fall
I am alone—
'Tis true:
"Memory is the only thing
That grief can call its own."

DAY.

The Outdoor Woman

By MARGUERITE IVES

LET'S make a New Year resolution, Outdoor Women, a resolution to live every possible bit of this new year out-of-doors, and above all, let's keep our minds, outdoor-minded. To think means keeping them broad and open, unshuttered, windswept and sunlit. Sounds like a lovely garden, doesn't it? In such a mentality there could remain nothing trivial, petty nor unworthy.

The term, outdoor man or woman, should, I think, be a description not only of a person who physically loves the outdoors, but as well of one who mentally lives there. A person whose mind is not walled and storm-windowed and safety-latched against the manifold interests and changes and the beauty appeals of each season —one who gains unconsciously year by year something of the poise and content and dependability of Nature herself.

Nature in the space of twelve months has a multitude of tasks to perform and with no apparent effort, no flurry, no nervous exhaustion, they are done. Ah, the lesson there for us, we Marthas "troubled with many things," often cursed with a super-busyness.

Not that I mean we can "set" all day, or even "set and think" but if we will learn to bring a little of the outdoors into every indoor task we have to do, put our outdoor-minds on our indoor problems, we will find that they are solved far more happily.

Marguerite Ives, Editor of The Outdoor Woman.

Because we have work to do with our hands is no reason that our thoughts cannot dwell with joy and gratitude on the loveliness of birch trees or the fragrance of white lilacs.

I once knew a remarkable old lady who had "pioneered" from Iowa to California in her youth. Once I exclaimed, "How could you endure all that hardship?" "Hardship? Well, yes—" she answered thoughtfully, "but of course there were always sunsets and clouds!" And there you have it, there always are sunsets and clouds, but we need an out-door mind, in order to realize it.

And through the winter months when the beauties of outdoors seem not so patent, we most need our outdoor-minds. Unthinkingly, people speak of the pale, wintry sunlight, but have you ever stopped to notice the brightness of the sunshine in the winter time?

Two instincts within me fight each other every sunshiny morning as I sit in my curtainless, wide, east windows where the sun blazes through without restraint. One instinct, heritage of a hundred years or so, persists in advising lowered shades and care of the possibly fading carpet, the other instinct, heritage of a hundred thousand years or so, urges a Junglesque abandon to the warmth and lure of the golden flood so I sit, perhaps sprawl a bit, too, even as the house cat sprawls loosely there like some graceful, lounging leopard instead of his customary, curled-up-tight cat attitude.

And such sun-hot hours of dreaming are not wasted, but productive of a great and growing thankfulness for the things so freely given to us by Him.

Outdoor women, outdoor mothers, there is nothing you can give that boy or girl of yours of greater and surer value and comfort as the years go on, than a perception of outdoor loveliness, the habit of deriving happiness from the contemplation of sky or tree or flowers or shadows. Help them to attain an outdoor-mind, that mind which notices all those beloved, little great things of streams and forests and you will have given them the refuge of the "shadow of a great rock in a dry and thirsty land."

Dear women who love outdoors, I want to hear from you and I want your stories and your pictures. Won't you write me and tell me why you love outdoors? There are a thousand reasons and each littlest one is of importance.

MARGUERITE IVES.

The Girl Who Wintered in the Woods

"Li'l Cabin O' Logs"
Valley O' God,
Most Xmas.

DEAR OUTDOOR WOMAN:

Have you ever been skeered, oh, so skeered like the small boy of Eugene Field's in "Seein' Things"?

Well, I was, to the tips of my toes and the roots of my hair. The wind had been shrieking in agony for three hours. Frost glistened on the li'l cabin windows a half inch thick yet the clock only said seven thirty. Vel, Portia and I sat by the fire aircastling. She, of the li'l ones soon to be, he, of hunting, and I, of June-time.

A thud on the back porch, Portia barked furiously; I rushed out with the flash-light, Vel after me. Fortunately I shut Portia in just in time. My flash revealed huge cat tracks. No domesticated pussy, taken to the woods, tracks but honest-to-goodness bob-cat tracks. Vel took the trail. It was dark as pitch and I could literally feel the creature's claws as I fancied it springing on me from out that blackness. "Vel, Vel," I called. The wind screamed, the snow swirled about me and my call came back faintly from the mountains to the east.

Suddenly yells as from the pits of Hades rose above the howling of the wind, together with Vel's deep toned bark—I flew to the gun rack, grabbing the Remington, of which I am ever so fearful.

The yowls and barks crescendoed as some monster chord of an orchestra then trailed away pianissimo and the wind moaned as do violins. At the foot of the driveway the battle raged. Portia left behind, mad to mix in the fray, added her staccato barks metronoming the measures of the wild symphony in the dark.

Whether Vel had treed the cat I knew not and to

shoot into the mass of flying snow, cat and perchance dog meant too great a risk to Vel. Oh, why had I not brought the lantern instead of the flash-light I thought, but haste had been the necessity. Bang, bang, into the air I shot. I called "Vel," then turned and fled as a dark form with burning green eyes started towards me. Run—it was but a little way yet it seemed miles. On the porch I dared look back and Vel, courageous, faithful Vel stood behind me crimsoning the snow from that cat devil's claws where it had gashed his flank. I laughed and I cried. To think he had answered my call when every bit of him wanted to fight to the finish; had chosen my call to that of the wild! Taking him in I bathed the gashes, Portia fondly licked the wounds of her lord and master and I just shook from nerves and fright.

This morning much fur of a greyish hue and frozen blood told me that the cat had fared worse than Vel. I assure you that tho' the porch fall down, never again will I go out to investigate. Night, night,

NAN.

Dear Outdoor Woman:

Today, Sunday dawned crisp as to earth and cold as to air. It being milk day I decided to try my snowshoes before I actually could travel no other way.

Come close and let me whisper, "I never, never put snowshoes on myself alone." I admit stupid and innumerable other adjectives but 'tis true nevertheless.

I discovered one strap was too long and the holes not right after I descended from the knoll via driveway on my hands and knees. Disentangling myself I took the right shoe strap up a hole, resulting in my bumping my fourth toe on the wooden cross piece. I kept on, however, and the last half mile of the two found myself going with speed and without a spill. Alas, that "pride goeth before a fall," is only too true. I saw ole Dan coming around the corner of the house as I turned into the drive, with a final burst of speed my right foot stepped upon my left and I measured my length at his feet. Such a time as we had with laughing and finding which foot belonged to which leg.

He fixed my strap and after eating numerous apples, inspecting some infant black and white pigs without a split in their wee hoofs I started homeward with a five quart pail of milk.

I just must not, must not fall I thought to myself over and over. I was doing splendidly not even hitting myself in back with the narrow end of my snowshoe when I saw a warm pink cloud over Haystack mountain. I stopped to 'thuse, caught my left toes in a rut and landed with my chin on the milk pail, its contents flowing down my neck.

Yes, laugh if you will. To be sure Cleopatra took milk baths for beauty but I'll wager you my next rabbit that she did not take them on a zero day in three feet of snow. If milk baths in such environment are conducive to beauty I should capture all prizes from now until the end.

Somehow I did save enough milk for Son's supper.

This is the Li'l Cabin in the wilderness where Nan, the Girl Who Wintered in the Woods is living through the winter. She has with her only her little seven year old son and two huge police dogs. Her experiences are varied and thrilling, and I think without doubt she is one of the most courageous and plucky outdoor women I have ever known.

I reached the foot of our road with my left side a cake of iced milk. Then Son let the dogs out to meet me. Vel reached me first and Portia, displeased, turned and nipped him. How the snow did fly, even more than when they ploughed to meet me with only their nose tips visible. Getting out of my snowshoes I grabbed for Vel, got him by the collar and made a lunge for Portia just as she darted again at Vel. She missed him but got me by the calf of the leg. I spoke sharply, caught her collar and she let go. Then I had to kneel in the snow holding a furious dog with either hand by the collar and at arm's length. The iced cake of milk was thawing. I shouted to Son to bring the leads and the two scrappers trotted up the knoll path meekly and much ashamed.

Fortunately I had two pair of heavy wool socks over my knickers or my bite would have been worse. As it was the dog had broken the flesh in two places and ugly black and blue marks were appearing. Of course I had visions of lock-jaw and all the other Satanic imps accompanying dog bites. I knew she did not mean to bite me but I also knew that her temper was at high C when she had. In fact the snow or temper had caused flecks of foam tho' I preferred to think it saliva from exertion.

Only one thing to do to be safe. I took my deer knife, opened both gashes more so and jabbed in raw iodine. Did I hear you speak of a peaceful Sabbath and wilderness joys?

Adios,

NAN.

Dear Outdoor Woman:

Today has been fall again, last night the rain came with a south wind and today the snow in the fields has vanished. Going down the road for milk I was much too warm in my sweater and the wind that came from the river was laden with spring fragrance and promise. A promise of such loveliness that the long cold winter will seem as naught when spring does come. Promise of things worth waiting for.

It was brought home to me last week just how much I am in the wilderness. A man of sixty odd and his wife were in a camp four miles down the road for the hunting season. He had lived here when the lumber camps were in full swing. In fact was the blacksmith for them, and he loved the Valley.

I met him but last week while I was out with the dogs and he stopped, admiring and asking about them. Two days after this, or I should say nights, Charon rowed him across the Styx. It was very lovely for him to just sleep on and on but a shock to us of the valley. Hours his wife was alone with death. Snow came that night, a benediction.

But it was two days before a doctor came in and three ere the old man was taken the eighteen miles out. Makes one think a bit, yes?

No, I am not letting my nerves run away, I just wanted you to know how far from the world I am.

NAN.

P. S.—Every letter I have intended telling you about the Dearest Ladye.

I believe I can make her more vivid if you will

(Continued on page 236)

Think of it—a $2.50 Magazine for $1.00—Subscribe TODAY.

The Pattersons Go Fishin'

By BETTY BENTON PATTERSON

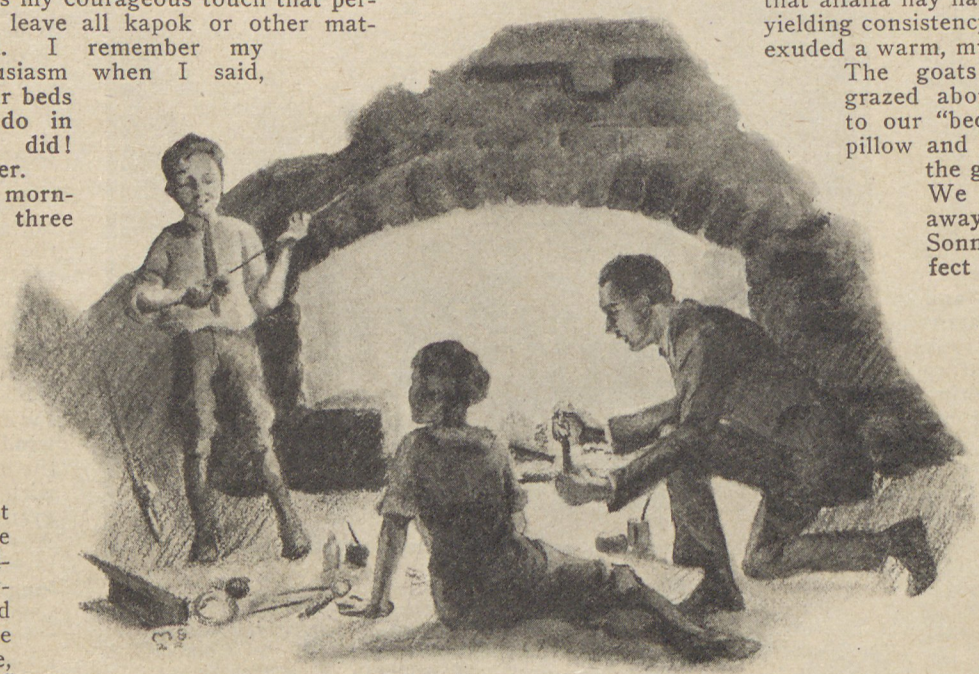
Illustrations by Margaret Schoff

THE winter following our first camping trip was particularly joyous. Long evenings at home found Colin and me flat on the floor in front of our fireplace surrounded by reels, unjointed rods and lures—feathered flies both dry and weighted. Every veteran lure brought forth a tale of pool or rapids. To us, these once brilliant bits pleaded wistfully not to be thrown into the discard. Real affection for them inspired us. Dull hooks were sharpened and old lines given over to casting practice. Of course we acquired new books of bugs and flies, but the "old faithfuls" were going along just the same.

Our oldest boy, ten years of age, sat bright-eyed and open-mouthed, a most responsive audience to our fishing tales. We planned to take him along on the coming summer camp.

Spring, then May, June and definite PLANS! No two wagons this year. In our plans we eliminated cots, all but a small dressing tent and one tarpaulin. Colin insisted on taking his sleeping bag with kapok padding. It was my courageous touch that persuaded him to leave all kapok or other mattresses behind. I remember my "young" enthusiasm when I said, "We'll make our beds just as they do in stories." We did! But of that later.

One August morning found the three of us in the West Texas village setting out in a springless wagon, drawn by the world's smallest mule-team. And they were mules, not burros. These diminutive animals were driven, coaxed and cajoled by one Mexican Pete, who showed shining, white teeth in frequent smiles and was surprisingly clean and redolent of perfume. For all of his gestured communications he should have been called "The Silent."



Long happy evenings before the fireplace.

For variety we were camping this year nearer Dolin's Falls. After the first three hours we found walking more comfortable than shaking over the rocks. Even the novice Sonny said, "I'd rather shake a leg than have my insides all shaken up together." Along in the afternoon our early morning chatter had dwindled to set smiles and infrequent over-cheery comments about the blue hills and valleys purple with blossoming sage. Still, Silent Pete had said no word. Colin spied a huge hawk perched on the topmost branch of a huge dead tree about seventy-five yards from the road. Pete was requested to halt so that Colin could get his "30-30." Pete shook his head, shrugged his shoulders and resigned himself to this futile interruption. But no. With one shot Mr. Hawk was down! Wonder and amazement in his face the till then silent Pete shouted, "I damn, Senor, I damn!" That was all. But, when we reached camp, Pete expressed his homage in the most expert and cheerful assistance in unpacking and "settling" camp. Just below us was a quantity of dead wood from the spring river-rise. Colin and Sonny were gathering fuel for supper when Sonny spied Pete cutting his first clip on a perfectly good tree. Instinctively Sonny called, "Please stop, Pete. Dead wood and brush is what **real** campers burn." Not at all getting the significance but understanding the "stop" Pete followed my two woodsmen.

After a sketchy meal Colin made the beds. He had bought two bales of hay in the village to soften the blanketed ground. In the remote possibility of rain, Sonny and I were to move into the tent and Colin find shelter under the tarpaulin that covered our kitchen-diningroom.

Our hay beds, alfalfa in variety, were soothingly soft that first night. When I awakened the next morning Colin and Sonny had breakfasted and Pete with the little team was rattling over the rocks. He was sworn to reappear in exactly four weeks. Breakfast the second morning was punctuated by mild comments on the hardness of our beds. Before the week was gone that alfalfa hay had packed to the yielding consistency of cement and exuded a warm, musty steaminess.

The goats or whatever grazed about us fell heir to our "beds" and with a pillow and blankets it was the ground for ours. We dug the rocks away. Colin and Sonny reported perfect comfort. Not me. The hard ground rose up and smote my tired body. Bedrolls and kapok pads were not mentioned nor did my kind husband essay a cruel I-told-you-so; but we learned our lesson and in packing for a month's camp we'll leave out the bacon perhaps but the bed-rolls never! We may omit them if we go a-camping in the fir-bough country but never where everything but pecan and willow boasts a thorn. The gleam from these nights of misery was the melting of my hips. The third week found me boyish of figure and able to sleep without a futile wiggle in search of softer spots.

Often Colin and I went far, usually in opposite directions, with our fly or bait casting. Sonny found a fascinating shallow pool just at camp and stayed behind to play "engineer." He learned his first lesson in the cruel way of damming streams. He dammed the outlet of his tiny pool and then for several days fished along near one of us with large yellow grasshoppers. In a week he returned to his pool. The water was sluggish and the three inches of water was less. Diminutive fish floated or were curled dead in the sun-dried sand. Sonny was disconsolate. He had not known there were fish in the little pool. Colin tried to console the boy, but used the opportunity of "burning in" the tragedy of pollution and perversion of God's gifts to sordid uses.

Sonny wept and unashamed buried the pitiful bits that had been fish in the flowing river. But engineering held no further joys and Sonny chased grasshoppers and caught channel catfish that invariably weighed two pounds or more.

After several days of especially fine fishing I was inspired to stay in camp and bake fruit pies and even a rice pudding using egg and milk powder. Colin took Sonny with him for an all-day hike to the "Narrows" where a large family of Big Mouths lived.

Except for trousers and shirts I possessed only one costume, an orange cotton crepe smock. In lieu of a cap I tied Sonny's red bandanna about my head. Indian moccasins on my feet found an echoing note in the string of red beans that Sonny had strung and hung about my neck. After cleaning my "house" I was soon deep in baking. Just as I was taking a fragrant apricot pie from the "oven" I felt eyes. Immediately I thought of wild tales of the border cattle thieves. Looking over my shoulder I met a keen pair of blue eyes. Wholly unconscious of my bizarre appearance I asked, "Won't you have something to eat—some coffee?" He bored holes through me with his eyes as he replied, "I've eaten, much 'bliged." He sat at ease on a wall-eyed "paint" pony, at whose shaggy heels there panted the meekest of cur dogs. The man took a generous chew from a plug of tobacco. Striving for a casual effect I essayed a bit of humming. Of course it was a haunting Mexican air. The man grinned and dismounted and threw the bridle reins free for the pinto to graze. Settling on his haunches the man chewed grass along with the tobacco I suppose, and then asked, "By your lonely?" **"No."** Beginning to whittle a bit of dry twig with a most terrifying dirk, he asked, "Who's with you?" "My husband, and he's a corking good shot, too." "Lord, Lady, I don't need no shootin' lessons. But as you recommend him I'll just wait and meet your husband." There was a long silence while I tried to finish my baking. After a bit, "Seen any extra fat cattle?" **"No."** "Seen any horses or mules or a special lot of sheep?" **"No."** Removing the third quid from his mouth, "You ain't much on the 'see,' I reckon." The afternoon hours dragged themselves out. The man whittled a stack of twigs, still sitting on his haunches, about every half hour asking a terse question. Frightened and faint and almost at the breaking point, I heard

(Continued on page 242)

He began to whittle a terrifying dirk.

Lady Angler's Triumph

The Biggest Salmon Caught in Great Britain for Over 100 Years

(Reprinted by special consent from the FISHING GAZETTE, *London.)*

THIS is Miss Georgina W. Ballantine and her 64-lb. salmon. It is a record for the River Tay, Scotland, and only two heavier salmon caught in home waters are on record—a 67-lb. fish caught in the Nith in 1812 by Jock Wallace, a well-known poacher, and a somewhat doubtful 69¾-lb. salmon caught as far back as 1750 by the Earl of Home. It is easily the record salmon caught by a lady; the previous record for Great Britain appears to be a 48-lb. 8-oz. fish caught by Lady E. Trotter in the Tweed in 1909. Next to that comes Mrs. Reginald Beddington's 45-lb. Wye salmon caught last year, which is still the record salmon caught in an English river by a lady angler. Several bigger salmon than these have been caught by lady anglers in Norway. Lady Haworth caught a 58½-lb. salmon on the Evanger; Mrs. Scott Izaachsen at 52-lb. 9-oz. salmon in 1921. Miss Annie Oldfield, only 13 years of age, caught a 52-lb. fish last year, and Miss Phyllis Scwabe landed a 50-pounder.

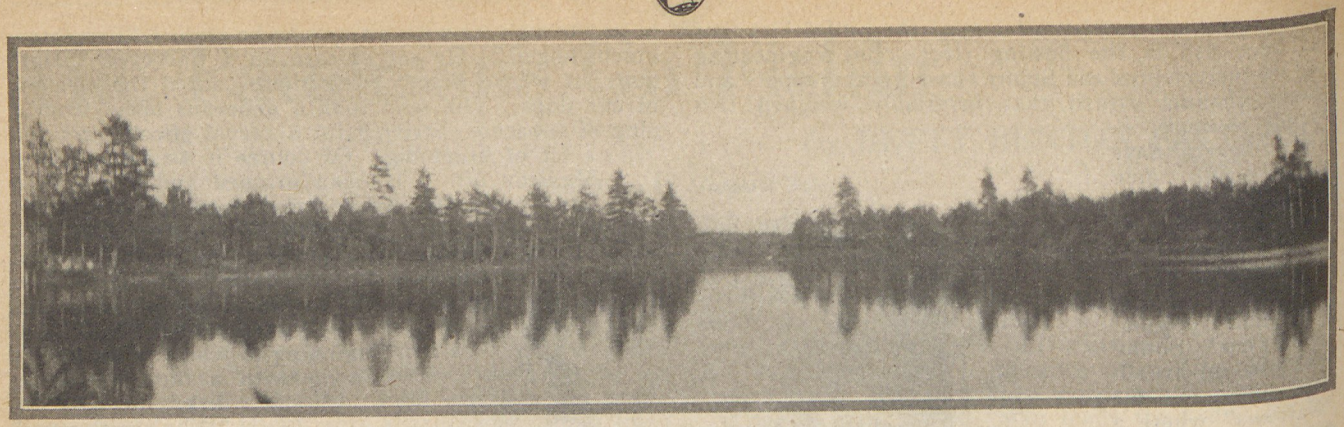
Mr. Gilbert D. Malloch, who sent the photograph to Mr. R. B. Marston, editor of the Fishing Gazette of London, whose kind permission we have to reprint this article and the picture, writes:

"Dear Mr. Marston—You already have particulars of the capture of the 64-lb. salmon caught by Miss Ballantine, Victoria Cottage, Caputh, on Glendelvine Water, River Tay. Knowing that you are interested in big fish, I have pleasure in sending you a photograph. A cast was taken of the great salmon and Mr. A. P. Lyle, on whose water it was caught, kindly gifted it to the Royal Infirmary, Perth. Besides being a keen angler, Miss Ballantine is a crack shot with the miniature rifle. She is also a keen bowler, having

(Continued on page 241)

Miss Georgina Ballantine and her record salmon.

Think of it—a $2.50 magazine for $1.00—Subscribe TODAY.



Forestry

By JAMES CLYDE GILBERT

A Necessary Adjunct to Conservation

TWENTY years ago my father cut bird'seye maple, curly birch, beech, hemlock and small pine from a tract of land he owned to clear it for farming. Some of the best hardwood timber Michigan produced he cut and piled, let it dry and set fire to it in the fall, merely to clear the land for agricultural purposes. He was not alone in this for every settler was doing the same thing. Five years later a lumber company bought all the hardwood in that vicinity and cut for ten years with two sawmills. During all that time it operated a wholesale lumber yard considered one of the largest in the state. True, that particular land is today worth more for farming than it ever would have been worth had it been kept in hardwood, but this is not true of the pine barrens which cannot produce anything of value but pine, white and Norway. The hardwood land, on the other hand, is raising the finest crops of potatoes in America. Also excellent forage crops and grain.

In 1918 I bought, in Otsego County, Michigan, some second-growth white and Norway pine that was in an inaccessible place, back behind lakes, swamps and rivers and therefore not touched by the lumberman who cut in that section 40 years ago, except for four or five monster white pines that they could not afford to leave, even at that early date. With this sixty acres as a nucleus I conceived the idea of establishing a private forest reserve where people could see in years to come what we had at one time in that section of the country—a vast forest of pine as far as the eye could reach, with herds of deer ranging through the country and wild passenger pigeons flying in such numbers that they clouded the sun from the sky near their nesting places. The pigeons are gone and the deer are going, but we can bring back the pine.

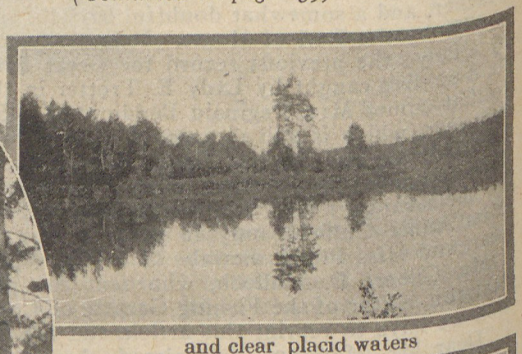
Since 1918 I have purchased through tax title proceedings from the state, at an average cost of about eight cents an acre, 180 acres more, which I am reforesting as rapidly as possible with white and Norway pine. This tract is known as the Lake Guthrie Forest Reserve and it adjoins the Otsego State Forest of several thousand acres. The Otsego State Forest has not as yet been brought under forestry practice. Lake Guthrie Forest Reserve surrounds two timber girt lakes and partially surrounds two others and in that lies the secret of its existence. The prevailing winds are westerly in that section and the lakes and rivers have protected the young growth from fires for several years, enabling the new forest to gain a foothold and come in through natural regeneration.

Wild life always has played a vital part in the maintenance of life and civilization. Tribes and even nations fought for good hunting grounds and, having acquired them, took good care that they should not be depleted.

History teaches that nations have been built by tribes and races that were originally dwellers of the wild places. These same tribes, herded into cities and living under artificial conditions, brought on by civilization, became frail, weak and were replaced by a stronger, hardier race of open air dwellers. There is such a thing as

(Continued on page 239)

Lovely glimpses of woods



and clear placid waters

1923 Is Big with Promise!

By THE EDITOR

To the Fighting Sportsmen of Our Home-Land

THE year of 1922 will forever be historical to the sportsmen of America. It was an awakening year, it was a get-together year, it was the year in which sportsmen of principle read the handwriting on the wall. It was the year which heralded the most comprehensive program of conservation ever undertaken in this country. It was the year which marked the birth of the Izaak Walton League of America, the only National Organization of sportsmen ever founded "having no commercial or personal gain or aggrandizement under it as its real basis."

EMERSON HOUGH, in our August editorial, "Time to Call a Halt," wrote:

"In this year, 1922, the lovers of outdoor America for the first time began seriously to realize that outdoor sport in this country soon will be a thing of the past. Scrambling for the last remnants of our great heritage, we have been so busy as to be blind. Now the truth comes home. Now for the first time a sudden consternation comes to the soul of every thinking man who ever has loved this America of ours."

ZANE GREY, in our September editorial, "Vanishing America," wrote:

"My one hope for the conservation of American forests and waters is to plant into every American father these queries. Do you want to preserve something of America for your son? Do you want him to inherit something of the love of outdoors that made our pioneers such great men? Do you want him to be manly, strong, truthful and brave? Do you want him to be healthy? Do you want him, when he grows to manhood, **to scorn his father and his nation for permitting the wanton destruction of our forests and the depletion of our waters?"**

HENRY VAN DYKE in his editorial for the October issue of our magazine wrote:

"Before the laws are made we need common-sense to mould them. After they are made we need good-will to obey and apply them. By good-will I mean the neighborly spirit of fair-play in all things. This is the Waltonian idea. I think if Father Izaak could now revisit the glimpses of the moon' in this new world he would be happily surprised to find a 'League' for this object bearing his name, and heartily glad to join the company. Perhaps he might say to us, in his quaint old-fashioned way: **Trust me, scholars, the gentle sport of Angling shall be safe in your country for many a year, if every man among you will but learn to love his neighbor's fishing as his own."**

GENE STRATTON-PORTER in her December editorial of our magazine wrote:

"If we desire comfort, food and beauty for ourselves and any sort of heritage at all to bequeath to our children, each of us must lend a hand to enlarge the circulation and to bear out the principles and the purposes that this magazine has been launched to accomplish. It no longer becomes a question of what we want to do, we are facing a square presentment of what we must do and those of us who see the vision and most keenly feel the need, **must furnish the motor power for those less responsive. Work must be done. It is the time for all of us to get together and in unison make a test of our strength."**

Once as a child, I recall watching a foreman erect the structure of a barn with mighty hewed timbers. At his command the men took their places and when he cried, "All together, Heave!" the big square timbers left the earth and dropped into place. One man could not have done this work nor could several, but working in unison for the same purpose many men could do it. The time has come to band ourselves together to save the natural resources of our beloved home-land, **"All together, Heave!"**

NOW Mr. white man, you have the facts and they are given to you truthfully by four great Americans. These vital personalities have no axe to grind, they are not in the business of misleading their fellow-countrymen. In a clear and common sense way they have put it up to you. Plainly it is up to you TO ACT. It is your Outdoor America they are asking you to save for yourself, your children and your children's children.

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD'S great preachment, "Fifteen Years of Tragedy," which appears in this issue, should be read by every American citizen. No man has ever written with greater truth about YOUR Outdoor America. If you love it, you can do no less than your bit. He says:

"Only THE PEOPLE can save us from utter devastation. Only THE PEOPLE, with their power of the ballot, can put **their** lakes, **their** streams, and what wild life and forests they have left into hands capable of caring for them, perpetuating them, and increasing them."

IF there is a drop of fighting blood in your body, you will join in with us and you will join us NOW. Sign up for the Izaak Walton League of America and for the magazine it owns; **never, never,** have you been offered so much for so little. Think of it—$2.00 does both and the magazine alone is worth $2.50. THINK!

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Outdoor Literature

Reviewed by THOMAS AMBROSE
Vice-President of the I. W. L. A.

PLANTATION Game Trails, By Archibald Rutledge, with illustrations, 300 pp, Houghton Mifflin & Co., $3.00.

While this book may not be classed as Angling Literature it is a book of The Out-of-Doors, which cannot fail to interest the sportsman and the lover of Nature.

Mr. Rutledge describes with practiced pen the fast disappearing post-wartime plantation life about the delta of the Santee, one of the most famous game regions in the South—abounding in deer, wild turkeys, ducks, quail, and alligators. This is a new field now first exploited by one to the manner, as well as to the manor, born, and is of absorbing interest.

One regrets that the author did not include a chapter upon the black bass, with which the waters are fairly alive.

There are an even dozen illustrations from photographs giving alluring pictures of forests of stately pines, ghostly moss draped live oaks, and sentinel cypresses guarding the sleeping waters.

There are graphic descriptions of actual hunting, and much illuminating information concerning the life habits of the denizens of the woods and waters of value to the novice and of interest to the veteran nimrod and the general reader.

Above all the author is a lover of Nature, and that he "holds communion with her visible forms" is evidenced throughout the book and especially in the chapter headed My Winter Woods.

"As I reached the plantation gate I heard the first note of the winter's morning: a timid phoebe bird, always fairy-like and eerie, from a shadowy copse beside the road gave a plaintive call. I looked behind me, across the misty cotton-fields, now brown and bowed, that stretched back toward the house. In the east there was a whitening of the sky's arch; and set in it, in a space breathed clear by the wind that blows before the dawn, throbbed the morning star. The note of the phoebe, the shy woodland fragrances awaft from the great avenue before me, the mantle of mist on the cotton, the blazing star, and even the bulk and blackness of the live-oak grove were elements of a type of beauty that I have loved since boyhood. But for the delicate bird-note there was silence. It was the witching hour; and I was on the threshold of my winter woods.

"Overhead the vast tops of these great trees shut out the sky, while far and wide their deep foliaged limbs extend. In the cool, vaulted space under the oaks of this avenue there is ever an ancient, sequestered peace. From such old titans great limbs, larger than the bodies of ordinary trees, extend outward and upward, until, passing the limbs of the neighboring oaks, they lose themselves in the shadowy merging and melting of gray moss and silvery foliage. Sometimes, over their monumental frames, vast networks of vines have clambered, lowering down, even in the winter, heavy tapestries of jasmine foliage starred with yellow blooms. In the dampness and the fecund atmosphere of these woodland cathedrals, many kinds of mosses and lichens grow; and often the limbs of the live-oaks will be green or gray or brown—the color of the delicate plants which cling to and clothe the vast dimensions of these tolerant giants. * * *

"As I come out of the avenue the sun is rising and the wide pine-lands lie before me. All the copses are shimmering; the dewdrops glint on the tips of the pine-needles; from the thickets of myrtle and bay come fragrances that mingle with the spiceries from the pines. The most characteristic feature of these woods is the prevalence of the evergreens. Everywhere, forming glimmering vistas fairy outlooks on the far and the alluring, fabulous cathedral aisles, solemn transepts, the pines prevail. After all, despite the undergrowth and despite the live-oaks behind or the water-courses grown with gum and tupelo before, this is a pine forest, and through it one can travel more than fifty miles in all directions save that which leads to the sea; and even then the pines march down to the very beach."

The author had as a pet a young buck, who, when he had grown his spikes, commenced to "pick on" the hounds dozing about the yard. "Then one day a hound started after him, and a slow race began. This little chase was merely the prelude; for after a time, when the whole pack would fall in after the fleeing deer, there was all the earnestness of a real struggle for supremacy in speed.

"The business might end in a few minutes, or it might extend itself over an hour or more. The chase sometimes passed the wide bounds of the plantation. But always on returning to the house, both the pursuers and the pursued agreed that the game was at an end. It was a pretty sight to watch this remarkable sort of a race, and to see its strange and peaceful ending.

"But one day I brought home a new hound that knew nothing of the playful tactics of so innocent a recreation; and by mischance I forgot the proper caution. In a short time one of the customary chases was on. I paid no attention to it until I noticed that it was lasting a very long time. Then I saw the buck, plainly tired, race by the rice-barn, and then keep on racing. Close after him pressed the new dog, while the pack clamored somewhat shamefacedly in the rear. When my attempt to stop the dog failed, things looked bad. The best old hound broke off his running, and he appeared curiously waiting for something to do. What this was I was soon to see. In fifteen minutes back came the excited, straining, and pitiful buck, a hopeless expression on his face. The grim pursuer was not fifteen yards behind him. I had a club ready for the newcomer, but my attentions to him were not needed. The old dog, who had apparently dropped out on purpose, waylaid the stranger, and there ensued a royal dog-fight. It gave me a chance to collar and to tie up the dangerous hound; and this naturally ended the chase. I have always thought that the stragetic manner in which that wise old hound befriended the distressed buck showed more reasoning power than instinct. And whenever I think of the deer and the hound, I like to remember that sagacious old fellow who had the sense to recognize the difference between a regular hunt and a mere game, and who properly regulated his behavior accordingly."

"A Christmas breakfast on a Southern plantation is one of those leisurely and delightful events that have no definite beginning or ending, but which are aglow throughout with the light and warmth of mirth, fellowship, and affection. Perhaps a cup of tea and a roll and marmalade, with a bunch of fresh violets or a rose from the garden on the tray, will be served first, as we gather on the piazza. Later there will be an elaborate breakfast in the quaint old diningroom, where, by the red firelight, and watched intently by the frieze of deer's antlers festooned with holly and smilax, we shall pass two happy hours. Among the truly Southern dishes most enjoyed are the roasted rice-fed mallards, the venison sausages, and the crisp, brown corn-breads."

Doesn't that give you "an immortal hunger" as Charles Lamb said of the culinary recipes in the Compleat Angler?

I closed the covers of the book with a sigh of regret that I could not read it over again for the first time.

Books for review in the Izaak Walton League Monthly may be mailed direct to Thomas Ambrose, 330 East 22nd Street, Chicago.

In the Heart of the Rockies

Pictures Also Taken by Mr. Adams

By T. E. ADAMS

THE writer has made his home in "The Heart of the Rockies" for several years, and is intensely interested in the work and intentions of the I. W. L. A. By a nationwide move only, can we hope to preserve anything of real America for future generations. While conditions in the Rocky Mountains are not so deplorable as in many other sections of the country, they are sufficiently so as to demand the earnest attention of all real anglers and sportsmen. Streams that a few years ago were alive with the speckled beauties are now almost barren of fish of any kind. While our department of Fish and Game have done all they could, with the *inadequate* means at their command, conditions are steadily growing worse, and unless something is done soon, many of our streams will be "has beens."

There are still isolated streams in these mountains, just as Nature made them. I ask my brother Waltonians to come with me for one day and visit one of these streams. With no roads nor trails the hiking will be strenuous, but the trip will be worth the effort—the bright sunshine, the crisp mountain air and the sigh of the breeze in the firs will bring reality home to you. Armed with only a lunch and camera we make the start. (Picture No. 1.) From here we can see the canyon our stream traverses. A couple of hours' hike and we will be at the mouth of this canyon. (Picture No. 2.) Here we will rest awhile and take a smoke. With a light fly rod and a **barbless** fly, I caught all I wanted here in less than an hour. The going from here on will be some rough. (Picture No. 3.) Here there are lots of them. (Picture No. 4.) Here in this pool (Picture No. 5.) the largest native mountain trout I ever saw makes his home. I hooked him one time during the past Summer. After a real battle of several minutes, my leader broke. He is still here and by looking closely we may see him, and many others not so large. See, there he is and there is no hook in his mouth. Had my fly been barbed very likely he would have not got rid of it so easily. Let him rest until another season and if he is ever taken may it be with a **barbless** fly and by a real fisherman.

We now come to the end of our trip. (Picture No. 6.) My brother, let's uncover our heads and bow them in reverence. This is the source of our stream, a jewel of a lake some twenty acres in extent, and right at timber line. Do you wonder I love this stream? Do you wonder as I stand in the midst of these stately trees and pure waters, I fervently hope they, and others like them, can be preserved, just as they are, for our boys and girls? Let's go home, fully resolved to do our utmost to **Call a Halt.**

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Arms Failures in Bush and Field

When Gun or Ammunition Failed

By HUNTERS OF THE LEAGUE
Edited by M. L. GOCHENOUR

Little better evidence of the mistake in using a gun with which one is not familiar, and that is not in first-class state of repair for a hunting trip, can be offered than the incident submitted by Dr. Malcolm Dean Miller, Akron, Ohio. He captions the story, "A Broken Magazine Spring and What It Cost." You should have known better, Doctor. Had you not been told at the campfire, when "buck fever" was the topic, that "if you aint had 'em, you'll have 'em by an' bye"?

Way back in the black-powder days, before the Spanish War, I lost my only chance at a deer because of a broken magazine-spring. In those days, the family spent a considerable part of the summer and fall at Ossipe, New Hampshire, where we have an old story-and-a-half house remodeled into a summer home. Deer had for some years been working into Carroll County from the adjoining part of Maine, and Green Mountain, in Effingham Township, was known to be the favored spot where they used. Accordingly, the opening of the season found Charlie Smart, Ame Eldridge, and the writer encamped on one of the bays of the Outlet of Lake Ossipee, near the foot of the mountain. The plan of campaign was to hunt the Kensett Meadow and the Big Meadow mornings and evenings, as the deer crossed through both on their way down from and back to the mountain each day.

My brother, Beric, had a .30-30 carbine, but that was "down country," as the natives speak of Massachusetts. My only rifles, at the moment, were a .25-20 Winchester Single Shot and a .44 W. C. F. Kennedy repeater—an arm which had seen service in Australia and in the West. As Charlie had no rifle, I lent him the Kennedy and borrowed from a neighbor his Model '94 Winchester .38-55. I had shot this rifle more or less and was confident that I could handle it expeditiously and accurately. Ame had a '76 Winchester for the .40-65-260 cartridge.

When I borrowed the .38-55, Lewis Milliken told me that he had broken the magazine-spring the preceding fall and neglected to order a new one. I felt sure I could allow for this defect by remembering to elevate the muzzle after firing and thus allow gravity to bring the cartridge down into the carrier, but I reckoned without buck fever.

On our first trip to the Big Meadow, Ame told us to keep hidden while he spied out the other side, and presently he located a buck standing in the brush and fired. We found no blood and soon lost the track; but another hunter who was near had better success, for when we returned in the morning, we found he had been in with a wagon by lantern-light and carted off Ame's deer. The next day, after working the Kennsett Meadow, we heard shots just as we came out near the Big Meadow. On joining the hunter who had fired, we learned that he had had a chance at three bucks, so Ame told me to work around through the woods to the Effingham Falls Road through the plains and up through the Kennsett Meadow.

By this time, it was almost dark and a heavy Scotch mist was falling. I reached the meadow and took to the brush, creeping along, soaking wet, until I had crawled about six hundred yards and could see the upper end. Peering cautiously out, I located the three bucks feeding just on the edge of the woods. After watching them for a time, I crawled on hands and knees through the tall grass until finally I reached a bushy point about a hundred yards from the game, and noted that they had not winded me. I was shaking from head to foot as though I had malaria. When I put up the rifle, it wabbled all over the landscape. I found I could not see the front sight at all, as it was covered with beads of mist which had condensed on it, so I took out my handkerchief and wiped it. As soon as I got the moisture off, it condensed again. The deer looked as big as steers. Finally, despairing of ever getting a clear bead, but somewhat calmer after all the wiping, I determined to sight along the side of the barrel. I fired. The deer jumped, ran around in circles, and finally stopped about seventy yards away facing me and looking at the spot where I sat concealed behind the bushes. A fine six-pointer was the nearest. Now, the attack of buck fever had entirely driven out of my mind the memory of Lewis' caution about the magazine-spring and I had worked the lever instantly after firing. I had now steadied down, wiped the front sight temporarily dry—it had had too much oil on it, on account of the mist when we started out, and that was why the droplets of moisture piled up on it so fast—so I drew a good bead on the shoulder—the buck was standing slightly quartering—and carefully squeezed the trigger. Three times I cocked and pulled, thinking I had a shell with a poorly-seated primer. Then, at last, I remembered the broken magazine-spring. I had an empty chamber. In despair, I raised the muzzle high and worked the lever. At the click of the action, all three bucks bounded high into the air. I swung down and fired at the white flag of the rearmost as he landed in the fringe of woods, but it was a clean miss.

And that was the only shot I had at a deer on that trip!

Brother Henry Dale, of Owosso, Michigan, would have us use light tackle for hunting small game. His experiences rabbit hunting with a .22 caliber rifle will touch many a responsive chord, among the .22 legions.

It would seem that guns and ammunition that failed was a subject that would be hard to find material to write about in this day of efficiency, but I doubt not that many have had experiences of a disappointing nature.

My experience with modern arms and ammunition, almost without exception, have been eminently satisfactory. The one exception was in the .22 rifle class. Here let me digress to say that there is a lot that might be written of the .22 rifle in hunting small game, rabbits, squirrels, etc.

Much has been said, and well said, about the use of "light tackle" in fishing, that has made for better sportsmanship. The same cardinal principles apply with equal force to the .22 rifle as light tackle in shooting small game.

To the uninitiated, a rabbit on the run is thought too difficult a target, but let them master the modern .22 rifle. The ammunition for this arm is cheap. Target practice with a .22 is in itself a pleasant pastime. A high degree of skill, with consequent thrills

Announcement of Prizes for

"ARMS FAILURES IN BUSH AND FIELD"

Hunting Story Contest

1st Prize—High-grade Binoculars of six—or eight-power. **4th Prize**—Choice of:

at remarkable feats in the pursuit of small game, are attainable by consistent and faithful practice.

One fall, twenty some years ago, a friend and I bought a cheap .22 rifle to practice with, preliminary to a deer hunting trip. We soon attained sufficient skill to hit a small tin-can thrown in the air, with surprising regularity. We then tried shooting at a wooden disc rolled down an incline, and found that to be an entirely different proposition; but in time we mastered the trick. The rifle was a cheap but accurate .22 single shot. In due time I started out to slaughter rabbits, but returned from the first two or three trips without the makings of a rabbit stew, much to the better half's disgust. She is fond of rabbits, and advised me to take the gas pipe gun, but the next time I was fortunate enough to kill a bunny, and that seemed to break the spell.

Thereafter, I was able to get plenty with the rifle. There was much more satisfaction, and much better sport, than when I used a shotgun. Moreover, the game never looked as if it had been in a mine explosion or run over by a freight train.

Returning to the subject of guns and ammunition that failed. When the Savage Company announced their military Model .22 rifle, I became interested, and bought the first one I saw. The appearance was pleasing. It was very accurate. The first thirteen sparrows fired at died a sudden and violent death. I thought that pretty good—thirteen straight! Without a miss! Then I tried it out at two hundred yards and was highly elated at the result. At last I had found a perfect gun—maybe? My enthusiasm held out all through the squirrel season. One morning I beheld the ground covered with snow, and sallied forth in search of rabbits. I traveled some few miles and started plenty of the little critters, but I was having my troubles. The rear sight obstructed my view of the landscape nearly as effectively as would the side of a barn! I simply could not find them through that sight. I also discovered that the double firing pin, instead of being an advantage in cold weather, despite liberal use of the best oil obtainable, was an actual fizzle. The spring did not have enough punch to discharge the cartridges. To make matters worse, when I tried to work the action rapidly, it would jam.

To say I was disgusted was putting it very mildly indeed, and I started for home. Finally, striking a rabbit track going my way, I followed it to a hollow log. There was a hole in the side of the log about thirty inches in length, by four inches in width. Through this hole I espied Brer rabbit. Since I was alone, I decided now was my chance to avenge the insults I had received from other cottontails that day. I resolved to plug him right where he sat, feeling sure he would never live to tell the story, and being loath to go home without any game on what, in the morning, I had prophesied a perfect day.

I raised the gun to take full advantage of my opportunity. I was amazed to find that from behind the contraption intended to serve as a rear sight, I could not distinguish that rabbit from where I stood, although I was not over twenty feet from the log. I could see him easily when not looking through the sight. I tried every way I knew to get a bead on that rabbit, and finally risked a shot where I thought he was; but he was not there. At the report, he whisked playfully out of the end of the log and danced gleefully away. I tried in vain to get a running shot over the white snow background, then turned and trudged wearily home.

Now, I don't wish to give a wrong impression in regard to the Savage. As a target rifle, it suited me better than any .22 I ever put to my face, and have decided such was the purpose for which it was designed and intended, but as a hunting arm, it was the ARM THAT FAILED.

If this article should by any chance get into print, and be of any help to anyone, or be the means of inducing one or two brother sportsmen to be converted to the use of light tackle for small game, thus spreading the doctrine and furthering the creed of GAME CONSERVATION, I will feel well repaid, whether it wins a prize or not.

NOW, come on, you hunters and send in your experiences. Bill Dilg is altogether too cocky with his fishermen and his Angling Memories. Let's show Bill that we hunters can match the best the fishermen have in stock and go them one better. This contest is more than just a hunting story contest. We want our stories to teach a lesson—a lesson in the use of the squarest gun and ammunition. If we must kill let's kill as humanely as possible! Come on, boys, and let's show Bill a thing or two.

M. L. GOCHENOUR.

DAVID D. HUFFER, of Warsaw, Indiana, one of the finest riflemen in Hoosierdom, contributes an antelope reminiscence harking back to the days of black powder and the early breech loaders. Editorial introduction could but cheapen this memory gem.

Out in Eastern Colorado, in the early nineties, when black powder still reigned supreme, seven boys, Owen Stewart, Esler and Walter Umbarger, Vergil Stockton, Gus Ires, a fellow named Gingery, and the writer, planned an antelope hunt. The season opened on September Fifteenth. We started the day before, in a wagon, on the twenty mile drive to our proposed camp in antelope country.

Our artillery consisted of one .38-55, a double-barreled shotgun, carried by the Dutchman, Ires, four 40-82-280 repeaters, and a 40-70 Sharps Winchester, a fourteen pound rifle, of which I proudly (?) admitted ownership. Nearly all of us used hand loaded shells. I had no resizing tool, and in consequence, many of my shells were badly expanded. I carefully selected the shells in which the bullets were loose, and put them all in one pocket, to use on the way to camp.

Nothing exciting happened until we were within six or eight miles of our proposed camp, when, on rounding a hill in the trail, we saw eleven antelope standing on the next ridge, looking at us curiously, as if wondering what was coming.

We stripped for action in a hurry. All agreed the distance was about three hundred yards, and set our sights accordingly. Our broadside disclosed that we had over-estimated the range, for our bullets struck the ridge behind the antelope, making a cloud of dust where they fell. This caused the herd to head straight for us at breakneck speed. Up to within sixty yards they came. Then all stopped, broadside, to look back. We were as much surprised as the antelope, but hastily poured in another volley. This time I had picked out a large buck with a fine head, and aimed very carefully before I pressed the trigger. None of us touched a hair, and the antelope were off like a prairie wind. The other fellows forgot to lower their sights, but as I remembered this, I could not understand why my buck did not drop in his tracks.

The mystery was solved when I emptied my pockets that night. The bullet had dropped out of the expanded shell into my pocket, and as I reloaded with my eyes on the game, I did not notice the shell was a blank.

SELDOM does a hunter feel grateful when a cartridge fails to explode, especially when deer is the quarry, but that feeling, raised to the n'th power inadequately described the mental state of brother A. J. Pickering, of Bristol, Penna. Here is his story!

In the fall of 1915 while trying out my 38-55 preparatory to a trip to Pike County for deer, the injector failed to operate properly causing the rifle to jam. As there was not time to send it away for repairs, I had the choice of cancelling the trip or securing another one.

Having an acquaintance who owned a 38-40, I started out to borrow or hire it for the trip. He willingly loaned it, saying he did not know how well it would operate as it had not been fired for years. From general appearance the rifle was in good condition.

After purchasing some ammunition I went to the river to try it out. Filling the magazine and injecting a cartridge into the chamber, I took careful aim and pulled. The only report was the snap of the hammer. This lowered my spirit and I now had visions of a cancelled trip.

Again cocking the hammer I aimed and pulled, this time with better results. I then fired 28 consecutive shots without a recurrence of the first. Feeling much better satisfied by this time, I decided the misfire must have been due to defective ammunition, and due to less recoil I shot much better than with my own 38-55. In fact I was so well satisfied, that I decided to purchase this rifle, if possible.

The first two days of our trip we saw no game. On the morning of the third we joined another party making seven in all. Three of us were posted on stands while the others drove.

My stand was on a small ledge near the base of Goosepond mountain overlooking a deer runway, about fifteen feet below.

I remained there for about two hours without hearing as much as a twig snap and was about to become discouraged, when something came tearing through the brush but a short distance away and a deer jumped out on the very same ledge upon which I stood.

Can you imagine my surprise? It was the first deer I had ever seen to

(Continued on page 242)

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Angling Memories

By MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE

Edited by Will H. Dilg

Every Fisherman Has at Least One Good Fishing Story in His System

I HAVE just received a letter from my old friend, J. Roberts Mead, one on the most artistic fly tiers in America—in truth a master at the art. He says: "I would rather cast a dry fly for trout than anything I have ever done on this earth." Brother Mead is plainly a trout fisherman and a dry fly fisherman at that.

I agree with my friend that casting for trout with a dry fly comes pretty near being the last word in angling, and while I like trout fishing and all kinds of fishing, and most all fishermen, still to me the sweetest joys of angling are the golden memories of great days a-stream, some of which date back to my earliest childhood. Take from the average angler his angling memories and you take from him a priceless treasure. And I have no doubt that brother Mead will heartily agree with me.

There is no doubt that every fisherman has at least one great fishing story in his system, if he will only let it out. If we could get the best angling memories of the members of this League it would make the greatest book on fishing ever produced since the printing press was invented.

Brother Mead also writes: "I am reading your book for the third time. I wonder why I did not send you one of my 'Tragic Fishing Moments'? Believe me, as they say, I have had some!" Of course you have, Brother Mead, every fisherman has had them and will continue to have them until the end of time. Let me repeat again, a fisherman without angling memories is like a little river without a song. This being true, why don't you share yours with the rest of our brother anglers and help us to make our Monthly the most friendly magazine in the world? These stories will be put in book form, just as have been "My Most Tragic Fishing Moments" and it's a great book I can tell you.

There are some wonderful angling memories in this issue and you are going to like them—perhaps you will read one or two of the stories two or three times. Now think of the happiness these stories have given you, and sit down and send in one of your angling memories. You don't have to be a professional writer to write a good fishing story. As a matter of fact your best story will write itself if you will give it a chance. Besides, the prizes which our five expert fishermen judges will award to the writers of the five best stories are certainly going to be worth while.

The first prize will be a fifty dollar fly or bait casting rod, or your choice of any reel either for bait casting or fly rod. The second prize will be an Eastman Kodak—not a cheap affair but a real fine one. The third prize will be an autographed copy of "Fisherman's Luck," by Dr. Henry Van Dyke, an autographed copy of "The Book of the Black Bass," by Dr. James A. Henshall, and an autographed copy of "Tales of Fishes" by Zane Grey. The fourth and fifth prizes have not been decided upon, but they will be worth having, that's certain.

Come on, my brothers of the angle, and do your part. Help out and have some fun doing it. Let me hear from you soon.

ALL you anglers who have "cast your flies in pleasant places" will enjoy reading this memory of Mr. S. D. Stover, to whose ingenuity we owe the invention of that very pretty and taking fly, the Silver Doctor, an account of the first "tying" of which is given us in this memory.

It was in the fall of 1874, having cast my first vote, that I followed the injunction "Go West, young man and grow up with the country." I landed in Fort Collins, Colorado, a little town of one or two hundred people, there to make my future home.

Shortly after my arrival, a hunting party was outfitting for a deer hunt at Barnes' Camp, some 40 miles west in the mountains. I was the invited guest (they wanted to show the "Tenderfoot" what Colorado hospitality was) "just come as you are, we have everything, guns and rods—ammunition and tackle, eats and drinks, nothing lacking," for Joe and Will Shipler, and Capt. Coon were old time mountaineers and hunting and fishing was their business.

It was now November, and the nights were freezing cold, but no snow as yet.

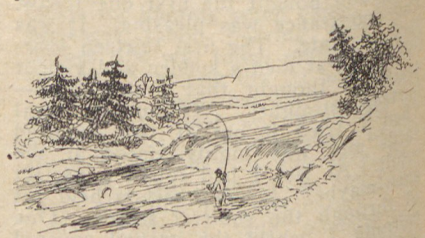
It took two days to put us in camp. The first morning in camp, it was agreed that all should kill his deer, but as I was more fisherman than hunter, Joe rigged up rod and line with two flies, and a lecture long as your arm on "How to Catch Trout" (I had never seen the animal) and down the south fork of the Cache la Poudre Creek I went.

All the pools were covered with ice, but the ripples were open; I fished faithfully—my line gathering ice, and not a trout looking for "flies" in November, I made up my mind that on the morrow I would get a deer.

The morning found me with a gun on my shoulder, tramping down the same trail as the day before; it was now past noon, the sun very hot, and tired, I lay down beside a large fallen tree, there I dropped off to sleep. Waking later, I retraced my steps. Stop—a deer track right in my own foot prints—he had passed on the opposite side of the tree not 5 ft. from where I lay; I took the trail and up the Gulch I went; when almost on the summit, there stood my meat scarcely fifty yards away, but—I was frozen stiff—"Buck Fever." When my breath came, he was gone, I followed his lead thinking he might give me another chance, and I came to a beautiful park. Joe had said that at midday the deer often rested in clumps of willows. I saw just such a spot, but when I got there I found instead, a large pool frozen over. I heaved a heavy rock through the ice, to see its thickness, behold there appeared a fish, as if to say, "What's doing?" I said to myself, "I bet that is one of those trout, and here I am without rod, hook or line!" I pondered, then spied the woolen socks my mother had knit me. No sooner thought than done, one was unraveled and braided, a pin for a hook, a willow for a pole, now for the bait—no grass hoppers in November, no worms in the mountains, no rotten stumps for grubs, was I up against it? No, Joe had coached me that in the absence of all these the tin foil on the tobacco would catch them!

I had it, a liberal piece was hung on, it hardly struck the water till it was gone, I could see them biting it as down it went, another piece met the same fate; at the third trial, I says, "you fellows are pretty swift, but watch me." I jerked as it hit the water. I did not see the "bite" but the fish was out on the bank, a nice half pound black speckled mountain trout. I repeated till all my foil was gone and I had ten trout.

This was the start of the "Stover Fly," later on the market as the "Silver Doctor."



THIS vivid ouananiche story was written 25 years ago by Mr. Walter C. Taylor, who is vice-president of our St. Louis Chapter. Another proof that a good fishing story like a good fisherman, never grows stale! Even as Sir Izaak Walton's Compleat Angler is as refreshing and exalting now as when it was written 300 years ago.

It is seldom that a great government assumes the care of a mighty sporting domain, but such has been done by the Dominion of Canada.

The Canadian Parliament has established a National Sportsman's Preserve covering a vast territory, giving to it the title of "The Laurentides Park." This Park includes the central portion of the territory enclosed between the townships bordering on Lake St. John to the north and along the St. Lawrence to the south, skirting the Saguenay on the east and extending to Quebec on the west. In much of this territory, as the Irishman said, "the hand of man has never set foot," a vast unknown wilderness such as few can comprehend, containing some 2,640 square miles or 1,689,400 acres.

With this brief introduction to such a wonderland for outings, let us consider what is probably the grandest of all piscatorial sports, ouananiche fishing.

In the frigid waters of the streams of this grand preserve are found the sportiest members of the finny tribe, ever eager to take the alluring fly.

Just north of this park flow many rivers emptying into Lake St. John, that broad, beautiful sheet of water where is the source of the wonderful

"Grand Discharge," from which flows the picturesque Saguenay, that most weirdly scenic river of the world.

Roberval, on Lake St. John, is at the terminus of the railroad from Quebec and the trip is best taken by daylight, affording a sight of mountain and streams, views of which quicken the pulse of the eager sportsman, as glimpses are caught of camp-life close by rambling brooks, while here and there a broad lake softens the rugged scenery and again a chain of lake and river greets your vision, all inviting sport and recreation until you throb with eagerness.

The leaping ouananiche is unquestionably, for its size, the gamest of all fish. It is the true tackle breaker, the bucking broncho of the river, for naught but the best equipment perfectly handled can withstand his vicious plunges, lofty leaping and lightning-like runs.

Like every other game fish, the ouananiche has his seasons, his haunts and his peculiarities, hence to secure the greatest enjoyment from this sport it is best to seek him in the spring when the ice is out, or late in the summer after the spawning season of this fiery leader of the finny 400.

To those who seek the acme of this sport, the rivers which empty into Lake St. John should be visited, and as this region is a vast wilderness one must be well prepared for an arduous trip, for it can only be made by canoe with the Indian guides well versed in forest and stream; since it is far from the imprints of civilization, where the timber grows thinly and rugged rocks add grandeur to the view, that the ouananiche makes his home.

Then, too, look for your quarry, not in the placid lake or quiet pool, nor where the waters silent lie, but out amidst the rush and roar of the whirlpool, down where the mighty torrent is disgorged from lofty heights. Here amidst the boiling, surging, foaming reddish waters lurks this noble fish.

Leaning against the mountain side you cast over where the saffron foam is churned by the roaring torrent, a spike-like fin is slowly moving amidst this iridescent cloud and like a streak of vivid lightning the fly is taken, a short rush, a quick gaff, now up, up, up, five feet at least, sinuous, snake-like, leaps a gleam of golden green and pink, turning, twisting, writhing, while your five-ounce rod creaks and quivers as he shakes his head like an enraged lion rebelling against his fate, those silver gills a-glisten with the fire of alarm; down, down, fifty feet, he rushes in his maddened race; now up, up, up five feet, throbbing and quivering with animation, down deep again and up five feet he springs and back through the foam he darts like the thoroughbred he is; then around and around in a wide circle runs this maddened racer of the stream; the quaking rod bent nearly double feels the mighty strain, woe betide if there is the least defect in it, for up again he comes, now jumping five feet high, shaking the sapphire drops from his glistening form and striving to cast from his delicate mouth that binding barb.

For more than thirty minutes has this tiring fight been waged and as he slowly sinks deep down into the depths of the eddy you feel him furiously fanning, for along that taut line comes the thrum as if a mighty motor throbbed below; cautiously you coax him into action and once more he springs into the air, but now it is not so far, a shorter rush through the boiling water, again he sprints out of his watery home but only a few inches and whilst more slowly he runs in a narrowing circle you guide him close to the rocky shore, bringing him safely into your net, where he lies scintillating, like the glisten of a rainbow after the storm, a sheen of gold and silver, purple, pink and green. The king is dead! Long live the king!

MR. ROBERT J. HUNT sends us this original and amusing memory of a trip after the elusive little Japanese trout, known as the "ai." Brother Hunt is also an accomplished angler of the big western cut-throat, as he hails from California, the home of them.

Having convinced the government officials that I had come to Gifu for the sole purpose of enjoying the "Cormorats Fishing," as advertised in the Kyoto Ichicachi, I was at once trundled to the Tama-le Chil-i Kan, a pure Japanese inn, favorite resort of fly-fishermen who would try their skill in Nagara Gawa.

After a meal, the **piece de resistance** of which was "Kipard herrig," upon expressing a wish for a bath before retiring, I was formally conducted to the ground or office floor which contained a rather impure Japanese bath room, for it was enclosed with clear glass that nearly caused me to die from exposure. An oblong tub of wood was already filled with water. In the words of a latter day poet, "I jumped right in and turned around and jumped right out again," for the water was heated as only the Malay-Mongolian combination knows how to heat water without betraying its temperature with steam.

The hardwood floors were exquisitely polished, as several lumps on my head bore witness. The whole building was a poem of mirror-like floors, lacquered dias, mats, fusuma, kakemono and paneled walls beautifully figured on a background of gold-surroundings conducive to sweet sleep and pleasant dreams.

But the bed was a padded quilt thrown on the floor, the pillow was like one of those hard French rolls and the covers were a sheet and a padded comforter that felt as uncomfortable as any two-inch felt quilt would feel.

As my coiffure is not sufficiently formidable to need protection through the night, I rolled the neck-rest far from me. Tossing aside the comforter, I fell into a fitful doze.

A few minutes later, I seemed on my way to the river bank, whence I was poled far upstream to the cove where I was to win fresh laurels to increase my reputation as that of a most successful trout fisherman.

At last the fire was kindled in the iron basket at the prow of my boat, I tied the line about the throat of my bird, to prevent it from completely swallowing the fish, and we were actually in pursuit of that most elusive of all trout, the Japanese "ai." No sooner had I cast than an unheard-of thing occurred. At the very moment that my bird hit water and dived for a fish, at that very moment a broadmouth "koi" started for the same prey. In the confusion that ensued both the cormorant and the koi failed to retard the fleeing ai; but they collided head-on, and either the cormorant unwittingly ran its head into the koi's mouth, or the koi wittingly encompassed the bird's head, firmly fastening its teeth about the latter's neck.

Then began a battle royal, and guides and anglers shouted in unison: "Yaki tamago!" (A strike, they're off!) Under the bright light, far down in the crystal water, we could see the pair with terrific speed dashing hither and thither in straight lines and describing circles and spirals, until there was a mad rush to the top when both bird and fish flew into the air, the line the while ripping through the surface of the water and showering everybody with the flying spray.

The contest in the air continued for a long time while I strained at the line like a boy with a kite in a storm, until the scales descended in favor of the koi and the cormorant simply had to take water. We watched and waited during the witching hours of the night, most of the dispute occurring in the air, as the cormorant every now and then simply had to come to the atmosphere to breathe, although it was unable to hold the koi out of the water long enough at any one time to devitalize it.

Thus the combat was prolonged until long after rosy dawn had drawn aside her curtains, when I—awoke!

Scientists tell us that the most flighty dream, no matter how involved or extended, occurs at the moment of waking, that is to say, as quickly as one can say, "Yaki Tamago!" (A strike, they're off!)

However, the next night I did actually enjoy the novelty of "cormorats fishig." And did I have trout for dinner the following day? Ai, Ai, sir, two of them.

MR. DAVID REESE of Reesville, Pa., tells us the story of the making of "Bill" into a fly fisherman. It didn't take "Bill" long to know a good thing when he saw it, and I prophesy that the happiest days of "Bill's" life will be spent along that little stream, his only worry being whether to use a Brown Hackle or a Reuben Wood.

I was looking at a gorgeous display of fishing tackle in the front window of a sporting goods store, when my sight beheld the most sightly of sights, a beautiful array of flies.

The fishing fever began to creep within me; I turned around, the sun was just sinking behind the western hills, just the time of day that I wished I were standing knee deep in a favorite stream, where the clear cool waters pressed on the looseness of your waders, where the trees with their new grown leaves gave shelter to the summer flowers and ferns and the birds warbled and sang to make you happy and to make you know what a good old world it is to live in.

I turned around again to study the

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flies, and while naming the different varieties to myself, I was interrupted with a "Hello Dave." "Hello Bill," said I. "When are you going after them?" asked Bill. "Tomorrow, I can't hold back any longer. Wont you come along?" "Yes," said Bill, "if you wait another day." So it was settled that we leave Friday morning for the home of some speckled beauties.

During the next day, two more pals decided to join us, so that made a quartet. The party consisted of George, Lewis, Bill and I. George and Lewis were "once in a while" fishermen, but Bill had never been fishing in his life, so I was to furnish him the necessary equipment; rod, reel, lines, creel and so on. Luckily, he had a pair of hip boots, so everything was O. K. to start.

We left the city in an Overland car singing, "We may be gone for a long, long time." An hour later the noise and monotony of the city was left behind, and ahead of us lay the country with its blossomed orchards and pastures sprinkled with cattle here and there. "I hope we have good luck," said Bill, "as this is my first fishing trip." Bang! "There's a blow-out," said George. In fifteen minutes we had the tire changed, jumped in the car and were off again. Bang! "There's another one, who said something about good luck?" asked George. We all smiled, what did we care, we were going fishing!

We reached the fishing grounds in the early afternoon, and parking the car in a convenient place, we proceeded to have lunch, during which time I was made the object of humorous humiliation pertaining to my deep knowledge of the noble art of angling.

Lunch over, with smoke flying from our jimmy pipes, we proceeded to the stream. "Where is the stream containing all the trout?" inquired Bill.

"Just over the side of that hay field," I said. So in ten minutes we were over the field, down a slope which was thickly wooded, then suddenly before us the stream. Not a big stream, but just the kind of stream an angler likes.

We unpacked our tackle, and were busy rigging up. Bill wanted to know if you "put this that way"—"does this belong here"—"where do I put this," etc. So finally having my own rigged up, I had to straighten out Bill's outfit.

Lewis and George were already on their way down the stream leaving Bill and me to work up stream. I drew my fly book from my inside coat pocket, and after turning the leaves over to select a likely killer, I withdrew a Brown Hackle.

"What do you do with that?" questioned Bill. At the same time looking at the flies in my book, "What kind of a hackle will I put on?" he asked.

"Oh, you better put on a garden hackle," I answered.

"Well, which one is a garden hackle?" he asked again.

"You won't find any in the fly book, get that tin can on the rock," I answered.

Bill proceeded over to the rock, picked up the can, "It's worms in this can," he announced. So after squirming around as much as the garden hackle, he finally got it on. He stood at the edge of the water and threw in. Meanwhile I was on my way up the stream to a hole where I knew there were some nice trout lurking. I cast in, drew back, cast in several more times but nothing doing. So trying to decide with myself if I could change my fly or not, I came to the conclusion that I'd stick to the Brown Hackle a little longer. So making one more cast, the fly lit gracefully on the water, floated about a foot, then splash! down it went out of sight. The trout churned the water, till it looked like a million diamonds. After five exciting minutes, I outwitted that game fighter, pulled him in, finished his career on this old earth, and put him in my creel.

After waiting for my heart to stop beating so fast, I cast in again, and got a small one. Bill was still in sight, so I hailed him. I held up the small one, eleven inches long. Up came Bill a little excited. "Where did you get that one?" he exclaimed. I pointed to the pool. Bill wanted a fly like mine, so to satisfy him, on went another Brown Hackle. Bill had the darndest time trying to get the fly in the pool. Finally after nine or ten attempts, he got it there, but no luck.

He turned and asked me what I saw in fishing in this place. With that I drew the twenty inch beauty from my creel. Bill's eyes started to bulge.

"Did you get that one right here too?" he asked. "Yes," I answered. "Well," said Bill, "I'll get a bigger trout than that if I have to wait here till they grow."

We started further up the stream, when a likely pool came into view. I told Bill what to do, and he proceeded to do it.

Then I lost sight of Bill for awhile. After considerable distance I decided to return down the stream, during which time I got a few more. I met Bill a half mile back down the stream, completely disgusted and discouraged.

We finally decided to call it a day. George and Lewis were waiting for us at our starting place. All was not well according to the expressions on their faces. "What luck, George?" I inquired. "Rotten," he exclaimed. "That's funny, I got half a dozen nice ones," I said. "Let me see," asked George, so after looking them over in silence, we journeyed back up the hill and over the hay field to our car.

We went to a country village a few miles distant. After a hearty supper we smoked our pipes in silence, and then went to bed.

When we awoke next morning it was raining. The clouds hung low, and it looked as though it would be one of those all day rains that fishermen most generally encounter on a fishing trip.

About ten o'clock it ceased raining, so we decided to start out. George made a suggestion that we go over to the lake and try our luck there. Bill and Lewis were in favor of it, and though I protested, the majority ruled.

In due time we pulled up along side of the lake and piled out. The others started to get together their rods and lines when Bill noticed I was making no effort to rig mine up.

"Aren't you going to do some fishing here?" inquired Bill. "No, I said, "I am going to watch you pull some big ones out." Well, they started to fish. All of a sudden, down went George's bobber, and out came a small perch, then down went Lewis' bobber, and out came another perch.

Bill thought that was great sport. Then down went his! Charlie Chaplin or Harold Lloyd never produced such a comic scene, as when Bill yanked out a small sunny. He was very much excited. The sunny hit him in the face, and he got all tangled up with the sunny, rod and line. George and Lewis were fifteen minutes getting Bill out of the tangle. After getting him straightened out, he decided that fishing like that was not worth while, so they dismounted their rods again and we started for the trout stream.

"Perch and sunnies are not worth while, compared to those trout in that creel of Dave's," exclaimed Bill.

We just got back to the stream when it started to rain again. George and Lewis pulled for the car for shelter. Bill and I kept plugging away trying to get a half decent mess to take home.

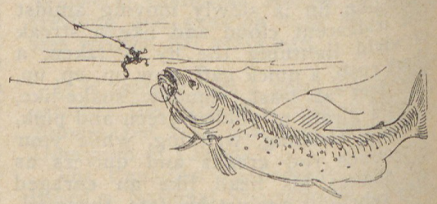
Bill went down stream and I went up. I came back to meet Bill with eight more nice ones in my basket. When I met Bill he was all smiles. "Look here," he said, pointing at two beautiful specimens lying in the grass. One was twenty-two inches long, the other nineteen.

We were compelled to quit because of darkness, so Bill and I started back to join our pals. We went about twenty-five yards, and Bill turned around to take one more glance at the stream, and said, "It's a —— shame to leave it now Dave, just when I've started to learn how to get them."

We reached the car feeling very happy and thankful to the gods of angling. George and Lewis sat in the car laughing at us, but when they saw Bill's trout, Oh, Boy!

George stepped on the gas and we were homeward bound, George and Lewis being the object of many humorous jibes. I don't know how George and Lewis felt, but Bill and I sat in the back very much contented and pleased with the trip.

Bill got out with his number twelve boots and his two nice trout and made a little speech, "I've enjoyed myself immensely. I have found out what it is that makes your blood tingle in your veins, and to match wits with a fighting trout. So long boys, until next week, when I'm going again."



MR. L. O. FRY of Oakville, Washington, here gives us an interesting and manly confession. May the teaching and ethics of this League reach the hearts and minds of every American sportsman that there shall not be one who does not "play fair" always whether a-field or a-stream.

Angling Memories! They call me back to a little, gently-flowing stream that glides down through a wilderness valley to the mighty Pacific. In this valley was my home when a lad. Many a pleasant hour did I spend there following the course of that little river, climbing the great alders that overhang the stream that I might peer into the homes of the robins or wading the shallows in pursuit of the crawdad and laughing at their heroic efforts to defend themselves with their pinchers.

There are some twenty pages in my book of Angling Memories and on each page is a bright picture of my stream.

(Continued on page 244)

Mr. C. E. Heineman of Hollywood, California, has a truly enviable collection of blissful angling memories. When days astream can bring such healing happiness, must we not determine to do all in our power to help our League perpetuate such blessed days and make them possible for those who will come after us.

"All the charm of the angler's life would be lost but for these hours of thought and memory"—W. C. Prime.

I must have always been an angler, at least in desire. There has never been a time since I became old enough to realize what it meant to catch a fish that my blood did not run just a little faster even at the mere thought of going fishing. Many days and wakeful night hours have I spent in the planning and dreaming of wonderful moments to be spent on lakes and streams, where business cares can be forgotten and where more real religion exists than in any house made with hands. What place can better make any man realize his smallness and, consequently, the greatness of the Maker of the Universe than the Great Outdoors? Who can look at the flowers, the trees, the mountains, the sky, the rivers and lakes and the wild life without at least admiring the wonderful fitness and the marvelous routine of all things.

Angling memories must always bring these thoughts to the real angler.

My memories take me back to the times when I fished for "punkin seeds" and suckers in the little creek back of uncle's farm and when the fish wouldn't bite we boys would make a swimming party of it instead, and later pick beautiful flowers on the way home.

My mind reverts to the time when I saved to buy my first casting rod. It was split bamboo and I was then spoiled for every other kind. I remember vividly how I planned my first trip for bass. I remember how thrilled I was when I arrived at the lake, how I could hardly wait until I could change my clothes and get out on the water and how good I felt when I got there. I didn't catch a bass that trip but I caught a nice string of scrappy bluegills and returned home happy.

I remember how I used to haunt the windows of sporting goods stores in the winter time and plan what tackle I would buy for my vacation the following summer. I remember how the first warm day in spring would give me the "fever" and how difficult it was for me to concentrate on my duties. I remember how eagerly I devoured everything I could find to read on the subject of fishing and in that respect I haven't changed a bit to this day. I remember how when I couldn't get away from the big city I used to sit on the pier all day and fish in Lake Michigan for yellow perch, sometimes getting fish and sometimes not, but always coming home happy in the evening.

My memory recalls a wonderful trip down the Tippecanoe River in a boat with big "Buster" Brown of Warsaw, Indiana. Small-mouth bass and "goggle-eyes" were our victims on that trip and we were the victims of the mosquitoes. I remember meeting two boys from the Indiana State fish hatchery and their stories of the habits of bass. It was on that trip that I was bitten by the flycasting bug, although it was some years later before the inoculation had a real effect. On that trip I learned how wonderful it is to lie out under the stars and I learned to realize what a marvellous Being He is who can regulate those countless lights above us.

Then there was the trip to a Wisconsin lake with two companions, Bill and Charlie. Bill and I wanted to get up at daybreak the morning after our arrival at the lake, but Charlie had a lazy streak and stayed in bed. I never will forget Charlie's eyes when we came in for breakfast with ten big bass. Charlie kicked himself all day for those extra hours of sleep, for although he fished and fished and fished, not even a strike did he get all day long. The ten Bill and I had caught, however, were enough to supply several friends and ourselves.

I never will forget the cold September morning when Smith and I were casting for bass on Mason Lake, Wisconsin, and how when he hooked one, he lost his balance and fell out of the boat. After he climbed back he landed the fish!

Then, oh, day of days, came the time when, after having moved to California, I spent my first day on a trout stream. How glorious it was. The noisy little mountain stream came tumbling over the rocks, singing a song of gladness; the birds were warbling sweetly, the breezes were playing queer little airs in the leaves of the sycamores and alders, the butterflies and bees were gathering sweetness from the stately yuccas and the myriad of other beautiful flowers of the canyon. In the distance Old Baldy reared his snow-capped head as if to watch over the entire scene. In the evening when I returned to the city I had only three small trout, but oh, what a beautiful memory I had gained to stay with me always. Since then I have spent many days on streams and I expect to spend many more there before I leave this earth, but that first day after trout in San Antonio Canyon gave me a thrill which I cannot hope to have repeated.

I also have in my memory the trip through the Mojave Desert to Cottonwood Canyon, then on board a mule twelve miles up the mountain, always following a torrential stream, to the beautiful green meadows on the top of the mountain where lie Cottonwood Lakes. There, above timberline, in view of stately Mount Whitney, is the home of the Golden Trout, the most beautiful fish that lives. I shall never forget the three days I spent in this fisherman's paradise where the meadows are knee deep with grass and flowers and where the surrounding mountains forcibly remind you that you are only a small insignificant atom in this great space. There we took from the waters those riots of beautiful colors and packed them in snow which in midsummer still lay in drifts.

I remember the first trip I made to the wonderful Kern river, flowing between the tall mountains, where live monster Rainbows which will test the tackle and skill of any angler. I remember another trip there with the sweetest girl in the world who promised to be my fishing pal for life. What a wonderful week we spent.

I remember trips into the San Bernardino Mountains, to Big Bear and Arrowhead Lakes, and there fighting with four and five pound Rainbows; to Deep Creek where one afternoon I wandered down the stream all alone and scared up a mother quail and her brood and found the nest of a mountain sparrow. I remember well how bothersome were the black flies that day and that I chose a Black Gnat for a lure, thereby causing much commotion among the finny tribe. One black fellow in a deep pool was so excited that he jumped clear of the water three times before he got the fly and I got him. Each time he jumped I could hear his jaws snap like a pair of castanets.

My memory holds sacred one beautiful day spent on Cucamonga Creek with my dear Pal where she made me proud indeed of my pupil when with the skill of an old timer she landed an eleven inch Rainbow from the swift water. After a short excursion further up the stream I returned to find her lulled to sleep by the song of the waters. Later we built a tiny fire among the rocks beside the creek and cooked our fish. We returned to the city empty handed of fish but with one more priceless memory.

I recall how proud I was when I caught the first trout on one of my home-made flies, and how elated I was when one day on the Santa Ynez River the trout were striking savagely at one of my flies and later I found its almost exact counterpart in natural life along the stream. This was a fly I had made out of some left-over material one evening and without having ever seen a pattern of that kind. I have hunted among the books and in the stores often since and I don't believe that the pattern is to be found on sale.

There are many beautiful days in my memory—days on the San Gabriel River, the home of many big Loch Leven; days on the Sespe, that beautiful river of the big boulders and deep pools; days on tumbly little Santa Paula Creek, on Sisar Creek, on the stately Ventura, on Matillija Creek, on Tujunga Creek and many others, each one individual and with many things to delight the angler's heart.

The latest memories I have added to my wonderful collection are those of a trip to the Olympics. On our way we camped by the Kings River and caught Bass for our breakfast; for many miles we traveled along the Sacramento; we fished the Pitt and McCloud rivers; our road wound around beautiful, snow-covered Mount Shasta; we fished the Klamath; we traveled over the mountains into the wonderful Oregon country, we camped by the Santiam and that beautiful torrent, the Rogue River; we saw the Columbia in all her glory. The many lakes and streams of that favored part of the world truly beggar description. We fished the Big Quilcene, a deep cleft in the mountains. There we caught Rainbow and Dolly Varden. We fished the Wynootche for Salmon Trout and an early pair of Salmon nearly scared me off my feet when they went by me going down stream with the speed of an express train. We saw along the river covies of Blue Grouse that were so tame we nearly ran over them. We saw beautiful Chinese Pheasants flying across our path. We caught scrappy Silver Trout in a tiny lake high up on Mount Walker.—Priceless angling memories!

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H.T.Sheringham Applauds Our League

One of the Six Best Living Writers on Angling

MR. SHERINGHAM is angling editor of the "Field," the famed outdoor magazine of England. H. T. Sheringham's books and fishing stories are only equalled by those of our own Henry van Dyke. His books, "An Angler's Hours" and his latest, "Trout Fishing Memories and Morals," are books that should be among the most dearly prized possessions of all anglers. The following editorial is reprinted from the "Field," London, October 28th, 1922. The "Field" is without doubt the foremost all around outdoor magazine published in the world.

WE have received a copy of a new journal, the **Izaak Walton League Monthly,** which is the official organ of the Izaak Walton League of America. It is an excellent magazine devoted chiefly to fishing, but with a leaning to other sport as well, and for the modest subscription of a dollar a year is remarkably cheap. Membership of the league involves a similar subscription. To a certain extent the magazine is propagandist in its policy, and it will come as something of a shock to readers over here to find that there is evidently real need for its influence. Most British anglers have probably had an idea, vague possibly, but firmly conceived, that the assets of the United States in the way of sporting opportunity were very great, much greater than those which we possess in our own small country. It is, therefore, a genuine surprise to find that prominent American writers like Mr. Emerson Hough, Mr. Zane Grey, and Dr. Henry Van Dyke are seriously alarmed for the future, and that they foresee a day when commercialism will have destroyed, to quote Mr. Grey, "the beauty and wildness and nature of America, **all of which are vanishing."** Dr. Van Dyke says: "On this point I think that our great and glorious republic may learn something, if it will condescend to do so, from effete European lands like England, France, Germany, and Norway, where it is actually easier to get good fishing to-day than it is in these United States." Dr. Van Dyke goes on to touch on the work which is being done in England in regard to pollution, and he takes very much the same line which we have taken in the **Field** of late years, the advantage of persuasion and co-operation in a movement for the betterment of evils of that kind. He agrees with the slogan of the league, which is that "It is time to call a halt," only deprecating what might be called, as he puts it, "odium theologicum." Genuine zeal sometimes leads to a state of controversy in which improvement becomes very difficult, if not impossible.

America's troubles seem to be of two kinds. One is evidently over-destruction of game and fish, a not unnatural result of wealth which at one time seemed inexhaustible. It ought not to be difficult to apply remedies for this when sportsmen are persuaded of the need for it. Over here the imposition of "limits" is a thing which everybody approves, and the policy is one of the chief aids to preservation. Concurrent re-stocking is also an obvious remedy. The other trouble, so far as waters are concerned, is pollution. This matter is described as "the most important problem the I. W. L. A. will have to solve," and it is discussed by that well-known authority, Dr. James A. Henshall, who quotes various letters which he has received from correspondents. They reveal a state of things in some districts which is quite as bad as anything in Great Britain, if not worse, and they show the need for a pollution movement and investigation such as we have started over here. It would be an excellent time for it now, because the United States and Great Britain could to some extent work together, exchanging experiences, comparing results, and generally being of mutual assistance. If the league could bring it about we are sure it would be a decided benefit. Anyhow, there is surely no lack of enthusiasm, and the new body evidently has powerful support. We venture to wish it all success.

H. T. Sheringham on the Coquet.

Photo from his last book "Trout Fishing Memories and Morals"

The Book of the Black Bass

By Dr. James A. Henshall — Stuart Kidd, Pubs.

THIS great book has made more angling history than any volume devoted to inland fishing ever published. It is invaluable to every angler and it seems incredible that every American angler has not a well thumbed copy on his shelf of angling volumes. The Book of the Black Bass is tremendously interesting and I whole-heartedly advise every fisherman to buy a copy and to buy it NOW. It is a book to be read over and over again and personally I would not trade my copy for a hundred dollars if I could not buy another for three dollars.

—Will H. Dilg

Pipe-Chats

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Pastor, The People's Church, Chicago

AS I write these lines darkness has just settled for the first time in the New Year. A New Year has had its first sunset and a glorious one it was. Lady Gracious—constant companion of my life in the open and loved associate of our winter journeys that we make together through the medium of the printed page as we sit around our open fire—has just informed me that "Pipe-Chats" must go to the editor tomorrow. Thoughts come freely in my study about the subjects that constitute my professional work. Addresses and lectures easily crystalize in that room of books in divine disorder. But I do not want to write "Pipe-Chats" in there. I desire that these intimate little sketches should not show any influence of the cloister or the study. They must possess that delightful spontaneity to be attractive, and must not give evidence of labor in their production or of being forced in their diction. So I deserted my study and here I am in the room we love best of all writing these rambling thoughts to you. A blazing wood-fire is making merry in the fire-place. A Christmas-Tree in the sun-parlor aglow with myriads of colored lights is spreading its message of love for the last time. We take it out tomorrow. The holidays are over.

Lady Gracious (I have called her that from the first time I ever saw her many years ago) and I always divide our year into four three-month periods. Today was the beginning of the quarter that takes us to the first day of spring. When we come home from Arden Lodge on October first we begin to plan for Christmas then from Christmas we look forward to the first day of spring, from that glad day we wait for the second Sunday in June, and that is the greatest day of all—my church closes and the cathedral of nature opens. This may sound like heresy to some of my brethren. I plead guilty. The Great Preacher whose love of nature was unsurpassed used a rock for his pulpit and a mountain-side for his church. His audience was composed of pastoral folk and his board of trustees were fishermen. Away we go to the woods and waters. That quarter of our calendar we make last as long as possible. We never hurry it along as we do all of the others. We are never in a hurry for October to come. So you see tonight we are beginning our spring quarter!

There is a whole cluster of memories about that word. I wonder if it is an unpardonable sin to love the out-of-doors so much that one pushes along the days of winter imprisonment as fast as they can go. Hurrying time! That means hurrying along age, I can hear some one say: Perhaps you are right, but for one who cannot go to Florida or California and has to work hard all winter long, surely you do not censure such a one for hurrying winter along. I enjoy the winter, too. It has its distinctive charm. I would not live in a section of the country that had no winter. It means nothing to me that it is always "June in Miami." I have no desire to pick oranges on Christmas day or gather roses on New Year's morn. Still I anxiously wait for spring. I just reached over to the hearth and gave my fire a little encouragement and as its renewed vigor spoke appreciatingly of my help, I felt the warmth of bygone summers and the glory of forgotten days of sunshine that were being released in the room. Memory and hope are too powerful allies to resist. Let us go into the study and lovingly look at my rods hanging on the wall. I am going to open up the old tackle-box and fondle its contents awhile before I write another word.

The gradations of love which people have for nature is not to be explained in nature itself but in the individual capacity for appreciation of beauty of those who approach nature. There is only one sunset but no two people see it alike. Our conception of the beauty in nature is largely determined by the beauty latent in our own hearts. It is as much what we bring to nature as it is what nature brings to us that establishes the equation of beauty. The poetry of Wordsworth and the finely woven sentences of Blackmore in "Lorna Doone" verify this idea. Merely living in close contact with nature will not reveal her charm. What about the hundreds of country dwellers who never are deeply stirred by their environment. Many apparently accept their condition as a matter of course. Then along comes a John Burroughs or a John Muir or an Enos Mills and beauties are revealed that were there all the time yet never were made vocal. I sometimes doubt the possibility of making a lover of nature out of an individual who does not possess already some inherent predisposition to its charm.

I think it is easier to determine a man's sincerity in his attitude toward nature than about most any other thing in life. It is comparatively easy to detect whether one is fundamentally a lover of nature and of the open places or only pretending to love them. It does not take very many spoken sentences or many recorded utterances for the tell tale evidence to spring forth. I have been in a company of people when the conversation would turn to hunting, fishing or some kindred theme. There is always someone to vociferously announce their "love of nature." But the note was not genuine. They were only pretending. It was their own knowledge that this was what they were doing that unmistakably worked its way out until all were conscious of their falsity.

I was going to tell you a TRUE fish story this month but my fire is very nearly burned out and a moment ago my pipe went out. I went into the study to fill it again and the humidor was empty. I wouldn't dare risk telling that story without a full pipe, so I am going to keep it until the next number.

Preston Bradley

Pipe Chats

LAST month at the opening of Dr. Bradley's delightful Pipe-Chats, a paragraph of mine referring to Dr. Bradley and his achievements and wonderful personality was by mistake of the printer included in the Doctor's article above his signature. The "Bishop," aside from his other accomplishments being the most modest of men, was considerably embarrassed by this error, therefore I am taking this opportunity to explain the matter.

—THE EDITOR

"Of course I am going to do something for you. I am so thoroughly in accord with the purpose of the League that I cannot afford not to further it."

—MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Think of it—a $2.50 magazine for $1.00—Subscribe TODAY.

What They Say About the Plug

"'Course there's one thing," slowly observed Mr. Plug, "Even my treble gang fellow, wicked as it looks, never gets down into their throats, its very size and number of hooks keepin' all its damage around the outer mouth or on the outer body. These kind of wounds seldom prove fatal and I slip the little fellows back, knowin' they'll call again some day when they're big enough to be out alone and to put up a real fight."

I QUOTE from the conversation of Mr. Plug as reported by Mr. Charles Heddon in last month's issue of the Izaac Walton League Monthly. Somehow, I confess, the views of Mr. Plug do not seem wholly reasonable to me.

It is quite true, I suppose, that a triple hook in a plug never gets all the way down into the stomach of a bass unless the bass is big enough to engulf plug and all. But there are many bass, and they do not have to be so very big either, who can take in not only one point of a triple hook but two and three. The result of such an operation is clearly demonstrated by the old riddle with which we used to pester each other in our school days: "What is it that can go up a chimney down but can't go down a chimney up?" The answer to the riddle as you also doubtless remember was: "An umbrella."

Removing a triple hook from a fish's mouth,—a point perhaps set in one cheek, another in the roof of the mouth and the third in the tongue, is exactly like trying to get an umbrella down a chimney up. The hook simply cannot be removed without holding the fish in the firmest of grasps and without a great deal of laceration, Mr. Heddon to the contrary notwithstanding! If at the same time the second or third or fourth or fifth gang of the series has entwined itself lovingly in the fish's gills and belly, the process of extraction is made immeasurably easier. Or isn't it? If the triple hook is a merciful and sportsmanlike weapon to use on game fish then the lime-jugger and the dynamiter can take comfort.

Entirely aside from the question of game conservation it is my personal opinion, with which any angler is entitled to disagree, that the lighter the lure the greater the pleasure in angling. A quarter or a half pound trout, caught on a fly with a delicate rod, will show as much fight as a bass weighing a couple of pounds, caught on a heavy plug. I have caught but one bass on a heavy plug and I can assure you that when he came ashore after a very brief struggle, drowned out by the weight of the plug and its attendant weeds hanging to its lower jaw, I was actually in doubt whether I had been plug casting for bass or bass casting for plugs.

Those who happen to enjoy casting a plug certainly are entitled to use their favorite lure, but let them see that it is decorated not with triple hooks but with single. And if they file the barbs or beards from those single hooks they will not only have my personal blessing, but the blessing of all anglers who wish to protect and preserve the angling resources of America.

HAROLD T. PULSIFER,
New York, N. Y.

THE spirit of good old Jim Heddon was in its element when he led the Plug to lay down angling ethics to Old John Live Bait, Buck-tail Spoon and One Hook Porkstrip. In real life Jim Heddon was a true philosopher and one who had to do with teaching me the value of being a clean sportsman when as an awkward overgrown kid I rowed the boat many times when Jim took goodly bass on the Waters of Many Fishes where his spirit must indeed grieve now as it hovers about over the once famous fishing grounds.

In later years it has been my good fortune to know and love another elderly Waltonian who owned a beautiful little lake, not far from our Windy City, in a locality surrounded by lakes once famous for their bass fishing and now, like all others in Illinois, gone barren through the organized efforts of the gill-netters, the night-jackers, the dynamiters and the live bait fisherman who keeps everything brought to hand. All of which was easy and profitable in a community which knows no laws but its own contemptible greed.

And now, too, the owner of this beautiful little lake, this gem in a fringe of woods and swamp, has joined the spirit of Izaak Walton and how his spirit must grieve at the open violation of his little lake, the pride of his life. The little lake where I have spent so many happy days, and which I hope never to see again in its present day barrenness.

I am one of the nuts who like to do fine work with good tools and I make my own rods and I like to cast the smallest dry flies on the lightest flyrod and I recall one very favorable day in June some years ago when the floating bassbug first came out, when I fished the beautiful lake with my friend. The bass were rising splendidly and hitting hard and we had a goodly number by ten o'clock, over thirteen inches long, as my friend always insisted that his guests return anything under this to live and fight another day. And the numbers of little fighting bass I put back measuring from five to thirteen inches were numerous, and no matter how carefully you wet your hands and release your little fish, how many do you think actually live? Little fish, I am speaking of and not good sized ones.

That day we wanted a few large fish and there seemed no way to get them but to use the plug, so I assembled my six foot three bait casting rod and hitched on a big water-throwing surface bait. At the third cast a lunker of a bronze-back took it and in his rush he cleared the water over two feet and jumped and surged about, in the edge of the reeds, for several exciting minutes before he turned up his white belly as my friend swept him into the net. We caught nine beauties from three to five pounds in a little over an hour and as this completed the limit for two set by my friend we pulled for shore and laid our trophies out on the grass, and in summing it all up I thought that the smaller bass on the flyrod had given the best sport and the keenest thrills, but how much better it would have been if I had left my flyrod in its case, reserved for later trout fishing, and stuck to the bait rod and the big splashing bait which seldom lost a big fish to return sadly torn to its weed bed and probably to die.

Last summer I fished in a lake of my boyhood days, once well stocked with bass but now nearly cleaned out, and diligent casting with plugs netted only two good sized bass as apparently the big ones were down deep during the hot weather. Then I went over in the reeds with my flyrod and the floating bass bug and at very frequent intervals I caught bass from four to ten inches long which were as carefully unhooked and returned to the water as anyone who loves fishing can do, but do you think all or even a fair percentage of these small bass recovered to do battle again? I don't. And then I went over onto the sand bar at sundown and with a tiny red fly and a very small spinner on the flyrod I caught what sunfish and blue gills we wanted for food, and if you think a fat sunfish cannot give more thrills on a light flyrod than any undersized bass, then just try it and be convinced. Some fishermen tell me that the small bass never bother their floating bugs but if so I don't know how they keep them away.

No one likes the flyrod better than I do, but I'm wondering if we couldn't do a lot to conserve bass fishing by prohibiting flyrods and live bait on bass ground and specifying big, gaudy splashing, surging plugs which scare away the little bass and make the big fellows mad enough to fight and tackle this funny looking contraption with the nerve to invade their domain. Mind you, I'm not advocating that such a law be passed, just awonderin', but honestly wouldn't it be a good thing to conserve bass fishing and isn't that what we are atryin' to do?

C. L. DEWEY,
Chicago, Ill.

Are You for or Against the Plug?

The article by Mr. Charles Heddon, published last month in our magazine in defense of the plug, is getting many rises from fishermen all over the country. Personally, we are staunchly against the use of more than one hook. However, this is a vital issue among fishermen, and we believe the best policy is to bring the question out in the light for free discussion. Whichever way you feel about it, if your convictions are honest, we'd be glad to hear if you use plugs or are opposed to them, and WHY.

A Letter to "Fishing Bob" Davis

From A. D. Temple of Piedras Negras, Coahuila, Mexico.

Dear "Fishing Bob":

A stray copy of the Izaak Walton League Monthly fell into my hands and in it was your "Rape of the River."

Man! Man! How I sympathized with you. It's lucky that we are both a bit along on the trail and the fishing will last, a little of it at least, until we cross the range.

You made me remember the fate of the Arroyito that I discovered about two miles from here, 22 years ago. It is a spring branch, covered with cane and brush, that enters into a larger stream that joins the Rio Grande a few miles below.

I waded up its course one day, fly rod in hand, looking for bass. It was h-ll getting my rod through the overhead tangle of the green roofed cavern, and at times the water reached to my armpits, but I knew there must be fish in it, if I could only find room to make a cast with my red ibis, for the water was clear as crystal and cold but with little current, until I came to an opening at the foot of a low waterfall. There was room to cast there and the first rattle out of the box I hooked and landed a good one. It was a small place and the others took to cover as I played him and were the wise ones as I got no more strikes that day, but for years afterwards I could always get one, two, or three good ones by a trip up the arroyo, and they ran from twelve to twenty-two inches in length. There were a few fine gaspergou in there also, bottom feeders, but what a fight they put up when hooked on a light fly rod, and what a delicacy in the frying pan! The water still runs in the Arroyito as clear as ever, but the fish have gone, all except some infants at the breast and one old timer, disillusioned by the wicked deceits that anglers offer to honest fish, and bound to die of old age, unless some scoundrel jap nets, or dynamites him. But as a place to fish, it is done.

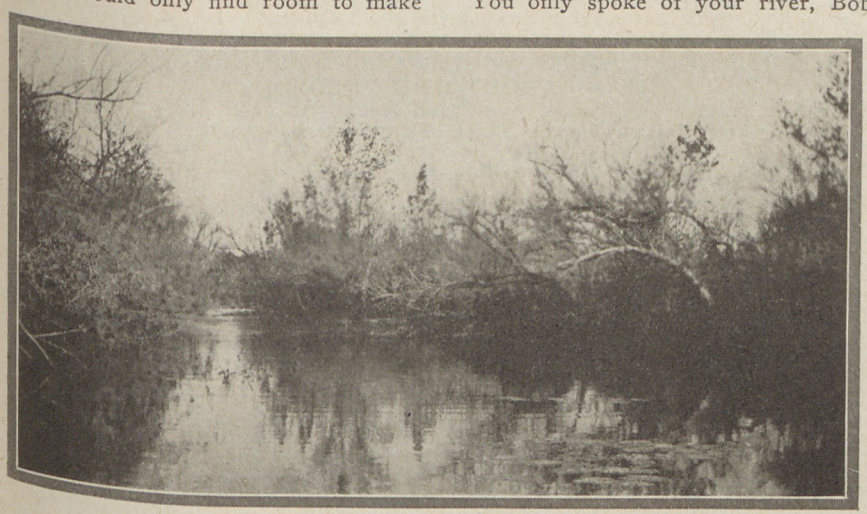
And the rest of the waters in flivver range of Piedras Negras and Eagle Pass (sister cities) have gone or are going the same road.

A coal mine was located near one favorite fishing place where record bass had been caught and in the winter there was good duck shooting as well in the marsh around the spring holes where the bass bred. The workings of the mine cut off the springs that fed it and there is no bass fishing there any longer, nor anything else, except a mudhole and an automobile road along its edge.

The antelope that but five or six years ago could be seen in bands of from three or four up to twenty-five or thirty feeding on the plains, but an hour's travel horseback from here, have gone —most of them slaughtered with shotguns from automobiles by counter-jumpers who couldn't have bagged in ten years by fair hunting—those that were not killed have left the country and are practically extinct here.

The deer and wild turkeys are following the same route at only a little slower gait.

You only spoke of your river, Bob.



"Where I could always get one, two or three good ones."

As for me, I recall so many places far apart where I fished and hunted in the old days, and I reckon I would find them very much in the same shape as your river, should I revisit them.

There is Cayuga Lake where I used to catch wall-eyes, small-mouth black bass, pickerel and perch and spear suckers in the spring in Paines Creek, just a mile south of Aurora on the trail to Ithaca. One of the boys who stayed there and became a millionaire by sticking in one place (I never could do that) told me that the carp had ruined the fishing there and that the wall-eyes were almost extinct, to say nothing of the lake trout and bass and other game fish.

Then there is Bonapart Lake and Cranberry Lake up on the Oswegatchie where I killed my first deer and caught my first trout in the long ago. Wonder how that country looks now? A bear carried off one trap and we found him with his foot in it, near Cranberry Lake, while a wolf left his foot in another one that our guide, Aaron Humes, had left too long without visiting.

To jump across to the Pacific side, I caught salmon in the Straits of Fuca, salmon trout (so called) in Hood's Canal, trout of three kinds below the falls of the Lilliwop, more trout from a little brook behind a sand bar on Whitby Island, where we beached our canoe and bought big salmon from the Siwashes at a dime apiece. We killed deer and "hooting" blue grouse all along the shore line from Port Gamble to Victoria, B. C. There were lots of deer on San Juan Island then (in '77) while Henry Island just to the west was actually "lousy" with them. Game laws? Yep, we heard there were such laws but that was all, nobody bothered with them. When we wanted meat we got it, but never made hogs of ourselves by killing more than we could care for.

Afterwards I came to Mexico where I've spent more than forty of the best years of my life, and never owned a fish hook through the years, although without knowing it, rifle in hand, I waded many a stream that had plenty of cut-throat trout. Deer, bear, and turkey were too plentiful to think about fish being up on those wooded mountain tops and I believed that men who said they had seen real, genuine trout didn't know what trout were, until years afterwards I caught some myself right at the line of the Tropic of Cancer but at 8,000 ft. above sea level. There, back in the mountains, where a great gray peak lifts its head above its fellows, the rift in it showing for a hundred miles away where the Pacific lays in sight to the westward and to the east are only more pine covered mountains as far as the eye can reach. There El Arroyo del Diabolo heads and I know there are trout in it though I never caught one nor know of anyone else having done so, but it's a virgin stream just right for trout, and there are trout streams north and south of it in the same range. If I was a younger man I'd go over there and camp for the rest of my days. I was trailing a wounded cougar the day I first found that creek and lost his trail by a shower that washed away the blood signs that I was following. As I bent down to drink, laying my rifle out of reach back of me, a big timber wolf walked out in easy shot, but was gone before I could get to my rifle, the only wild timber wolf I ever saw in the Sierra Madres of Mexico, although they often howled around my lonely camp when on a deer hunt.

It is a shame to take up your time with this kind of stuff from an old timer, but if you will write and publish such stuff as the "Rape of the River" you must be prepared to suffer the consequences. It just naturally calls up old memories on the part of fellow lovers of the silent places and rod and rifle.

I will be 68 next March, if I get there, and feel, and am told, that I look and act like a man many years younger. If it's so, I owe it to a love of outdoor life and a total of many years passed in the open air under the stars. Good night, Bob.

"Fishing Bob" Davis'

beautiful and appealing poem so truly descriptive of thousands of America's little rivers, which appears in this issue entitled,

"The Rape of the River"

is for sale in illustrated booklet form for ten cents a copy postage prepaid.

The Izaak Walton League of America.

Think of it—a $2.50 magazine for $1.00—Subscribe TODAY.

The Girl Who Wintered in the Wood

(Continued from page 219)

'pretend' and come with me a few miles from my Knoll on the other side of the road.

Upon a small hill, with fields to the right, a background of river and mountains, a bit of a graveyard to the left, cluster three weather grayed buildings. A barn, larger than the house, of typical New England farm architecture, and a work shop where for years the horses, of the long gone Valley folk, waited their turn to be shod.

Directly in front of the house door, some fifty feet, is a clump of lilacs which nearly hide the well. Over the door riots a hop vine, priceless in this arid age.

We won't knock but just call and walk in. On the left is the best room but I am not company anymore so we will take the right hand door with its sliding panel thru which hundreds of letters have passed in by gone days.

A li'l woman of lovely face framed in silvery hair turns from the stove to greet us. After shooing three sleek tiger cats from the biggest rocker, turning the cushion and flouncing it, she bids you be seated. This is Dearest Ladye.

I shall tell her of your interest in the great out-of-doors, and she will consider that a bond unbreakable.

She was born and has lived here the better part of her seventy-one years. She will tell you of days when the valley held many thriving farms and thirty children learned the 3 R's at the li'l school house, deserted and tumbled now; of the lumber activities that made of the valley a veritable bee-hive, of which she was post-mistress.

It is at twilight, that lonely hour, tho it is never lonely with her, that I like best to go. She tells me of the past, of the stars and planets, for she is no mean astronomer, of the old trapper, Al Jackson, and listening to her my troubled mind finds peace.

How can I dare be blue with physical health and youth, when she finds it so hard and painful to walk. I have Son and she has but the yesterdays.

On that hill across the way she and her sister romped and coasted. Many gallons of sap has she helped gather from that grove of sugar maple down by the river. Here she came a bride and here for years she did a man's part after her father and husband died. Mother and sister have gone now, the lumber camps and the farms but the Dearest Ladye remains, a joy to all who know her. A host of friends from all over this country she has. No one of any count ever visits the valley without dropping into the weather grayed house.

To live in one place seventy-one years and yet to have a broad, splendid, modern mind is most unusual. To be confined to the immediate door-yard when all her beloved valley calls, to make everyone better for having known her —this is Dearest Ladye.

No one ever goes there that he does not come away cheered and with a greater love of the out-of-doors and of God.

Would that I could be like her, and grow old gracefully.

Night, night,

NAN.

One Hook Artificial Lure Sportsman's Angling Contest

Conducted by the Izaak Walton League of America and the magazine it owns and publishes

GENERAL CONDITIONS

1. Contest open to all fishermen "who feel like gentlemen and act like sportsmen." It is not necessary for contestants to belong to the I. W. L. A. or to subscribe for the magazine it owns and publishes.
2. The fish must be caught with an artificial lure containing but one hook and with rod and reel.
3. Fish must be weighed and measured with a tape measure giving girth of fish (length to be taken from end of lower jaw, mouth closed, to tip of tail).
4. Each fish entered must be caught by reputable angler and must be certified to by affidavit of two reputable witnesses, which affidavit must be registered within two weeks from the date of the capture of the fish. (A drawing of the fish by placing it on paper and tracing the outline will be helpful to the judges—photos also will be helpful.)
5. It is not necessary to write a story to be published in this magazine to qualify for this contest. However, such a story will be appreciated and will be printed if well told.
6. Of course, no fish taken from private estate, or State or Federal hatchery will be considered.
7. With two or more fish weighing and measuring exactly the same, the prize will be awarded by the judges to the angler using tackle which gave the fish the fairest fighting chance for its life.

ABOUT THE PRIZES

The first prize in each class enumerated below will (with the exception of the salt water division) be the choice of any bait or fly casting rod made in the United States.

The second prize in each class will be the choice of any reel (fly or bait casting) made in the United States.

The third prize will be a $20.00 camera, choice of manufacturer to be determined by the winner. There will be a first prize of a silver cup for each of the six classes of the sea angling division.

In Addition there will be three I. W. L. A. medals for each class especially designed, bearing the name of the winner and the weight of the winning fish. The first prize winner's medal will be of solid gold, the second prize winner's medal of silver, and the third prize winner's medal of bronze. These gold, silver, and bronze prize winning medals will also be given to the winners in each of the six sea angling divisions.

In Addition there will be a number of other valuable prizes donated by sportsmen for their favorite class of fish, and for signal achievements in the use of ultra light tackle, especially the use of barbless hooks. These prizes will be wading boots, rod cases, reel cases, sweaters, pipes, field glasses, and fly books, etc., etc. A list of these prizes will be given in a later issue. In no event will any prize be contributed by manufacturers of fishing tackle. Every prize offered in this One Hook Artificial Lure Contest will be a personal contribution from the donor having no interest in the sale or manufacture of articles donated.

ABOUT THE JUDGES

We have not had sufficient time to decide upon all the judges for this contest. We can announce, however, that there will be judges for each separate class, and in each case ones highly competent because of their knowledge and experience of the type and species of fish which they will be appointed to judge.

AFFIDAVIT

I hereby swear to statement signed by me before two witnesses.

Kind of Fish..... Weight..... Length..... Girth.....
When caught ..... Where.....
Rod used ..... Reel.....
Describe one hook artificial lure used.....
Line used ..... Lure .....
Caught by (Signed) .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....
Witnessed by: (Give names and addresses)
1. .....
2. .....

THE FIRST OF ITS KIND

Peck's is the only Feather Minnow with five years actual successful fishing tests back of it.

THE FIRST TO CATCH FISH

Peck's is the only Feather Minnow with the right hook and the hook in the right place.

All patterns of Peck's Feather Minnows are tied on No. 1-0 and No. 3 Model Perfect Hooks—the only kind fit for modern anglers. All patterns tied on 2-0 and No. 6 to order. Furnished in Twelve DEPENDABLE patterns. **Price 75c each.**

Insure against fishless days with Peck's Improved Feather Minnow.

E. H. PECKINPAUGH, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

List of Classes in Contest

And qualifications for tackle to be used by contestants

BROOK TROUT (Salvelinus fontinalis)
Caught by casting an artificial fly with appropriate fly fishing tackle and one hook lure between the legal opening and closing of the season.

BROWN TROUT (Salmo fario)
Caught by casting an artificial fly with appropriate fly fishing tackle and one hook lure between the legal opening and closing of the season.

STEELHEAD TROUT (Salmo gairdneri)
Caught by casting an artificial fly with appropriate fly fishing tackle and one hook lure between the legal opening and closing of the season.

RAINBOW TROUT (Salmo irideus)
(Eastern Division)
Caught east of the Rocky Mountains between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

RAINBOW TROUT (Salmo irideus)
(Western Division)
Caught west of the Rocky Mountains between the official opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

SMALL MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus dolomieu)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season and caught in or north of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Nevada and California (one hook lure).

LARGE MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus salmoides)
(Northern Division)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season, in or north of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, and California (one hook lure).

LARGE MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus salmoides)
(Intermediate Division)
Caught in the States of West Virginia, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, Delaware, Arkansas, Oklahoma, between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

LARGE MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus salmoides)
(Southern Division)
Caught in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and Louisiana, between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

MUSKALLUNGE (Esox masquinongy)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure)

GREAT NORTHERN PIKE (Esox estor)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

WALL-EYED PIKE (Stizostedion vitreum)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

BLUEFISH (Pomatomus saltatrix)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

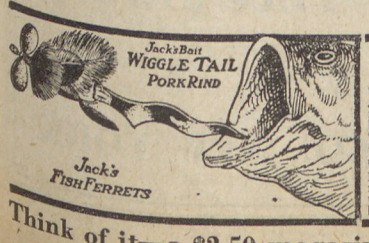
WEAKFISH (Cynoscion regalis)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

STRIPED BASS (Roccus lineatus)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

CHANNEL BASS (Sciaenops ocellatus)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure)

TARPON (Tarpon atlanticus)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

TUNA (Thunnus thynnus)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).



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Bird Lore

(Continued from page 212)

on my way to a mountain where I was going to hunt sheep. While doing this a bird suddenly, quietly appeared about thirty feet above my head. Looking up I saw it was a snowy owl. He hovered over me and the horse for a few seconds apparently puzzled. Then he swung in a circle away from me to return again and repeat his inspection. The bird was so close that I could see his sharp eyes and huge head turning from side to side as he tried to figure out what sort of creatures we were. Then silently, Mr. Owl faded away in the timber. Besides the snowy and the screech owls, there are several other mighty interesting members of the owl family, some of which fishermen are apt to run into during a fishing jaunt into the north woods. All are curious, interesting feathered hunters and worth getting acquainted with.

What is the most interesting bird experience you have ever had while on a fishing trip? Some of you have certainly enjoyed some curious, perhaps astonishing, experiences while out after the finny tribes.

The "bunch" would like to hear about them, I am sure. So shoot 'em in and remember the roof is the limit.

Anything from canaries to cuckoos goes. There is only one thing to keep in mind. Affidavits might be required sometimes!

* * *

Hope you have a happy and prosperous New Year.

The Weakfish Cycle

(Continued from page 191)

blue fish coming annually to the same bight, it is possible to form some sort of an idea with regard to the weakfish population in our waters, and although the skeptic will refuse to be satisfied it will do no harm to let him howl in the absence of any better information from him.

Professor Baird collected the opinions of experienced blue fishing captains with reference to the proportion of five-pound blues captured to those afloat, and after weighing their evidence concluded that it was about as 1 is to 1,000. He took no account of fish under the five-pound class nor over it. Had these been included, down to the fingerlings, his proportion might have stood at 1 to 10,000 or even 1 to 100,000. Therefore, with reference to the weakfish from fingerling size to the great 12 and 15 pounders, it may be considered conservative to place the proportion at 1 fish captured to 10,000 afloat.

The average commercial product is about 35,000,000 lbs. and the average weight is placed by the Bureau of Fisheries at two and one-half pounds per fish. Therefore the catch amounts to about 14,000,000 fish, and a simple multiplication gives the figure of 140,000,000,000 as the weakfish population of our waters and let him who can do so make a better estimate.

Assuming that fourteen or fifteen years is the extreme age limit, the race must renew itself within that period or suffer depletion. To maintain itself, the annual addition of fingerlings must be about 10,000,000,000. This is a mighty number, but if but one out of ten of the whole 140 billion is a mature fish it is merely necessary that one egg out of every 10,000 spawned become fertile, hatch and pass through the cataclysmal stage which students of marine zoology recognize, and the job is done in one year instead of fifteen!

Just here it might be well to state that the spawn of seventy average pairs of weakfish would, if all came through to the 2½ lb. weight, supply the entire toll levied upon the race by man for food, and a few dozen more would cover the sportsman's end of it.

It is interesting to speculate upon the relation borne by the space occupied by the fish to the total area of their habitat. The latter comprises about 40,000 square miles. Allowing 50 cubic inches swimming space per fish, which is ample when the immense number of fingerlings and small fish is considered, the whole body of the weakfish afloat could be compacted into a school a mile in circumference and 150 feet deep, assuming 140,000,000,000 to be somewhere near the total.

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"And now you must be off to get your dinner—not to order it at a shop, but to look for it in the woods and waters."—Henry van Dyke.

"Suddenly the strike came, so tremendous in its energy that it almost pulled me from my seat; so quick, fierce, bewildering, that I could think of nothing but to hold on."—Zane Grey.

"It was a summer day, and I was some six or eight summers old, when Reuben Wood came down the street with some fish that he had caught in a stream then the northern boundary of the village, but now in it and fishless."—Fred Mather.

"People talk sometimes as if a sort of still slow patience were the great quality experienced by angling. It ought much more properly to be called self-control, and if another quality essential to success be added, let it be endurance."—Viscount Grey of Falloden.

"Many a day have I had a long walk, under a very sultry atmosphere and the burthen of my apparatus, as the reward of my assiduity."—Captain Thomas Williamson—1808.

"The disturbance in the water calmed down, and the line came back with the feeling of emptiness with which most of us are familiar!"—B. Bennion.

"May the disease of angling—if disease it may be called,—every moment of which is fraught with health and happiness, become epidemic among my countrymen!"—Henry P. Wells.

"—Walton produced an imperishable classic, which has been read by thousands who have never wet a line."—Henry van Dyke.

"Though the love of angling is generally acquired in youth, yet it sometimes attacks persons of more mature age; conveys a maggot into their head, and then they dream of gentles."—G. Christopher Davies.

"Who woll use the game of anglynge must and ryse erly."—Jolyans Barns, "Boke of St. Albans," 1486.

"Of the fish we kept possibly a dozen, the smallest ones. The others—larger and wiser now—are still frolicking in the waters of the Shelburn, unless some fish hog has found his way to that fine water, which I think doubtful, for a fish hog is usually too lazy and too stingy to spend the effort and time and money necessary to get there."—Albert Bigelow Paine.

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Forestry

(Continued from page 222)

having too much civilization with the result that the people lose touch with their natural environment, the outdoors. I do not believe that we should go back to nature to the extent of living in skin shelters, dressing in furs of animals. There is a happy medium expressed best in rural recreation. Recreation in the forests, or, for those who do not care for the forest, in the fields and by-ways, is a national necessity, if the citizens of America are to continue to be hardy, manly and progressive.

Our present civilization has created a tendency for people to gather in large communities. Living under these conditions we are creating classes of people who are becoming antagonistic to each other. Under these conditions there is too much leisure for a few, too much mental strain for a great many and too much hard, slavish labor for the majority, which if not improved soon, will in time result in social chaos. If every worker of every class could have one month in the forests and recreation places of this country he would return to his labors with a far different viewpoint toward life.

As I understand it the purpose of the conservation movement is to develop the fullest permanent usefulness of the great natural resources, which naturally calls for thrift in their protection and utilization and for drawing and maintaining the line, between the privileges of the few and the rights of the many in the matter of natural resources.

The policy of the conservation movement in the matter of perpetuating the usefulness of the forests should provide for forestry practice on all private forest lands in the United States by whatever legitimate steps may be necessary to that end. Most important of all the tax laws should be modified so as to encourage rather than discourage the practice of private forestry. Certainly something should and will be done soon to meet the great task in forest planting in the United States, if we are to restore to productivity lands laid waste by destructive lumbering so far as those lands are suitable only for forest purposes and are non-farming lands.

The American people, bred to carelessness and in the midst of plenty, have always been known for their wastefulness. The pioneers have always looked upon the forest as an enemy and in the long period of the settlement of new lands, the forests, regarded as practically unlimited, were exploited to the utmost. Claiming the right to occupy and the right to exterminate whatever stood in their way they destroyed wild game and fur-bearing animals and, what was far more important, they destroyed valuable timber. The wild game can be brought back to a certain extent, within a short time if given the proper surroundings, but it takes from 80 to 200 years to mature the best grade of clean, clear lumber. Trees must be grown close together during their entire lifetime if they are to shed their limbs early, thus eliminating knots in the tree product.

If we are to maintain the great, virile, progressive type of American that inhabited this country prior to 1870 we must make it possible for the people to get out into the forests and fields and other outdoor recreation places. There are few unspoiled wildernesses left in America and they are becoming more scarce as the years go by. Children are born and raised in the cities and industrial centers with never a chance to see a tree growing naturally, or many of our beautiful song birds. Their entire lives are crowded from the time of birth until they die, usually at an early age, comparatively speaking. They are surrounded by an unnatural, artificial life, their whole lives devoted to the fight for bare existence. They believe that every hand is against them and every man their adversary. They battle for room to play in the back alleys and playgrounds, fight for room in their schools, contend for an opportunity to earn their bread and clothing and drift farther and farther away from the true American ideal, becoming in time fit subjects for the teachings of radicalism. And can you blame them? Numbers of children who otherwise would rarely or never have access to the beauties of nature during the impressionable years of infancy should be taken out into the country and the forests and taught the charm of the green fields, the mystery of the woods and the wonder of the woodland lakes.

Of the many vital issues confronting the people of America today there is none greater than a comprehensive program of conservation of resources, particularly that having to do with the forests and the wild life of this country. You cannot have game and fish without forests. Therefore, our first consideration should be reforesting the barrens and bringing back that interest in our wild life that has fled with the scarcity of that wild life which is a part of the rightful heritage of our children.

The rapid advance of civilization is wiping out the last game retreats. It is leveling forests and drying up streams. In the meantime hunters are growing in numbers and are being supplied with more up-to-date and modern methods of extermination in the form of powerful and rapid shooting guns. Another agency of game destruction is the foreign-born citizen and alien who either cannot or does not care to read the game laws and who, in the more solitary and isolated parts of the country, shoots and kills every kind of bird or beast that crosses his path, regardless of its value or beauty. I know this to be a fact because I have seen it practised. These aliens come from a country where rigid laws are in force and the comparative freedom of America reacts to the detriment of our game and song birds.

International bird treaties are good and should be upheld. What we need in addition to this is more natural nesting preserves, which will insure protection to the young. Game and fish laws we must have. They should provide an age limit, a higher hunting fee, a reduction of the bag or string limit, a shortening of the open season to one-half the present schedule and **citizenship in the United States of the applicant.**

(Editor's Note—Mr. Gilbert's able article will be continued in the February issue.)

TIMBER

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TIMBER

An Afternoon on the Big Cypress

(Continued from page 201)

the lily pads—three or four acres of them growing in some three feet of water with open lanes and many pockets. Surface baits were put on, we call them floaters, and as the sun went down and the mellow light of early evening made a golden fairyland of our happy fishing grounds there came the climax of a perfect afternoon. The bass were coming up from the deeper water and from the trees and, as "Tarzan" expressed it, they proceeded to "knock hell" out of the schools of shiners so much in evidence. I wish that every true angler could have been there, at least in spirit, to have seen that unusual sight. Around some grass patch, or bunch of lilies, a bass would come to the surface and strike with a mighty slash into a school of minnows. The minnows would jump into the air and as they returned to the water, at a disadvantage, three or four big bass would rush at them and the water would be churned into bubbles and foam. The water was clear and shallow and the boat was held a long ways off, from 60 to 90 feet. What tense moments for the fishermen. Think of dropping a small surface bait over a school of half-a-dozen bass ranging from two to four pounds in weight and each one with murder in his heart. The moment the lure touched the water there would be a smash—sometimes the bass would come entirely out and we could see him. The moment the hook was set he would dash through the shallow water to the nearest cover. Not because he was frightened, but because he wanted to get to a familiar spot to take stock and see what sort of a bug or minnow was proving to be such a hot morsel. When he found out that he was really hooked he went into the air, or back into the lilies and usually to his freedom. A big bass tears up light tackle in just about thirty seconds when he gets into such lily pads.

We fished hard during these moments for we knew they would not last long. We caught four or five big fish and lost a half-dozen. On all sides the smashing and churning of the water went on. If there was ever a situation guaranteed to develop bass fever that was it, but we had been in such places before and except for an occasional bit of line trouble there was no confusion. There was only the joy of the chase and the flush of conquest.

Then, as if on a signal, it was all over. The feeding fish could no longer be seen, surface lures were retrieved without a strike. But there was no disappointment. We had had a splendid day. There was not a fish in the boat and we were ready to quit and go back in the dark of the evening to eat "several crates of eggs and two or three sides of bacon." At least that was the threat which "Tarzan" made when we started down the Big Cypress for Happy Lodge.

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Pollution

(Continued from page 193)

states, the proper protection of fishes should be provided for in advance; after awhile it will be too late. A few years ago a big irrigation canal, constructed by the Government, having its source in the Truckee river, in Nevada, was opened. Government and state officials were present to celebrate the event. An account of the affair in a local newspaper at the time, said:

"The gates of the dam were lowered and those of the canal were raised, the great flood pouring into the huge ditch. The reclamation project in Nevada was then formally dedicated. When the gates of the river dam were lowered, the bed of the stream below was dry. In an instant the party found diverting sport in catching the large trout that were floundering on the rocks."

I LEAVE this account for the consideration of every angler and fish-culturist, and perchance to our Federal and state representatives. It has been said that the immense storage reservoirs to be constructed in connection with the reclamation projects will furnish a home and a haven for millions of fish—but not on your life! These reservoirs will be built in narrow mountain gorges, where the water will be too deep for fish life to exist, and the rocky bottom and sides will forever preclude the existence of fish food. The Roosevelt Dam in Arizona, already constructed, is more than three hundred feet high.

It is popularly supposed that fish should abound, thrive and multiply wherever there is a reasonable volume of water, even if polluted or contaminated by deleterious matter that is destructive to fish food if not to the fishes themselves. Sometimes in planting young fish the serious mistake is made of dumping fry or fingerlings in the main body of streams, or in the open water of ponds and lakes, where but a small amount of fish food exists, and where they are likely to be swallowed by larger fish.

IT has been said that the proper way to train a child is to begin with its grandmother; so the proper way to protect the fish of inland waters is to begin with the water itself. Practicable fishways should be placed at every dam or other obstruction. Manufacturing plants and mines should be compelled by law to provide settling ponds for waste liquid products and septic tanks for poisonous offal, so that the overflow would consist of comparatively innocuous water.

In all states where irrigation is practiced, laws should be enacted providing for some effectual device for keeping fish out of irrigation ditches. Closed seasons for all game- and food-fishes during the breeding periods should be established, and severe penalties should be imposed for the violation of such laws. Every peace officer and court official should be made fish and game wardens by virtue of their offices, with full powers, in addition to the regularly appointed wardens.

THE sewage of towns and cities is another problem that will have to be dealt with eventually, though at present it receives but little attention. If these things can be accomplished better in the future than they have been in the past, and more care taken in stocking waters with fry and fingerlings by planting them in the smallest tributaries, in shallow and protected places, with abundant aquatic vegetation where there is a reasonable amount of food suitable for them, we shall be on the road for a better state of things, so that by the continual intelligent stocking of waters a fair amount of fish life may still be maintained in inland waters, even in the older states.

AS the United States Department of Agriculture has begun the good work of protecting and conserving our game-birds and mammals, the question naturally arises: why should not Federal protection be extended to fishes in public waters? I can imagine no good reason why the United States Bureau of Fisheries should not take an active interest in preventing the pollution of public waters, and in protecting the fishes that inhabit them. In anticipation of the extensive irrigation projects contemplated by the General Government in the western states, the influence and timely action of the Bureau would prevent the almost total depletion of the streams of fish life that would otherwise surely follow.

THE streams of the Rocky Mountain states are as yet comparatively pure and undefiled to a great extent, and should be as productive of fish life as when first viewed by Lewis and Clarke. But unless the awful slaughter of the innocents by irrigation ditches is stopped, and stopped now, the beautiful mountain streams of the Golden West will eventually become barren wastes, void of fish life, for which, not the rancher, but the representatives of the people, the Congress and the state legislatures will be to blame.

Game Rifles

(Continued from page 199)

lay back on our rock and laughed; for we were glad. Just as the cook threw me a new clip, the moose stepped into the green timber and we saw him no more. The guides would not swallow the ammunition excuse, and were as peeved as we were happy. There was much satisfaction in seeing every bullet strike and knowing that a fine animal had not been wounded.

Upon my return home, the trajectory of this ammunition was verified on the range. It was found that on a cold day the sights must be set for five hundred yards to make bull's-eyes at two hundred and even then, the round nosed, soft point bullets were not so accurate as the pointed, or "open point" bullets.

The candid confessions I have made are submitted with the three-fold purpose of giving helpful information; to offer an illustration of bad example in not testing the ammunition before trying it on game; and lastly for conclusive demonstration that your humble arms editor is made of mud—plain dirty mud, with a little grit as its only redemption.

"Oh! tomorrow will be Friday, so we
fish the stream today!
Oh! tomorrow will be Friday, so we
fish the stream today!"
—Benedicite—1500.

Fishing With Zane Grey

(Continued from page 197)

then we've tracked together through leafy wilderness trails, known the comradeship of desert campfire, and the lure of sunset seas. So I knew him down to the bottom of his fighting heart, and this day I realized he would have to draw on every ounce of sand he had.

Six hours and a half, and the last hour of the fight I had been driving him. The fish was getting close to the boat, rushing wildly from side to side where I could see him plainly, and he looked ponderous.

Anything could happen. Captain looked anxiously at the sea. It was breaking into white water.

The sun setting low beyond the west end of the Island lit up the gap at the Isthmus like a Gate to Fairyland. Z. G. was panting hard, but still took up line with short labored sweeps. At every rush of the fish I could see Z. G. was glad of a chance to free one hand from the rod and stretch out the cramps.

After a vicious rush close under the propeller the swordfish surfaced thirty feet from the boat and rolled. I was certain then we would get him. Already a half dozen times with gaff poised I had tried to give him the iron, but judged him out of reach. "Edge over! Hold him! Hurry!" Straining on a hard used and weakened line the end came— Bang went the line! I have seen Zane Grey release many fish, but this one we wanted. I'll not record what the captain said. I'm not answerable for him, anyway, and it sounded all right to me at the time. But I could only pat my friend on the back when, with eyes bloodshot and staring, with parched lips and swollen hands, he turned toward me, again the same old cheery smile—unconquerable.

Staggering to balance himself on his wabbly legs, he looked into the choppy sea where our antagonist had vanished, tremblingly held out the rod to me and gasped: "He beat me, old Red and Blue, but it was a great fight."

More About Minnesota Moose

(Continued from page 209)

other nations were concerned about the exact measurements of machine gun bullets, the recoil apparatus of a .75 mm. gun, and the perfection of trigger springs.

The problem of each game bird, each game animal, in this country can be worked out only after a study has been made and laws passed which pertain to each individual kind—not to "big game" and "small game." The animals must be grouped according to their habits, their habitat, and their prevailing numbers. They must not be grouped according to their size, their color, or the shape of their left hind foot.

Conservation advocates, it seems, are seldom naturalists—just as wartime orators were seldom soldiers.

"Look at the way such and such a refuge works," say persons who declare my moose conservation campaign is bunk, "establish more game refuges—that's the solution."

"But such and such a refuge is inhabited only by deer," I persist, "and has nothing to do with moose. It is a deer refuge, in a country not inhabited by moose at all."

But that, it seems, makes no difference. Both are "big game."

Some even pointed out how fine the Swan lake wildfowl refuge worked, and declared that that was what we should have for moose.

And, because both moose and deer are big game, men who try to dictate the conservation measures of this country —men who are in a position to do something—see no difference between them. The Big, Broad Minded men, who think in A Large way, can not be bothered by details.

But game conservation—intelligent conservation—will come only after an infinitely painstaking study of details. In the game conservation field the Master Minds are non compus. It is the small minds—the narrow gauge, single track minds—that are needed.

We must have laws pertaining to elk drawn up by men who know ELK—know all about them. We must have laws pertaining to grouse backed by the experience of men who make a study of GROUSE. We've got to have more narrow gauge minds!

I do not pretend to be a naturalist. I have studied the moose question in Minnesota as best I could, and I can see no other way but absolute protection if this animal is to be saved. Perhaps a real naturalist could tell me that some other way is better. Perhaps he could convince me that, even though hunted, the moose would thrive.

But nobody save a student of moose can tell me anything. No politician can, no orator can, no "game conservationist" can.

The narrow gauge mind can convince me. I wish one of them would come up to Minnesota and look into the moose question.

I believe the moose will be permanently protected by action of the state legislature next winter. I think the hunters really want it. Most of those who have replied to my articles are hunters—many are moose hunters.

Of those opposed to the closed season, every one gave as a substitute remedy, something that was working fine in the case of the deer, the goose, the partridge, the Polar bear, the Norway whale, the Dodo bird and the Wumpus.

Plant a Bass

(Continued from page 207)

We kept them alive, and when we were ready to start home it occurred to one of us to take those bass—instead of eating them—to a large new pond, some fifteen miles away, in a fishless district. We got milk cans and carried out this plan. For years that has been the finest fish pond I know of. If we had killed and eaten those bass it might have been unstocked to this day.

"Yes, I am strongly in favor of your 'Plant a Bass' Campaign, and of leaving no suitable waters unstocked."
—**ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.**

"It is good to know that there are Americans blessed with energy and foresight to plan for the conservation of wild life, and to take steps that game fish will not be driven from our streams. The hard worked years which came with the war and which followed it, have robbed me of the time I like to spend with a pack train —with gun or with rod—breathing God's air and grateful to Him for unspoiled nature. The time is coming again when I can take the trail.

All best wishes to all of you whose work will serve not only your pure pleasure but that of others like myself."—**MEDILL McCORMICK.**

Lady Angler's Triumph

(Continued from page 221)

gained many prizes on the Caputh Bowling Green. Whilst proud of her achievement, Miss Ballantine has a word of praise for the splendid rod and tackle which brought the record salmon within reach of the 'gaffer,' her father, well known to Tayside anglers."

Miss Ballantine made her first catch when nine years of age. Earlier on the same day (Oct. 7, 1922), on which she caught the 64-pounder she had already landed three fine salmon weighing, 25, 21 and 17 pounds. Truly a red-letter day not likely to be forgotten, and Miss Ballantine may well be proud of holding a record that may not be beaten for a century or more.

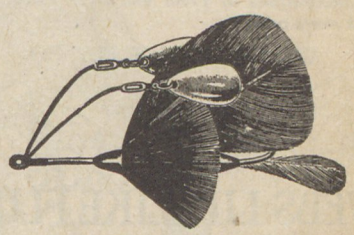
Santa Claus Disappoints "Smiling Bill"

Happy New Year Ike.

Here it is the middle of January already, and that reminds me I got to get busy and do a lot of winding and fixing up that old rod of mine so as to make it last another year. I made sure old Santa Claus would bring me a new one this year seeing as he was about five years overdue, but all he brought was two neckties and a pair of suspenders.

I sure needed the suspenders all right for a fellow doesn't rightly enjoy fishing when he has to hold up his waders with one hand while he casts with the other. But I really didn't need the neckties for I aint got the one I got last Christmas wore out yet. But them suspenders will come in handy all right. You see it is kind of awkward to have to let go of your waders to land a fish, especially when you aint got anything on under the waders and a couple of strange females happen along just as you hook this blamed fish, which of course is a whopper and in shallow water. Then when you let him get away on account of having to hold on to the darned waders the best looker says "it is too bad you don't know how to fish."

I aint got no more to say. Same to you, and many fishes. Bill Jamison.



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Be Careful What You Wash Your Child's Hair With

If you want to keep your child's hair in good condition, be careful what you wash it with.

Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and is very harmful. Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo (which is pure and entirely greaseless) is much better than anything else you can use for shampooing, as this can't possibly injure the hair.

Simply put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water, then moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather, and cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. The lather rinses out easily, and removes every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves it fine and silky, bright, fluffy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store. It is very cheap, and a few ounces is enough to last everyone in the family for months. Be sure your druggist gives you Mulsified.

The Pattersons Go Fishin'

(Continued from page 221)

Colin's saving "OO-HOO" and I leaped to meet him. From between his teeth the man said, "Don't speak or move." Colin and Sonny came in sight holding the day's catch of shimmering bass. Keen always, Colin sensed something as the man went to meet him, hand casually on his hip. After a look into each other's eyes the men grasped hands. The stranger said, "I reckon I'm to blame for your wife puttin' in a right tiresome day. You see I'm not up on women's clothes and from her get up I kinder figured she was runnin' the border with Slippy Juan. He's the slickest greaser thief we have and always takes a woman along." Turning to me, "Lady I want you to take this pretty hair quirt, just to kinder make up for my fool mistake. It would be right kind if you wouldn't let this get back to headquarters." The blue-eyed Texas Ranger stayed for supper and told us tales of the border that Sonny still quotes, half wondering if they're true.

Four weeks later Pete was true to his promise. We loaded the wagon and the mules clattered up the hill, Colin, Sonny and I following. At the top of the hill we turned for a last look at our river. Then from Sonny in a hushed tone, "Say, can't you just **FEEL** the **STILL** of everything? The night things are asleep and the day things aren't started, even the sun hasn't grinned over our little hill yet—" Then Sonny stopped, looked at us, embarrassed, for he is no poet but just a **BOY!**

Arms Failures in Bush and Field

(Continued from page 227)

shoot at, do you wonder that I missed?

I had always been told to be sure and look for horns as the fine and cost for killing a doe would reach about one hundred and fifty dollars.

All I saw was deer. I raised my rifle and fired. It was a clear miss. At the report of the rifle, the deer jumped off the ledge to the runway below. When it struck it stumbled and fell to its knees. I was determined not to miss the second time. Sighting my rifle quickly but carefully on the centre of its back, below its shoulders, I pulled. Again the only report was the snap of the hammer as it fell. Up and away went the deer while I, in my confusion, did not know whether to cock the hammer and pull again, or to inject another cartridge into the chamber. I tried to do both at the same time. The rifle had again misfired. I had lost.

As the creature ran I looked for horns. There were none. I had been trying to kill a doe. Wasn't I glad that rifle had misfired? To the gun that failed, I gave thanks, as when I pulled the trigger I was standing very nearly directly over the deer and had distinctly seen the streak of white on its back over the rifle sights.

Although I did not know it, the other members of the party were near by. Hearing the report, one of them ran out into a clearing and shouted, "there he goes." Bang roared a 45-90 carried by an old and experienced man. I knew then, that I was not the only one who did not look for horns.

I hoped that he had missed, as I knew it was a doe and from the discharge of rifles that followed I knew that he had. The only thing I can compare it to is with some of the shooting I later heard "Over There." No one had looked for horns.

How the doe escaped is a mystery. After the shooting was over, I heard the old man call, "Did you see me make him jerk his tail?" "His tail!" He meant "her tail."

I was about to crawl down to join the rest when I heard a man coming out of the brush. He asked, "Why all the shooting?"

After I had related my experience, (keeping the doe part to myself) he asked if I was sure it was a buck. I tried to assure him that it was but he seemed very doubtful. As he left he said he had jumped a doe just before he heard the first shot and warned me to be careful.

Who was this man? The question troubled me as I was sure I had seen him somewhere before. After pondering over it for some time, the answer struck. The very same person who had stopped me to examine and count my catch of trout, that same spring. The game warden.

Can you imagine what my feelings would have been, had the gun not failed, and I had been standing over the dead body of that doe when he approached? Lucky! Lucky! both for the deer and myself. Everyone in the party who had shot at the deer, admitted they had not seen horns. After hearing the first shot, they did not look.

I told my story to the friend who had lent me the 38-40. He then remembered that the rifle had before been known to misfire on one or two occasions.

I tried to purchase this rifle for I liked its accuracy and wanted it as a remembrance of the gun that failed, but failed at the right time. Failing in this I had to content myself with the unexploded cartridge which I often look at and exclaim "Lucky! Lucky!"

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By Capt. Gillett

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Kind of Game	DUPONT (Bulk) SMOKELESS 12 GAUGE DRAMS	12 GAUGE OZ SHOT	16 GAUGE DRAMS	16 GAUGE OZ SHOT	20 GAUGE DRAMS	20 GAUGE OZ SHOT	SHOT SIZES ALL GAUGES
Turkey Geese	3½	1-⅛	2¾	1	2½	⅞	* 2 & 4
Brant Large Ducks	3¼	1-⅛	2¾	1	2½	⅞	4 in Flight 6 over decoys
Medium Ducks Grouse Prairie Chicken	3¼	1-⅛	2½	1	2¼	¾	6
Squirrels Rabbits	3	1	2½	1	2¼	¾	6
Small Ducks Pheasants Pigeons Doves	3¼	1-⅛	2½	1	2¼	¾	7½
Quail Snipe Woodcock Shore Birds	3	1 or 1-⅛	2½	1	2¼	¾	8
Reed Birds	3	1	2½	1	2¼	¾	10
Trapshooting	3	1 ¼	2½	1	2¼	¾	7½

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If BALLISTITE (*dense*) Powder is desired order by grains. A comparison follows of *Bulk* and *Dense* Loads:

DRAMS	GRAINS	DRAMS	GRAINS
3½ equivalent to	28	2½ equivalent to	20
3¼ " "	26	2¼ " "	18
3 " "	24	2 " "	16
2¾ " "	22	1¾ " "	14

* In 12-Gauge loads only, use No. 2 Shot.

Here are the ***standard*** *loads which give the best results for each kind of shooting. They are carried in stock by practically every dealer everywhere. Clip this table and use it when buying shells.*

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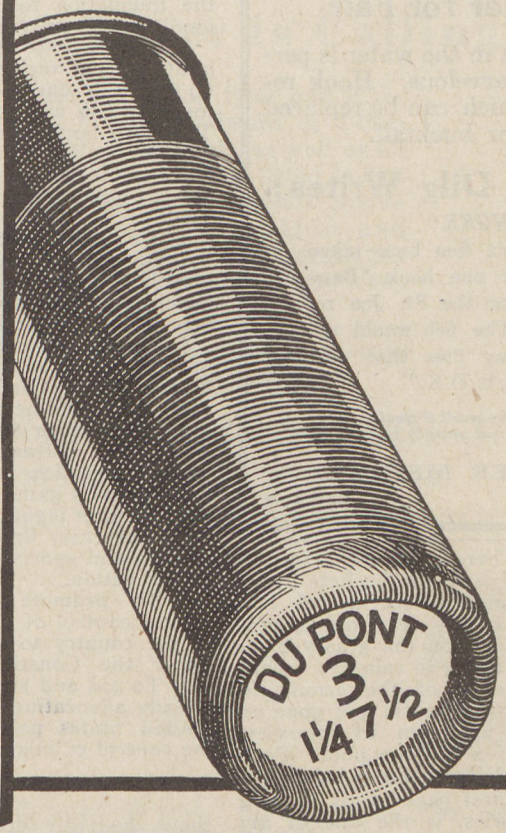

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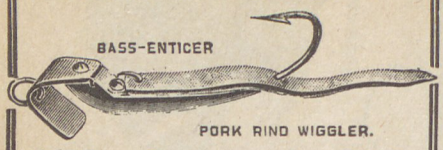

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John's River. There is an engraving on page "one" of two tin buckets lying upon the ground where a lad had thrown them and a dear old grandmother standing upon the grassy bank of the stream, calling in vain to a truant lad who, forgetful of the errand to bring water for the house, had gone on an expedition upstream to interview some friends of a favorite pool. Poor old grandma! What a life I led her!

On this, the first page of my angling book of memories, is the tale of my first angling experiences. Unlike most anglers, my first fishing was not done with the proverbial bent pin but with no hook at all. The willow pole was in evidence and the twine string for a line to the end of which was tied firmly a fat angle worm for bait. Those first efforts were highly successful so far as numbers go. Minnows of four or five inches in length hung doggedly to the lure with their tiny teeth and allowed me to lift them from the water to the hand, from where they were transferred to a scale-lined trousers pocket. I remember, there was the family cat that used to follow to feast upon such fish that I cared not to keep. "Mudheads" constituted his fish diet, with an occasional crawdad.

Pages "one," "two," "three," "four" and perhaps "five" are mere duplicates of number one only the old black "fish-hook" was added to the tackle. Then comes page "six" and "seven." Ordinarily I would not write of those dark pages of my memories, but it does one immense good to confess and it is well for Waltons to know that at least one member of the League rose from the low station of dynamiter. It hurts to confess it, but it is true that more than once did I light the fuse of the death dealing missile and hurl it into that beautiful stream. Strange that I should love that little river so, when once I helped to outrage its pure waters! Strange that it speaks to me as it does and tells me that it has forgiven me those dastardly deeds. What sport it seemed to be to watch those stricken salmon and trout in their crazed condition caused by the explosive. What sport it seemed to be to wade out with spear and pitchfork to gather the harvest of silver beauties so brutally slain. Here in open court I confess these things. They were horrible crimes.

However, the doer did not go unpunished. No, the law did not take him to task; it was too unmindful, that is, the law of the land. But a greater law, a moral law, taught by good books and a life in the company of Nature, apprehended the violator, tried and found him guilty and sentenced him to years of remorse. I have taken my punishment for years and am still enduring it.

With page "seven" ends the dark ages of my angling life. Then comes page after page of learning and loving Nature and her denizens and a greater respect for my fellowman and more faith in him. Looking backward, I cannot but think that others are capable of being converted to conservation. I believe there is no man so purely a fish-hog that he cannot, through sane methods, be brought out of darkness into light. It is late, but not too late. The first ten pages and more of my "book" shows countless thousands of great, lusty trout coming every fall from the broad ocean to spawn in the sweet waters of John's River, and great hordes of salmon. Today there are not as many by perhaps two-thirds. A loss so great shows plainly what will become of the finny tribe unless more be educated as have we.

I find no incident in my book of particular interest to readers lest it be the tale of my first artificial fly. One fall morning a fly fisher came wading up the stream casting his lures here and there in a manner, it seemed to me, foolish. However, at his pleasant "Hello" I began an acquaintance with him, which by the way, in later years, developed into lasting friendship. I followed him for hours with growing admiration of his method and skill. How I longed to try his whippy little rod and the flies. My chance at the rod did not come but the next day found my monstrous hook firmly imbedded in the jaw of a husky salmon trout. Imagine my surprise and delight to find a Coachman and some two feet of leader attached to my prize. I afterwards learned that the old master had fought and lost a good trout in that particular pool and knew that my newly acquired fly came from his store outfit.

Suffice it to say, I took many a trout with that lure before I snapped it off behind me in an extra vigorous cast, with my improvised fly rod gleaned from a willow thicket. A sense of sportsmanship crept down that willow into my soul, budded and grew. God grant that it shall continue to grow and endow me with power to inoculate others with the spirit of conservation and lighter tackle. Long may the Izaak Walton League of America Live.

Principles of I. W. L. A.

Fish and Game Laws to be Discussed at First National Convention

1. To promote by precept and example the highest ideals in angling, so that it may rightfully be called the blameless sport. To increase fellowship among fishermen and to band them together into a fraternal and militant organization whereby they may lay the foundation for the preservation of game fishes forever.

2. To advocate the use of appropriately light tackle and to teach that no credit is due the angler who fishes for little fish with heavy rods and lines. To award buttons, medals and prizes to members of the League for notable exploits with rod and line so that fair tackle may become more generally used.

3. To cause proper literature to be written and circulated that the public may be educated to know that the true fisherman "feels like a gentleman and acts like a sportsman."

4. To awaken the public to the need of better fish and game laws so that it may realize its duty of voting for candidates who before the election have announced their support of measures which will advance fish propagation, fish preservation and protective measures for wild game. To champion such laws before legislative bodies so that legislators may know the wishes of the anglers and sportsmen of the state and of the nation.

5. To promote the movement for federal control of the lakes and streams of the country to every extent possible under the Constitution.

6. To aid and support those who are already advocating the extension of the United States police powers to cover the control of inland waters as a health measure and to follow in letter and in spirit the resolutions passed at the fifty-first annual session of the American Fisheries Society in September, 1921, as to the pollution of streams.

7. To advocate strongly the increase from $100 to $5,000 of the federal fine for the pollution of streams; thus making it expensive for industries to pollute the waters of our country.

8. To devote every energy toward educating those who live in remote places and to show them the folly of "killing the goose that lays the golden egg" by the lawless use of seines, dynamite and other destructive agents.

9. To increase the establishment of federal and state hatcheries.

10. To adopt the sane recommendations of zoologists, who advise the critical need of building a sufficient number of biological experiment stations, both by the federal government and the states, that the aid of scientifically trained men may be always available to pass upon the natural conditions of waters that only the proper species of fish may be planted therein.

11. To advocate before legislators and leading state and national officials the urgent need of planting fish of sufficient size to permit their survival and to stop the present woeful and costly waste of planting fry too small to survive.

12. To advocate drastic punishment for those guilty of taking fish from their spawning beds. To arouse public sentiment against the ruthless ways of the fish hog and to make the penalty heavier for the breaking of the legal limit.

The Seventh Wave

(Continued from page 205)

by the fact that there was no strain on the line; it appeared to sag and drift. He pulled it and it slid readily to him. A fear beset him that it had broken. Suddenly he had the end in his hand; he felt the noose that he had fastened over the girl's wrist. It had slipped. He had lost her. She was gone. She was drifting on the sea.

Frantically he swam to and fro and around, and raised himself high on the waves to peer down into the hollows. There was no dark object on the pale glancing light of the water. He called. A low strange cry seemed to come to him. He swam toward it and called again. The cry mocked him from behind. It was only a sound of the sea. Then he faced the stars that he knew and swam steadily. The water was fresh and cool; the current hurried him onward. He thought of the long miles to the beach, of the yellow saw-toothed sharks, but felt no fear. He sorrowed for the girl he might have saved, and he had no hope. Before she could reach shore the tide would ebb and would be too strong for her.

The Southern Cross drew a straight course for Jaurez. He swam easily, husbanding his strength, floating on the more violent waves, breasting the backlash. The heavens quickened and lightened with the rising of the moon. Like a molten world of shimmering opal the restless sea quivered under the radiant light. Something black shadowed the silver fire of a great swell. Jaurez lunged forward with his powerful stroke. He was caught on a seventh wave, swung aloft, and there on the crest in the white light he saw the girl.

"Oh! the saints be praised!" he cried.

Ollone was riding high, upheld by the cork jacket, and swimming with a slow measured stroke that told Jaurez she was used to the sea. Jaurez losing sight of her floated on the waves and waited the next mighty swell that came one in seven. Long before it got to him he felt the strange disturbance of the sea, a quivering, a response to some far only driving force. He saw a slow dark upheaval, a starlit wall of water coming on. As he sank into a hollow the wave boomed over him, a glancing incline, with dimpling spin-drift crest. Up and up he was lifted in its long roll. He seemed flung to the stars. He saw Ollone. She, too, had been flung aloft. Then the great seventh wave flung the girl into his arms. It was as if the sea had given her to him. He supported her and spoke a word of cheer. She smiled. Was it the light of the moon which gave her that flash of life? How white her face!

He shortened his stroke so that she might keep even with him, and close together they swam with the tide. Once he asked her if her people had gone down with the **Metista** and she gave him a sad affirmative. Then from time to time he spoke words of encouragement, always adding that Campeche was not far, that soon they would hear the boom of the surf. The moon climbed high and the night became a white night on a white sea. Slower he had to swim that he might not pass her. And from the top of every swell he scanned the horizon line, straining his eyes to see the white wall of Campeche, straining his ears to hear the boom of the surf.

The girl swam slower and slower till her strength failed and she rolled wearily. Jaurez turned her on her back, drew her against his breast and clasped her fast cramping hands round his neck. Then his strokes swept out restrained, measured and strong. He felt that he could swim forever. She floated under him so lightly that he had no sense of being burdened; at every stroke her body drifting upward touched his breast to breast. Her white face rested low in the water and her hair splashed soft and silkily against his cheek. She watched him with wonderful eyes, dark like the hollows in the shadows of the swells.

The witchery of the sea was in Jaurez's blood. Suddenly this girl was as beautiful to him, as impelling; and like the tide which bore him shoreward was the birth and the rush and the might of his love.

"Ollone, I shall save you. It's in me to save you. For I love you. And I want to tell you while we are here—alone—on the sea—where love came to me. Will you love me—some day?"

"I love you now," she whispered.

He kissed her sweet wet lips, and above him whirled the star-sown sky.

Then he swam on through the opaque night—and on and on. And his motion slowed; the cold crept up his limbs; the cramp stiffened his arms. He drifted. He heard mocking roars and deep-toned knells from the depths. A shadow hovered over him. Lower he sank in the water—slower he drifted—more and more he wanted to sleep—farther away and dimmer grew the stars.

A faint new sound on the breeze rallied his deadening senses.

Boom!—long, low, lengthening roar—boom!

"Surf! Surf," he whispered. "Ollone! . . . . hear! the surf!"

Irresistible life came back to him. He heard the surf pounding the beach. Had he not lived his life with that deep sound in his ears? Boom! No lying trick of the brain—no hollow haunting roar of wind!—Boom! How he loved it, and the great waves, so helpful, so true! They had cast him up from the dark mystic moving sea. He saw Ollone's white face and closed eyes and sweet lips. He felt her hands locked cold around his neck.

The billows rising higher, raced with him on their curdled bosoms. Seaweed whipped his cheeks; sand stung in the flying spray. He heard a sound that was like a piercing blade of joy in his breast—the long withdrawing scream of the pebbles on the beach. Over the tumbling breakers he saw the high white wall of Campeche. Then it was as if the wonderful sea rose under him in its last and mightiest seventh wave. He was carried on the slope, cradled on its crest, hurried toward the curling white-frothed break, and hurled up the shore. But that seventh wave, selfish at the last and true to the sea, sullenly dragged and sucked at the girl in his arms. Jaurez fiercely resisted the wave, and slowly it receded with reluctant roar. Then he crawled up with the creeping foam and laid Ollone on the strand. A darkness mantled the white wall and the watch stars and the unquiet sea.

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Announcement to the Chapters

THE number of our Chapters has increased so greatly that we are unable to devote space in the magazine to each one. Our national directors may decide later to issue a monthly or quarterly bulletin devoted solely to League and Chapter activities. Meanwhile, the League's magazine will print only news of the Chapters in cases where they have distinguished themselves by notable achievements, such as establishing black bass ponds, taking active steps towards the punishment of fish and game hogs, and using effective measures to put a stop to the pollution of streams in their immediate districts.

Next month we will print the story of the successful fight waged in this regard by our Warsaw, Ind., Chapter.

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Breaks More Targets

The Both-Eyes-Open Sight Fits any shotgun or rifle. Praised by Sam S. Foster, Chrmn. Am. Trap-shooting Ass'n., C. M. Brady, one of America's oldest professionals, and many others. Improves old timers. Makes crack shots of beginners. Eliminates cross firing and canting. Postpaid, $3.00, money back guarantee.
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Illustrating and describing equipment that helps to get the big and gamey ones.

NEW YORK — THOS. E. WILSON & CO. — SAN FRANCISCO

CHICAGO

Fifteen Years of Tragedy

(Continued from page 190)

People must come to an understanding of what conservation means. They must be made to realize that human life is absolutely dependent upon wild life and forests. Without these things we would become extinct as a race. If all vegetation, all wild life and all forests should disappear tomorrow the human race would become extinct upon the face of the earth within one year. Without wood we would have no agriculture, no manufacture, no commerce. Civilization, as we know it, would come to an end. In the United States today three billion dollars are invested in manufacturing plants where the raw material is wood. **Fourteen million people,** or one-eighth of the total population of the country, are dependent upon these wood-working plants for their livelihoods. Yet within the last five years seven thousand sawmills have been junked in this country because of lack of material.

The hour for action is not ahead of us. **It is here.** Tomorrow will be too late. If every governor in every state realized this today there would be a wholesale resignation of incompetents throughout the land, and their replacement by men who are technically and professionally fitted. Conservation and propagation is a science. It is a life and death problem confronting a hundred and twenty million people in the United States. It is not a trivial affair to be juggled in the hands of politicians, or to be guided happen-chance by lucky appointees chosen from any and every walk of life. It is a problem for broad and intelligent minds technically and professionally prepared for the gigantic work in hand—the very men who are now held back, kept out, and seldom employed. And there seems to me to be but one inference. Such men, the very biggest that can be secured for the work, will not prostitute their ability, their training and their profession by seeking political influence. They cannot swing counties or sections of states. Such men are employed in our colleges and our universities. Upon them we depend for the education of our children and the advancement of science. They have forgotten more about real conservation than the conservation departments of all our states will ever know. Yet governors seldom appoint them, legislatures rarely employ them. **Why?**

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Stand by the Bureau of Fisheries

By "SWITCH REEL"

THE following is clipped from the 10th annual report of the Secretary of Commerce and is rendered to Mr. Hoover by Commissioner O'Malley of the Bureau of Fisheries:

"The personnel of the bureau available for these technological investigations is inadequate in number and pitifully underpaid considering the needs of the industry and the number and difficulty of the problems awaiting solution. No small part of its time has been occupied in supplying information, suggestions, and advice concerning practically every broad phase of the fishery industries. If the bureau is to discharge its duty to the fisheries, its technological staff must be augmented and the salaries must be commensurate with the service required."

This situation is a fright—between the time of Dr. Smith's resignation and Commissioner O'Malley's appointment, a pin-headed congressman slipped through a bill reducing the salary attached to the post of Commissioner of Fisheries from $6,000 to $5,000. I don't know whether it was vetoed or not, but I hope it met that fate.

The Bureau is a band of devoted heroes to hang on as they do under such discouraging circumstances.

The scientists therein are the best we have and they must represent this big country in several international conferences on the sea, and maintain our nation's contact with the leading men in the departments of oceanography and fisheries study and investigation abroad. It is degrading to the United States when our men are not paid a salary upon which they can, at least, maintain their self respect and go about with some little cheer in their bosoms.

The least the angler can do would be to second the recommendations of Secretary Hoover looking to this end.

The animating motive of the Bureau is Service with a large "S"—and I am sure that those who have severed their connections have done so with honest regret at heart. The deplorable salary condition prevails throughout every Bureau and division of the Department of Commerce, and Secretary Hoover concludes his report thus:

Pollution of Coastal Waters.

"Pollution of the coastal waters by industrial wastes is yearly becoming a graver menace to the fisheries, shipping, and use of our pleasure beaches. Owing to the recent great increase in the use of fuel oil on shipping and in the utilization of the many petroleum derivatives in industries the pollution of waters by oil, especially in the vicinity of the more important harbors, has become particularly flagrant and damaging. Legislation is before Congress in this matter, and unless it is enacted great and serious damage will ensue.

Compensations for Expert Employees in the Department.

"The salaries of experts and specialists engaged in the Department of Commerce have not been adjusted to the increased cost of living or the increased commercial payment for this type of service since the war began. The average salary of a university-trained expert in this department today is approximately $2,820 per annum, including the highest grades and bureau chiefs. Such an income ranks below that of skilled mechanics in some trades, and compares with an average of over $4,000 for professors in seven of our large universities. The result is an almost total inability of the department to hold its employees. Our turnover now amounts to 35 per cent per annum and the general tendency is to leave us with simply a residue of deadwood. Moreover, the constant outlook of men is to leave Government for private employment. Many promises have been held out to them, and unless their situation is speedily remedied—not only in this department, but in other Government departments as well—the quality of Government service must rapidly deteriorate and wasteful expenditure of millions of dollars result. The great majority of the men of this class in the service of the Government are carrying on under conditions of great self-sacrifice. The cost of fair rectification would not exceed $200,000 per annum for the whole department.

Yours faithfully,
HERBERT HOOVER,
Secretary of Commerce."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of Izaak Walton League Monthly published monthly at 326 W. Madison St., Chicago, Illinois, for October 1st, 1922.

State of Illinois } ss.
County of Cook }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Will H. Dilg, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the Izaak Walton League Monthly and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Izaak Walton League of America, 326 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill. Editor, Will H. Dilg, 326 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill. Managing Editor, Will H. Dilg, 326 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill. Business Manager, Will H. Dilg, 326 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) Izaak Walton League of America, 326 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.; Will H. Dilg, Pres., 326 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.; Thomas Ambrose, V. P., 330 E. 22nd St., Chicago, Ill.; Fred N. Peet, Treas., 214 W. Huron St.; R. P. Corse, Sect., 159 E. Ontario St. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is
(This information is required from daily publications only.)

WILL H. DILG,
Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of October, 1922.
[SEAL]

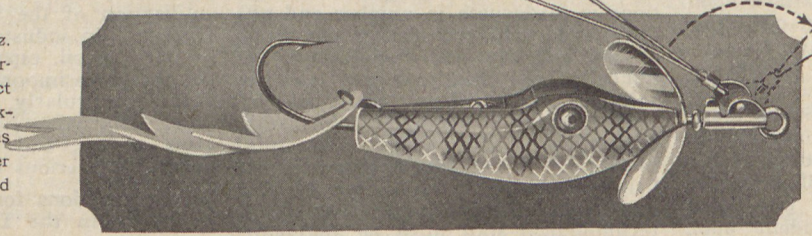
CHARLES HALL,
Notary Public.
(My commission expires October 12, 1926.)

Heddon Fishing Tackle Announces

The Heddon-Stanley Weedless Pork Rind Minnow

PATENTS PENDING

Weight complete, ⅝ oz. Cannot twist line. Nearest approach to perfect weedlessness. Six striking color combinations and scale finishes cover all possible water and weather conditions.



Patented hinged weedguard protects hooks from weeds and snags, but swings clear at the slightest impact of the striking fish.

Triple Luring Effect—Pork Rind, Minnow-Body, Spinner

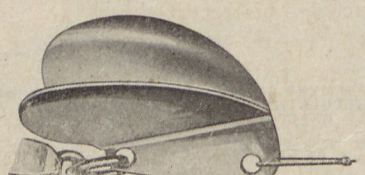
PORK-RIND. That's the special fishing pet of Mr. William Stanley of Chicago—many times champion bait caster, foremost exponent of pork rind fishing and manufacturer of the well known Stanley-Perfection weedless hooks.

Probably no one else is such an authority and expert in the use of this widely favored bait-casting lure and we consider it a compliment that in striving to bring it to still higher efficiency, Mr. Stanley has turned to the Heddon factory.

The result of this significant collaboration is the new Heddon-Stanley weedless Pork Rind Minnow, combining a minnow-like casting body of Heddon quality and finish with the highly developed Stanley principles of weedless pork rind luring and hooking.

Superiorities

This combination has opened up opportunities for niceties and perfection of manufacture unknown in any baits of similar type. Primary in these is the wonderful Heddon finish in scale, plain and combination colorations applied to the Pyralin bait body—a complete innovation in luring attractiveness, adapting this type of bait to meet every condition of weather and water. The reinforced hook anchorage insuring steadfast hold with ready facility for change or replacement; the slow-positive-moving spinner action, the ingenious method of securely and easily buttoning the specially shaped pork-strip to its retainer are decisive improvements that place this bait alone in its field. The cutting and slitting of the pork rind strip to special shape (patent applied for) imparts an extraordinarily active luring movement and to a large degree prevents catching over the hook point.



Surface attachment (readily affixed to bait by split ring) causes it to ride the surface with a skittering effect.

Ideally Weedless

The Stanley hinged weedguard is the last word in effectiveness, giving practically 100% immunity from weed fouling no matter how "thick" the water, yet offering every advantage of open hook presentation to the fish. Mr. Stanley's recent record of 32 landed fish out of 32 consecutive strikes is conclusive.

While a plain style without guard is made, it offers no advantage whatever over the guarded style and cannot be used as effectively in the weed and snag sheltered spots where the big daddies hide.

MAKE no mistake. The pork rind as a luring principle has no superior. With the spinner and Heddon body it is at once an irresistible and artistic gem of effectiveness. It has the right weight with minimum wind resistance for casting, is usable in the thickest weeds and snags, and nails the strike with deadly certainty. Runs to any depth, usable at any speed of retrieving.

COLORS AND PRICES

All white	Weedless	$1.25
Red top, white bottom	Weedless with surface attachment	1.35
All red	Plain without weedguard	1.00
Green Scale	Plain with surface attachment	1.10
Pike Scale	Pork Strips, 12 in bottle	.50
Shiner Scale	Surface attachment	.15

Note: The sale of the regulation Stanley line of Perfection Weedless Fly, Spoon and other hooks will hereafter be conducted by the Heddon factory.

James Heddon's Sons, Dowagiac, Mich.

Heddon Fishing Tackle

"Heddon Made—*Well* Made"

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